

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 5.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The remarkable development of mural decoration in America—Notes on painters and paintings here and about, with engravings of representative canvases.

ART ON OUR WALLS.

When America begins to learn a lesson, she hastens to make a practical applica-

tion of it. Just now her latest acquisition is mural decoration. The World's Fair in Chicago taught the people to appre-



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"LOVE'S WHISPER."

From the painting by N. Prescott-Davies—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



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"NOT FOR THE WORLD!"

From the painting by E. Bissan—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

ciate artistic treatment of walls, and it was plainly shown then that we had decorative artists who are not excelled in their special field. The Boston Public Library, the National Library, our great hotels and public buildings, are making this era conspicuous for the introduction of this sort of painting in America. In

Boston, John S. Sargent and Edwin A. Abbey have shown that they are fully equal as decorators to Puvis de Chavannes, the great Frenchman. Will H. Low, Edwin H. Blashfield, Frank D. Millet, and others, are making a name in the same line.

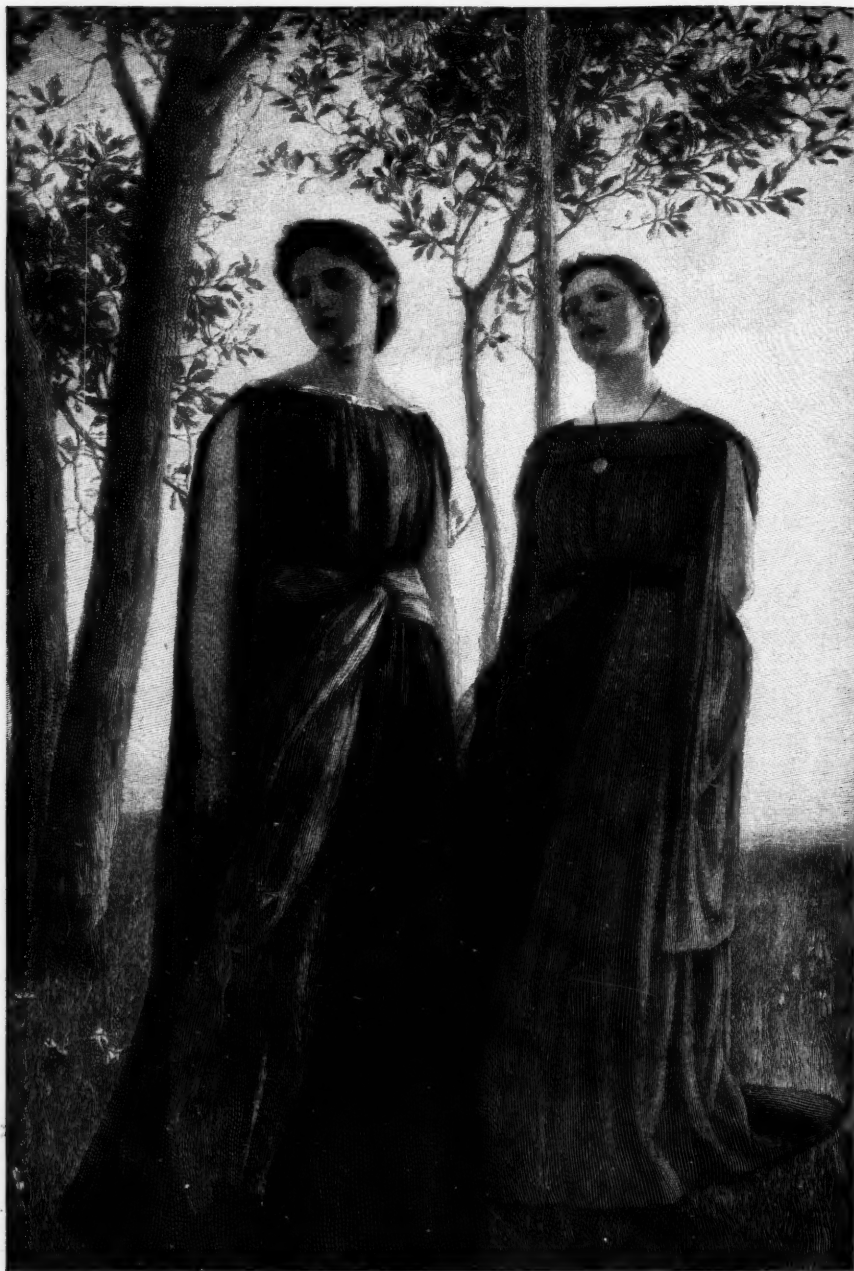
A notable instance of the new artistic



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"THE PLEASURES OF THE SEA."

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"WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES."

From the painting by Paul Höcker—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

field that is being opened up in the realm of business is that of the new building of the Bank of Pittsburg. It was designed by George B. Post, one of our foremost architects, who saw no reason why the inside of the structure should not be



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"THE CARDINAL'S PORTRAIT."

From the painting by Toby E. Rosenthal—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



"FAREWELL!"

From a photograph by Boussod, Valadon & Co. after the painting by Aublet.

beautiful as well as the outside. He called in the services of Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Millet. The latter's work has recently been on exhibition in New York, having been painted on canvas at the artist's home in England. Its subject is the festival held by the Athenians in honor of Ceres. Mr. Blashfield's lunette represented "Iron," or, in a general way, "Manufactures," just as Mr. Millet's is a glorification of agriculture. As these are the two great sources of wealth, they are very appropriate themes for the decorations of a bank.

RUSSIAN BATTLE PICTURES.

We had a Verestchagin exhibition here once, and it is probable that before many months we may have another. All Vienna is flocking to see the famous Russian painter's new pictures. They illustrate Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia, and are as realistic as those we once saw here—and pass as suddenly from the real to the ideal.

Groups of officers stand about in the exhibition rooms in Vienna, and discuss the military aspects of the pictures. Verestchagin's treatment of Napoleon is characteristic. He has almost entirely stripped the Corsican adventurer of that false theatrical glory which the older painters threw about him. In the artist's earlier battle pictures—who does not remember the gruesome horrors of "The Vanquished"?—he painted nothing but the misery of war. In these canvases he shows a great general in defeat, but while there is much in them that is pathetic, he does not so much insist upon purely physical tortures.

SNOW PICTURES.

Walter L. Palmer is exhibiting his usual collection of snow pictures this year. He seems to be painting little else of late, and the public continues to ask for them. He and Mr. Bruce Crane have that field almost to themselves.

They tell a story, in the studios, of the way in which Mr. Crane first hit upon what has become his specialty. The members of the Water Color Society are exempt from the "trial by jury" to which lesser mortals must submit before they can appear in the annual exhibition

of the aquarellists' work. One year, when sending in day came, Mr. Crane, having nothing ready, put in simply an empty frame, so that he would be certain of his place. But he forgot all about it, and was only reminded of it just before the exhibition opened. Then he began to paint a winter scene. It went very well at first, but the time was short, and when the last possible minute had passed, the picture had no foreground; so he labeled it "Winter," and sent it in as it was—an almost unbroken expanse of snow. It was sold, the story concludes, and its technique received warm praise.

But one has only to look at the delicate effects of either Mr. Crane's or Mr. Palmer's work to realize how improbable such a tale is. Mr. Palmer, especially, handles his white masses with amazing care and brilliant effect. The difference between a soft, wet snow, with a humid, melting atmosphere, and the crisp, cold, snapping, crackling, sun lit snow, when every outline is distinct, is as plain on the paper as it is in two winter days.

NEW THINGS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

One of the most important recent additions to the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum is a portrait of Mr. Henry G. Marquand by John S. Sargent. It was painted to order for the trustees of the museum. It represents Mr. Marquand seated, and is one of the most brilliant examples of Sargent's work.

Every year sees new additions to the Metropolitan's collections. This year, as usual, Mr. Marquand's contributions are among the noteworthy ones. They include some ancient Roman bronzes of great beauty and interest. Mr. Hearn has lately presented some fine English paintings, by such men as Lely, Bonington, and Constable. Among other new pictures are a portrait of Washington by Trumbull and Jacques' "Sheepfold."

With the attitude of carelessness which people so generally assume toward that which is familiar and near at hand, their own splendid gallery is passed over by many New Yorkers who take great interest in foreign show places. And yet the Metropolitan possesses one of the best modern collections in existence.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY JOHN M. THURSTON,

United States Senator from Nebraska.

A Republican leader forecasts coming events—How the origin and natural ties of the Western people are likely to influence their political future, and to frustrate all attempts to raise the issue of sectionalism.

THE great West has been an important, perhaps controlling, factor in the politics of the United States since the organization of the Republican party. It is significant that all the Republican Presidents have come from west of the Alleghany Mountains. Fremont, "the first candidate of that party, undoubtedly owed his nomination to the great national and somewhat romantic interest that conferred upon him the title of "The Pathfinder." The bitter contest between slavery and anti slavery had resulted in a race for the occupation of territory. Fremont, in leading the way across the great plains and over the Rockies and Sierras to the Pacific coast, represented the hope of the anti slavery sentiment of the North; for the possibilities of the new settlement of the vast region west of the Mississippi promised to checkmate the extension of slavery into Texas and the Southwest.

The immigration into Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and all the territory north and west of those States, was for the most part led by the young men from New England. It strongly represented the Puritan sentiment, and so it happened that out of the intense contest preceding the civil war, and out of that war itself, the West became intensely Republican. It is true that portions of the Western country were settled by the immigrants pushing forward from southern Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, and these latter were for the most part strong adherents of the Democratic party. After the war there was a continuous stream of immigration pouring into the regions west of the Mississippi from all the Eastern and Middle

States. The public lands were also rapidly taken up by the Union soldiers under the provisions of the preëmption laws enacted in their favor. The general result of all this was the prevalence of a strong Republican sentiment throughout the entire West.

There has been but little immigration from the South into this West of which I am writing. With the exception of our foreign population, all the ties of recollection and kinship stretch back into the Eastern and New England States, and as long as there remained an actual political division between the North and the South, the West, as a matter of course, was true to the latter.

As the West developed, every effort was made by the several States and Territories to attract the European immigration. Laws favorable to foreigners were enacted, and the right of the ballot was extended to all those who declared their intention of becoming citizens of the United States upon a residence of one year—or, in some instances, only six months. This foreign immigration has had a marked influence upon the political status of the West. Most of our naturalized citizens affiliated with the Democratic party. This was especially true of the Germans, the Irish, the Poles, and the Bohemians; and in a less marked degree of the Danes and the Swedes. A majority of the Norwegians became Republicans. On account of this great immigration the foreign born citizen has played a strong part in the political history of the past twenty five years, every effort being made by Republicans and Democrats to secure the support of the naturalized voters.

It is a curious and significant fact that this foreign vote, which remained for years the one menace to Republican domination throughout the West, in our last Presidential election saved the West to the Republican party as against the free silver platform of the Chicago convention.

Most of our immigrants came to the West after the war. They had none of that intense feeling which necessarily remained with those who had been participants in the great sectional conflict. They did not share in the American demand for a protective tariff. They had come from countries that desired to sell their manufactures in our markets. They did not readily comprehend the Republican doctrine that the labor of other countries, however cheap, is dearly bought by the American people if American idleness is a part of the price paid. Therefore, so long as protection was the issue, and so long as it was a solid South against a solid North, our foreign voters were quite strongly against the Republican party. But when the issue changed in the last campaign, when the lines were sharply drawn between a sound and stable system of finance, based upon the assured payment of all obligations in coin of world wide recognized value, as against the proposed forced free coinage and circulation of silver at a ratio which the world did not, and would not, recognize or accept, our foreign born people became the mainstay of the Republican party, and the victory of 1896 in the West must be largely credited to the sound money convictions of our naturalized citizens.

All this is preliminary to a proper consideration of the future political alignment of the Western States.

The Democratic party of today cannot hope for national success unless a solid South can reform its old partnership with New York, New Jersey, and Indiana, or can establish a new political alliance with the States west of the Mississippi. The old Democratic partnership was broken at Chicago. On a free silver platform, Democracy cannot hope to carry the great Empire State, or to secure enough electoral votes north of Mason and Dixon's Line and east of the Mississippi to give it success. Until it aban-

dons the doctrine of "sixteen to one" it must recognize the impossibility of victory, unless it can secure a large part of the electoral vote of the West. It was in order to do this that the strong, intemperate, and unjust appeal to sectionalism was made during the last Presidential campaign. From every stump the people of the West were incited against the people of the East. They were urged to look upon New England and the Atlantic States as the abode of a hostile race, and the great leader and orator of the free silver cause characterized New York as "the enemy's country."

This sectional appeal had a powerful influence at a time of great commercial and agricultural depression. The distress of the people of the West had never been so acute as in 1895 and 1896. A large proportion of their farms had been mortgaged to secure purchase money or to pay for improvements, and the financial stagnation of the country rendered it impossible to secure renewals or further loans. In portions of the West there were unprecedented crop failures; real estate values were temporarily depressed, and the time seemed ripe for a successful appeal to the prejudices of a hapless people. It was at this time that the cry was raised that the West must join the South in a political effort for agricultural and financial independence.

So much has been said and written in regard to a union between the South and West in opposition to the East that many people in the country seriously believe such a coalition to be possible. In my judgment there is not the slightest danger of it. There are but few ties of blood between the two sections. On the contrary, men's inherent affection for the home of their ancestors binds the people of the West with chains of enduring sentiment to the history, the traditions, the teachings, the achievements of their New England ancestry. All the business connections and relations of the Western people have, up to the present time, been with the great centers of population and accumulated wealth directly east of them. The chief transportation lines have heretofore been established on parallels of latitude and not of longitude. The pilgrimages of the Western people are to

their former homes in the East ; they buy in the East, and for the most part the purchasers of their products are in the East ; and there they secure their monetary accommodations through established commercial agencies and relationships.

It is possible that better transportation facilities connected with the harbors of the Gulf of Mexico, and the improvement of our vast system of inland waterways, may bring the West and South into closer relations, but it does not now seem probable or possible that within our lives the great lines of commerce can be changed from the parallels of latitude to those of longitude. The people of the West today can expect far more from the construction of a great national canal connecting the Mississippi with Lake Michigan, and the lakes, by way of the Hudson, with the Atlantic Ocean, than they can from any improvement of the Mississippi and its tributaries.

The West has no feeling of animosity towards the South ; indeed, there is a cordial spirit of friendship and good will on the part of our people toward their brothers of the sunny land of Dixie ; but there is nothing in the existing or prospective relations of these two great sections out of which can come a political coalition against the East, unless it is a union on the lines of a depreciated currency, and in favor of dollars in which debtors may compel their creditors to accept payment at half price.

In counting upon this, the " sixteen to

one " advocates have not taken into consideration the foreign born citizens of the West. The Germans of Wisconsin and Illinois, the Norwegians of Minnesota, the Swedes of Nebraska, and a decided preponderance of the foreign voters in the other agricultural States, will never support a party that stands for the enforced circulation of silver dollars at twice their actual value. The free silverites may still go to the far West for their candidate ; they may still hug to themselves the delusion of an agrarian and cheap money union between the West and the South, but the dream is an utterly vain one.

That tide will never rise again as high as it did in 1856. Two good crops in the West, sold at greatly increased prices, will go far to put our farmers out of debt. Many of them will be creditors rather than debtors ; and to all it is becoming more and more apparent that prosperity must come from national union for the national welfare, and that sectionalism means disaster to every class and to every interest in the land.

This great West, still in its infancy, will play its full part in the politics of the future. Out of it will still come patriots and statesmen, true leaders of the people. From it will be chosen Presidents of the United States, but from it no man will be called to administer the affairs of this great government of the people who advocates sectionalism of any kind, or who seeks to array one part of the land against another.

John M. Thurston.

IN A CITY ROOM.

OH, city night of noises and alarms,
Your lights may flare, your cables clang and rush,
But in the sanctuary of my love's arms
Your blinding tumult dies into a hush.

My doors are surged about with your unrest ;
Your plangent cares assail my realm of peace ;
But when I come unto her quiet breast
How suddenly your jar and clamor cease !

Then even remembrance of your strifes and pains
Diminishes to a ghost of sorrows gone,
Remoter than a dream of last year's rains
Gusty against my window in the dawn.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

MAXSON, GENERAL AGENT.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

A crisis in the career of a young New Yorker—How J. Milburn Maxson met a double emergency at sea, and reaped a curious mixture of success and failure.

THE evening when the *Anemone* came into port in a fog, and in so doing narrowly missed running her nose into the mud, settled the destiny of J. Milburn Maxson—and his affairs of the heart as well.

Maxson's signal letters, before that memorable day, were simply "J. M." As "J. M. Maxson" he had come over from England in the second cabin of a British liner not so many years before. He was debating between the workhouse and the river, when a rare good fortune carried him into the offices of the Inglewild Steamship Company. Perhaps it was his good looks, for he was a handsome, square shouldered young Englishman, or mayhap it was his easy flow of speech, that caused him to rise in the estimation of old John Kendig, agent of the company for the port of New York.

When the dwellers in Fifth Avenue went abroad they asked Mr. Maxson about outside cabins and *chambres de luxe*. When timorous old women inquired concerning the safety of an ocean passage, Mr. Maxson spoke in glowing terms of bulkheads and lifeboats.

J. M. Maxson took up his abode in a Harlem boarding house, principally because the cost of living there was very little. His training in the prim little home over in Sussex had given him the church habit. He went to St. Sebastian's, up near One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. He had a good voice, as was speedily discovered. When a quartet was formed to supplement the vigorous work of the boy choir, J. M. Maxson was chosen to sing bass.

If he had never gone to St. Sebastian's, he would probably have never met Bettina Merton. This young woman, as became a graduate of Barnard College, had

views. She was sure, the second or third time that she met the broad shouldered young Englishman, that he was not living up to the best that was in him, and she told him so. Maxson, who thought that he could sell steamship tickets as well as anybody else, and was sure that his clothes and neckties were all that could be desired, did not take kindly to the criticisms of the girl at first. The idea did not percolate through his brain for several months that perhaps this positive young woman might consent to devote her life to leading him up to the grander and nobler ideals of which she talked.

Her father was at the head of a great hardware house. Maxson, as the girl spoke of ideals, and of many other things which he did not at all understand, began to wonder if there were really any great obstacle in the way of a young Englishman, in receipt of twenty five dollars a week, who wished to marry the daughter of a millionaire. Bettina Merton, at that time, I am sure, would have told him that there was not.

The mind of J. M. Maxson was still struggling with this problem when the carpets were torn up from the floors of the Merton house, in Eightieth Street, the picture gallery betook itself to summer loan exhibitions, and the family to Europe.

Maxson was sure that if all things conspired together for his good, August would bring him a vacation. He planned to go to England, and to return with the Mertons. A few days on an ocean liner—he knew the amiable tradition well—may accomplish more than a winter of opera and afternoon teas.

Roof gardens had no charm for the soul of J. M. Maxson. The price of admission was fifty cents, to begin with; and then

there were cooling drinks, which were, as he would have said in London, "such an expense." He preferred the Battery to the Casino, and the music of the free, open air concerts to the glare and glitter of Olympia.

There was hardly a night in that July that he did not wander along the gray sea wall of the Battery. Friday evening, when the band played, he was always there. Those evenings meant that the paths of Battery Park were filled with the daughters of the janitors from the big buildings which give New York that top heavy look, by sailors, by immigrants, and by soldiers from the harbor forts.

Maxson was on his way to view the panorama by the sea, one Friday evening, when he saw a red headed youngster of twelve emerge from the crowd which passed the Staten Island ferry, and with a quick movement lift the governing attachment of a steam peanut roasting machine. The apparatus began to turn out fresh roasted peanuts in wholesale quantities. The shriek of the released steam filled the air. The Italian peanut vender made a rapid detour through the crowd, and grabbed the youngster by the coat collar. The child alternately kicked and pleaded for mercy. Maxson stepped up at this crisis and told the Italian to let go. The vender of peanuts took one look at the tall young Englishman, and without a word released his hold.

"Thank you very much," said somebody.

Maxson turned and saw a slender girl standing by his side.

"Jimmy is always getting into trouble," continued the girl. "It isn't always that he has a champion."

"Good evening, Miss—Davis," said Maxson, raising his hat.

He recognized the daughter of one of the Sandy Hook pilots. He had seen her picture, as he remembered, in some newspaper which had described the intrepid conduct of the girl in going to sea in a pilot boat. She had been interviewed, too, by a woman who signed all three of her names and besprinkled the interview plentifully with "I's." He recollected that he had seen the girl one day when she came into the office of the Inglewild Steamship Company with her father.

As he stood there and made a commonplace remark about the delightful evening and the music, he noticed something which had escaped his attention before. That was that the girl was pretty. Hers was an oval face framed in curling dark hair, which seemed to accentuate her paleness. Even in the dim light before the ferry house, Maxson could see that the girl had eyes of a wondrous blue, and that when she smiled her face seemed as if illumined.

Jimmy, as became a small brother on such an occasion, disappeared in some mysterious way. Perhaps it was not entirely conventional for them—the girl and Maxson—to walk together towards the Battery.

"We know so much of each other," ventured Maxson, "that it hardly seems necessary that we should be introduced. How is your father?"

"He's quite well, thank you," replied the girl. "I've often heard him speak of you. We've moved to New York now."

They wandered along the edge of the crowd which surrounded the band stand. The girl told Maxson of the hegira from Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, to Greenwich Street, New York. Maxson excelled as a listener. He heard her story of obstinate furniture van drivers and of the journey across the bridge. He was all sympathy and attention.

The "Star Bangled Banner" came from the brazen throats of the horns, and the crowd began to disperse. Minnie Davis and Maxson—more like plain J. M. than ever—walked in Greenwich Street. The girl halted before a dingy building near where the elevated railroad trains stopped for coal, and said:

"This is where we live."

She stood for a moment in the dusty hallway, bade him good night, and was gone.

Maxson, as he rolled home that night upon the elevated road, thought more than once of the girl who lived in Greenwich Street. He compared her with the self reliant young woman beyond the sea.

"Well," he said, half aloud, thereby causing the old woman in the seat opposite him grave concern, "she doesn't make a man feel as if he were falling back

faster than he was climbing up, any way."

Many a time after that Minnie Davis and Maxson walked in the Battery shadows. Once or twice they met the old pilot. He greeted Maxson with a hearty handshake, for there was an impression among the seafaring folk that the young man was a person of consequence in the offices of the Inglewild Steamship Company. Maxson had two attributes by which mortals may command success—whiskers and width of shoulders.

Minnie Davis vexed not her soul with ideals. She had been to a convent school, where she had learned to sew, to play the piano, to construe a little Latin, and to say commonplaces in French which was not Parisian. She expected to get a school in the fall, and that meant money for dresses and money for Jimmy's education. The pilot was earning less than he had made in years. Besides, since the death of his wife, it seemed as though he had lost heart and courage.

The girl told all those things to Maxson, whose initials in those days were J. M. As time wore on J. M. and the "Mister" became "John," and Miss Davis became simply "Minnie." Surely this young man, who aspired for the hand of the daughter of a millionaire hardware merchant, had no right to listen so much and so well to the confidences of a girl who was only a pilot's daughter. The thought came to the mind of Maxson occasionally. He reassured himself with the idea that what the girl who was wandering through continental picture galleries did not know would cause her no anxiety.

The passenger list of the steamer *Amoeba*, in the early part of August, contained the name of J. M. Maxson. The tall young man in the tweed suit who leaned over the *Amoeba's* rail that morning was feeling a little uncomfortable. He had seen the girl the evening before. After she had played for him on the little upright piano, and had told him of her new plans for Jimmy, he had spoken of his departure on the following day.

"I am sure," she had said, looking up into his eyes, "that it will be a splendid trip for you. You will see your parents,

of course. We shall see each other often in the fall, when you come back. Father and I are thinking of moving up to Harlem."

The tall young man, as he paced the deck and watched the vanishing outline of Sandy Hook, wondered if he would ever see the girl again. As far as he was concerned, he was determined that he would not. He wondered, too, if the girl across the sea had noticed that his heart was not in the two or three letters he had sent to her at European capitals.

J. M. Maxson, when he arrived in England, did not even call at the home offices of the Inglewild Steamship Company in London. He made a hasty excursion into Sussex, and returned to Liverpool just in time to board the *Anemone*. That steamer was only three days out when everybody said that Miss Merton and Maxson were engaged. As a matter of fact, they were.

The sea, which had been like glass, was ruffled by the northwest winds shortly after the steamer passed the Grand Banks. Those who had scoffed at seasickness shut themselves in their state rooms. Days of head winds and rain squalls followed. Those who would have promenaded looked through the frosted port holes of the deck house upon the floods of water which swirled along the well calked seams.

The little flags pinned upon the map at the head of the stairway leading to the dining salon told that the voyage was almost ended. It was the afternoon of the sixth day. The passengers were packing their flat steamer trunks. The pools upon the time of the vessel's passage furnished the main topic of conversation. The captain, brought up in the school of admiralty which teaches that a quick passage means the saving of at least one meal, besides the possible gaining of an ocean record, paced the bridge, fretting and fuming.

What had been mist was now a fog. The commander could barely see the ball on the topmast of the little schooner which had just come in view. She was pilot boat No. 20. It was only a short time ago that the pilot steamer sent the old time pilot boat either to the marine graveyard or to the fishing grounds.

A few of the passengers had straggled out on deck. They saw three figures in a yawl, which had been swung from the schooner and was bobbing over the ridges of water towards the steamer. A rope went whirling over the Anemone's rail. The yawl was made fast. The first of those who sat in the boat came lightly up the rope ladder. The figure was caught by strong hands and lifted over the rail.

"Wonderful how agile those pilots are," remarked Maxson to the young woman by his side.

"Why, the pilot is a girl!" exclaimed Miss Merton. "She is looking at you and smiling."

Minnie Davis flung back the sou'wester from her forehead. She had been taking a trip with her father on board pilot boat No. 20. In violation of all laws made and provided for the government of shipping, she had boarded the Anemone at sea. Her father clambered over the rail behind her.

The passengers crowded about her. It is not often that a young woman comes over the side of a vessel by way of a wind tossed sea. There was a glow in the girl's cheeks. Her eyes danced with the excitement of it all. Maxson acknowledged her greeting by raising the peak of his yachting cap and stiffly bowing.

"Who is she?" asked the young woman by his side.

"Oh, she's the daughter of the pilot," rejoined Maxson. "Isn't it rather damp out here for you, Bettina?"

"We shall be in port soon, I suppose," remarked Miss Merton.

She gave Maxson a quick, sharp look. A sudden change of subject is likely to arouse the suspicions of any woman. Maxson shuffled his feet about uneasily.

"Very soon," he said, "if the fog is not too thick."

The steamer began to force her way slowly through the thickening wall of fog. Pilot James Davis, high on the bridge, kept his eye fixed straight ahead. He had placed lookouts at the bow and in the crow's nest. The fog closed around the Anemone like a mold of wax. The vessel was going at quarter speed now. Davis leaned far out over the rail of the bridge, listening for the sound of the bell of old Fort Lafayette. Whenever the fog

descends like a film of lace work upon the slender throat of the harbor, a warning bell is rung under the gray walls of the old fort. James Davis heard no sound. He gave the order to stop the engines.

Then several of those on deck heard the sound of two voices. One was loud and excited, the other was calm and measured. The captain was swearing by all which was of good report that, fog or no fog, the Anemone should make port that evening. The vessel was drifting.

The engines began to throb and move. The steamer was again under way. The will of the choleric commander had prevailed. The pilot, whose word should have been absolute, had yielded.

Down on the deck Minnie Davis walked to and fro. Maxson, wrapped in his long mackintosh, came out of the cabin door.

"I sent for you," said the girl, "because something must be done at once. Father has permitted himself to be persuaded against his better judgment. If this steamer goes much further, she will be aground."

A moment later Maxson was on the bridge.

"I am Mr. Maxson," he said, addressing the captain.

"Well," rejoined the commander, "do you suppose that because you are a clerk in the New York office that you are entitled to come upon this bridge? Get down from here, and be quick about it."

"I am Mr. Maxson," resumed the young man calmly. "I have just come from London. I am the representative of this line on board. I order you to anchor at once. Captain or no captain, you have no business to take the risk of running this steamer aground."

Thirty years had the commander of the Anemone been a master. Never before had he been defied by a landlubber, and that, too, upon his own bridge. He looked toward the bank of mist. The passengers heard the rattle of chain cable in the hawse pipes. The vessel was anchored.

"I was about to anchor," growled the captain. "Now you get down off this bridge and be quick about it. I shall report you as soon as I get to New York."

"You cannot do it any too soon for

me," replied Maxson, as he turned on his heel and strode down the companion-way.

At the bottom he nearly stumbled over a portly Englishman wrapped in a big shawl. The man had been an interested listener to the excited colloquy upon the bridge.

All night the *Anemone* lay at anchor. The passengers, disappointed in landing, spent the time in giving what they termed a musical and dramatic entertainment. They had already given the usual concert. There were a burlesque actress who sang a song of home and mother, a tragedian who recited the gloomy soliloquy of the most melancholy Dane, and a woman who whistled. The pilot's daughter, "the ocean's child," as the literary young woman called her, recited "Jim Bludso."

It dawned upon the passengers of that fogged steamer, as the girl stood there beneath the electric lights, that a beautiful woman had that afternoon come over the vessel's rail. When she had finished the recitation—and she could recite, in spite of her convent elocution—the passengers crowded about her.

"You seem to know that young woman very well," said Miss Merton to Maxson. "I am waiting to be presented."

Maxson introduced them. For the first time in his life he felt distinctly ill at ease. Some one asked him to sing. He went away, leaving the two girls talking of the fog and of the excitement of a pilot's life. He sang a simple English ballad. He was making his way back again, when a woman grasped Bettina Merton by the arm.

"I should think," said this well meaning person, "that you would be very proud of him."

Minnie Davis looked into the eyes of the young woman with ideals.

"Why should it make any difference to you?" asked the pilot's daughter.

Her cheeks were flushed, and there was a flash in her eye. The other woman raised her eyebrows and made no answer. Minnie Davis left the cabin. Maxson knew half an hour later that his chances for marrying the daughter of a certain hardware merchant were gone. There were very few words spoken.

"I think," said Bettina Merton, when it was all over, "that you would better marry the pilot's daughter."

"I do not know," replied Maxson, "but what I shall."

The sun rose out of the sea next morning, and cleft the veil of mist in twain. The fog rolled away. The watch saw a sight which caused them to rub their eyes. The *Anemone* was lying at anchor close to the Fort Hamilton dock. The old pilot said that a few feet more and the vessel would have been hopelessly aground. That meant half a dozen tugs at a hundred dollars a day, a disembarkation of passengers, the lightering of at least a part of the cargo, and perhaps an untold expense in repairing the vessel's hull. Maxson—or, as he always said, Minnie Davis—had been entirely right.

The *Anemone* proceeded in safety to her pier. The captain did not report Maxson to the New York office. When Maxson took his accustomed place behind the counter that afternoon, he noticed an air of mystery and suppressed excitement about the place.

"Say," asked the red headed manifest clerk, "what does the governor look like, Maxson?"

"The governor?" repeated Maxson vacantly.

He learned then, for the first time, that he had come over on the same steamer with Sir Robert Cortney, principal owner of the Inglewild Steamship Company. The great man had come over under a different name.

An office boy approached him, and strange as it may seem, greeted Maxson with an air of respect.

"Mr. Kendig wishes to see you in his private office, sir," the boy said.

Maxson followed the messenger as one in a trance. John Kendig arose as the young man entered the dingy office.

"Sir Robert," he said, "this is Mr. Maxson, of whom you spoke."

Leaning against the roll top desk, Maxson saw the man with the shawl whom he had seen, the night before, standing at the bottom of the companion-way.

"Mr. Maxson," began the great man, "Mr. Kendig intends to retire from business. Judging from what I have seen of

you, I think that you have the interest of the company at heart. I have no doubt that the board of directors will confirm your nomination as the New York agent."

The board of directors did that very thing, principally because they could not have done otherwise. Two months from that date it was announced, on the passenger lists of the Inglewild Steamship Company, that J. Milburn Maxson was agent for the port of New York and general agent for the United States.

In the midst of his new success J. Milburn Maxson went to call upon the pilot's daughter. He did not care whether he ever saw Bettina Merton again or not. He had found his ideal in selling steamship tickets. She wished him to find it in reading Browning and in exploring the "over soul" with Emerson.

He found Minnie Davis, after days of searching, in a Harlem flat.

"I owe all my success to you," he said.

"Yes," replied the girl coldly.

"I have come to thank you," he said. "It cannot be that you have forgotten those days down at the Battery."

"I wish that I could forget them," said the girl. "I want to forget them. I do not care to remember that I knew a man who talked to me as you did when he was engaged to another. I do not care to see you again."

J. Milburn Maxson, general agent, is still unmarried. Every few months the society columns of the newspapers tell some story of his engagement to an American heiress, or to some member of the English nobility. The report is generally denied the week after.

Success has come to J. Milburn Maxson, yet there are times when there is an expression on his face which shows that he is not always happy.



CUPID CAUGHT NAPPING.

CUPID on a summer day,
Wearied by unceasing play,
In a rose heart sleeping lay,
While, to guard the tricky fellow,
Close above the fragrant bed
Back and forth a gruff bee sped,
And, to lull the sleepy head,
Played "Zoom! Zoom!" upon his 'cello.

Little did the god surmise
That sweet Anna's cerule eyes
Gazed on him with glad surprise,
Or that he was in such danger;
But the watchman bee, in haste,
Left his post that he might taste
Of the honey nature placed
On the lips of that fair stranger.

Thus unwatched, from Cupid's side
Anna stole the boy god's pride,
All his love darts, and then hied
Far away from capture's chances
And today she wields the prize;
For Love's quiver still supplies
Darts that speed from Anna's eyes
In her love compelling glances!

Ellis Parker Butler.

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.*

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

A notable tribute, from one of England's foremost living men of letters, to the wonderful charm and dramatic power of Mark Twain's pictures of American life in the earlier days of the Southwest.

I HAVE been invited to write upon my "Favorite Novel." Alas, I have so many favorite novels! How can I incur the jealousy of all the others by selecting one as the favorite? Novels are live things; they love admiration; they resent neglect; they hate the preference of others. Like Charles Lamb, who loved every book because it was a book—except the Law List—I love every novel because it is a novel—except those which are not novels, but only shams. I love the novel of adventure; I find the "Three Musketeers" as delightful now as when I sat in a corner, breathless, panting, and followed, all a lifelong holiday, the fortunes of the Immortal Three who were Four. And I love the novel which portrays human life and society, whether it is *Tom Jones*, or *Humphrey Clinker*, or *Nicholas Nickleby*. And I love Charlotte Yonge's gentle girls; and Marryat's anything but gentle sailor; and Lever's swaggering soldier; and Jane Austen, and Maria Edgeworth, and Wilkie Collins, and Charles Reade, and Edgar Allan Poe, and Hawthorne, and Oliver Wendell Holmes—not to speak of living men and women by the score whose works I read with joy.

Of a novel I ask but one thing. "Seize me," I say—"seize me and hold me with a grip of steel. Make me deaf and blind to all the world so long as I read in thine enchanted pages. Carry me whither thou wilt. Play on me; do with me what thou wilt, at thine own sweet will.

Make me shriek with pain; fill my eyes with tears and my heart with sorrow; let me laugh aloud, let me bubble over with the joy of silent mirth; let me forget that the earth is full of oppression and wickedness. Only seize me and hold me tight—immovable, rapt, hypnotized; deaf and blind to all the world."

I confess that unless this condition is fulfilled I cannot read a novel. Many novels I try to read, only to lay them down. A few such I have had to read on occasions—they were rare—when an editor has asked me to review a novel. To me it is more painful than words can tell to read such a book; it is more irksome than any convict's task to write a review of such a book. The only excuse that I will admit from a reviewer who dishonestly pronounces judgment on a book which he has not read is that the novel was one of the kind which cannot be read. If he pleads that excuse, I pity him and pass on. For this reason, also, I am in no hurry to take up any new novel. I like to have it "tasted" for me first. The tasting enables me to escape the attempt to read a great many new novels. As a rule I buy only those of which other people have already spoken. As a wise man and a philosopher, I take my recommendations not from the critics, but from the other people. Then, if a story possesses the gift of grip, I am ready to forgive all other sins. A novel cannot be really bad, though it may

* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is printing a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. Papers by William D. Howells, Brander Matthews, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burton Harrison, S. R. Crockett, Paul Bourget, Bret Harte, W. Clark Russell, Anthony Hope, and A. Conan Doyle have already appeared, and forthcoming numbers will contain the opinions of Tan Maclaren and Jerome K. Jerome.

have many faults, if it seizes the reader and holds him spellbound till the last page.

These remarks prepare the way for a selection which is perhaps unexpected. I do not respond to the invitation by taking one of the acknowledged masterpieces; nor shall I worry myself to find something fresh to say about a book which has already been reviewed over and over again. Cervantes, Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray—all these I leave to the professors of literature, and to the critic of the big and serious "appreciation"—to him who estimates influence, finds out blemishes, and explores the sources. I am only a critic in so far as I really do know the points of a good novelist and something about the art of construction of a novel; and I prefer to apply this knowledge on the present occasion to a work of perhaps humbler pretensions, albeit a work of genius, and a work which will live and will belong to the literature of the language. I speak of one of my favorites; not my single favorite. I love the book for a variety of excellent reasons, but not to the exclusion of other books. It is expected of a well regulated mind that it cannot love more than one woman at a time. This galling restriction applies not to the lover of novels, which, with poetry, are the fair women of literature. One can love them all—yes, all. So catholic is love in literature, so wide is his embrace, so universal; so free from jealousy are his mistresses.

The book which I have selected is Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." At the outset I observe, and intend to respect, a warning after the title page to the effect that any person who may try to find a motive in the narrative will be prosecuted; that any person who may try to find a moral in it will be banished, and that persons attempting to find a plot will be shot.

Let us repeat this warning. Let us not try to find in "Huckleberry Finn" either motive, moral, or plot.

I lay it down as one of the distinctive characteristics of a good story that it pleases—or rather, seizes—every period of life; that the child, and his elder brother, and his father, and his grandfather, may read it with like enjoyment—

not equal enjoyment, because as a man gets older and understands more and more what the world of men and women means, he reads between the lines and sees things which the child cannot see and cannot understand. Very likely, if the painting is true to nature, he sees things which the artist himself could not see or understand. The note of genius is that it suggests so much more than it meant to suggest, and goes so much deeper than the poet himself intended. To discover and to read the superadded letterpress, the invisible part of the printed page, is one of the compensations of age.

The first quality that I claim for this book, then, is that it does appeal to all ages and every age. The boy of twelve reads it with delight beyond his power of words to express; the young man reads it; the old man reads it. The book is a joy to all alike. For my own part, I have read it over and over again, yet always with delight and always finding something new in its pages.

There is no motive in the book; there is no moral; there is no plot. The book is like a panorama in which the characters pass across the stage and do not return. They follow each other with the unexpectedness belonging to a voyage down a river. All happens by chance; the finger of providence—which means the finger of Mark Twain—is nowhere visible. There is no motive; there is no moral; there is no plot. This directing, intervening, meddlesome finger you will find very often in the novel which does not permit itself to be read; it sticks out in the carpenter's novel. You see the thumb—it wants washing—in the novel made by rule. It is nowhere visible in "Huckleberry Finn."

The book commends itself, to begin with, by the humorous treatment of perfectly serious situations. It is unconsciously humorous, it is humorous because the narrator sees no humor in anything. In some places, when an English boy would have rolled on the floor with laughing, the American boy relates the scene without a smile. Indeed, from beginning to end, there is hardly a smile. Yet, while all the situations lie open for sentiment, for moralizing, or for laughing, the actors are perfectly serious—and perfectly comic.

The reason of the serious nature of the performance is that the narrator is a boy whose experiences of life have not, so far, inclined him to look at things from a humorous point of view. He is the son of a drunken scoundrel, the disgrace and terror of the town.

He said he'd cowhide me till I was black and blue if I didn't raise some money for him. I borrowed three dollars from Judge Thacker, and pap took it and got drunk and went a-blowing around and cussing and whooping and carrying on; and he kept it up all over town, with a tin pan, till 'most midnight. Then they jailed him; next day they had him before court and jailed him again for a week.

Even the boys in the town spoke of him as "a man who used to lay drunk with the hogs in the tan yard." It is with the gravest face that the boy speaks of his father; relates how he took the pledge in presence of the judge—who "said it was the holiest time on record"—and broke it the next day; and how he had delirium tremens and tried to murder his son. With such a father; with no education; with no religion; living about in the woods; without respect of persons; untruthful whenever it seemed easier to conceal the truth; yielding when necessary; watchful of opportunities; not immoral, but unmoral—the boy starts off to tell his tale of adventure. Writers of fiction, of whom there are now so many, will understand the difficulty of getting inside the brain of that boy, seeing things as he saw them, writing as he would have written, and acting as he would have acted; and presenting to the world a true, faithful, and living *effigies* of that boy. The feat has been accomplished: there is no character in fiction more fully, more faithfully presented than the character of *Huckleberry Finn*. What that character finally appears, when the book is finished, when the glamour dies away, when the figure stands out plainly before us, I will endeavor to portray after touching on some of the points of *Huckleberry's* pilgrimage.

The earlier chapters, with *Tom Sawyer* and the other boys, are hardly worthy to be taken as an introduction to the book. But they are soon got over. The adventures really begin with the boy's life in the cabin where his father has taken him. The man was always drunk,

always abusing and threatening the boy, always falling about in his half drunk moments, and cursing.

Down he went in the dirt and rolled there and held his toes; and the cussing he done there laid over anything he had ever done previous. He said so, his own self, afterwards.

Observe the boy's standard as to cursing considered as fine art.

He escapes; he finds a canoe drifting down the river; he gets on board, takes certain steps which will make his father believe that he has been murdered, and paddles down the river to an island. The river is the mighty Mississippi; and now we are on or beside its waters and hear the swirl and the swish as the current rolls past the reeds and sedges of the island and washes the planks of the craft. We see the huge lumber rafts making their slow way with the stream; we hear, with the boy, the voice of the man on board—"Stern oars! Heave her head to starboard!"

On his desert island the boy, perfectly happy, caught fish and broiled them; found wild strawberries—the *fraises à quatre saisons* which flourish all over the world; and went about exploring his kingdom. It was a glorious time, only it was difficult to get through the day. Presently he found another resident on the island, the runaway "nigger" *Jim*, whom he knew very well. The white boy was so wild, so uncivilized, that even in a slave holding State he had imbibed no proper feeling as regards runaway slaves. He chummed with *Jim* immediately. The river rises; the island is under water; they live in a cave on a rock which is above the flood; they paddle about in the canoe, either on the river or among the woods; they pick up things that come floating down—among other things part of a lumber raft.

It was lucky they found the raft, because smoke had been seen on the island, and suspicion had arisen about the runaway "nigger." They decided to run away from their island and to make for the first point where a fugitive slave would be free. They loaded the raft with all they had; they carried their canoe on board; and in the dead of night they slipped off the island and so down stream. Where they were going to, whither the

river would carry them, they never inquired. The book, you see, has no plot, no motive, no moral.

They ran about seven or eight hours every night, the current making four miles an hour. They fished as they slid down the stream. Sometimes they took a swim to keep off sleepiness.

It was a kind of solemn, drifting down the big still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't feel like talking loud and it wasn't often that we laughed, only a little kind of a low chuckle.

Every night about ten o'clock, the boy went ashore to some village and bought ten or fifteen cents' worth of meal or bacon.

Sometimes I lifted a chicken that wasn't roosting comfortable. Pap always said, "Take a chicken when you get a chance, because if you don't want him yourself you can easy find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't never forgot." I never see pap when he didn't want the chicken himself, but that is what he used to say, any way.

In the same way, the boy went into the fields and borrowed a watermelon or a "mush melon" or a "punkin" or some new corn. The book, you observe, has no moral.

They then take on board the immortal pair of rogues and vagabonds—the *King* and the *Duke*. Writes the young philosopher:

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars wasn't no kings and dukes at all, but just low down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself. It's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels and don't get into no trouble.

The chapters with the *King* and the *Duke* are amazing for the sheer impudence of the two rogues and the remarks of the boy. He makes no remonstrance, he affects no indignation; he falls in with every pretense on which his assistance is required, and he watches all the time—watches for the chance to upset their little plans. And such plans! One sells quack medicines; plays and recites; lectures on mesmerism and phrenology; teaches singing and geography at schools for a change; does anything that comes handy. The other preaches temperance, also religion; gets up camp meetings; is a missionary; lays on hands for curing paralysis and the like. Together they agree to get up

scenes from Shakspeare, especially the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet"; to discover water and treasure by means of the divining rod; to dissipate witch spells; to get subscriptions and advertisements for a bogus paper; to continue the preaching, and so on. The great *coup* was the personation of a man in England, brother of a man just deceased. This, in fact, very nearly came off; it would have come off, with a bag of six thousand dollars, but for the boy, who defeats their villainies. How he does this, how the older of the two rogues sells *Jim* for a runaway, how the two rascals, the *King* and the *Duke*, have to ride on a rail, how *Jim* is recovered, is well known by those who have read the book, and can be easily learned by those who have not. It is a book which, to repeat, has no moral. One does not expect the punishment of villainy; yet it is pleasant to catch this last glimpse of the *King* and the *Duke* thus honored by their grateful fellow citizens. This American custom of riding a rogue on a rail is not, as is generally supposed, an invention or a growth of the American people, though they are eminently inventive. It crossed the Atlantic from the old country, where, under the name of "Riding the Stang"—a rail for the men, a basket for the women—it flourished in certain parts almost down to the present time.*

Also, though the book has no moral, one is pleased to find the "nigger" receiving his freedom at the end. And, although it has no plot, one is delighted to find that *Huckleberry* remains the same at the end as he began at the beginning. That blessed boy, who has told as many lies as there are pages in the book, is left impenitent.

I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

These are his parting words.

It was fifty years ago. Do you know what happened afterwards? I will tell

* "Riding on a Rail" is an old custom, and originally Scandinavian. It was practised in the north of England within the memory of man, but is now discontinued. In a book called "Popular Pastimes," published in London in 1816, there is an illustration which shows two victims borne aloft by their neighbors, a woman seated in a basket, and a man on a rail—the "stang."

you. *Huckleberry*, of course, remained not civilized; he went to live with *Jim* on Jackson Island. They had a raft and a canoe; they fished and shot and trapped; they built a log hut. *Tom Sawyer* used to visit them till he was taken away and sent to college and became a lawyer. He is now, as everybody knows, the governor of his State, and may possibly become President. Presently *Jim* died. Then *Huckleberry* was left alone. He still lives on Jackson Island in his log hut. He is now an old man; his beard is as white as that of the veteran fraud, the *King*; he is full of wisdom and wise thoughts; long and lonely nights beneath the stars, watching the endless roll of the Mississippi, have made him wise. Of the world he still knows nothing; of his ancient fibs and tricks he is impenitent.

There is another side of the book. It belongs to the fifties, the old time before the civil war, when the "institution" was flourishing against all the efforts of the Abolitionists. Without intending it—the book has no motive—the boy restores for us that life in the Southern States. It is now so far off that even those who are old enough to remember it think of it as a kind of dream. Consider how far off it is. There is the elderly maiden lady, full of religion, who tries to teach the boy the way to heaven. She herself is living, she says, so as to go there. She has one old "nigger" who has been with her all her life—a faithful servant, an affectionate creature. This pious woman deliberately proposes to sell the man—to sell him—for the sum of eight hundred dollars, or one hundred and sixty pounds sterling. Only forty years ago! Yet how far off! How far off! Is there, anywhere in the Southern States of today, any living lady who could in cold blood sell an old servant into slavery among strangers? Then there is the feud between the families of the *Grangerfords* and the *Shepherdsons*. They have a feud—do families in the South have feuds and go shooting each other now? It seems so far off; so long ago. The *Shepherdsons* and the *Grangerfords* alike are all filled out with family pride; no descendant of all the kingly houses of Europe could be prouder of family than these obscure planters.

They have no education; they shoot at each other whenever they meet; they murder even the boys of either family. It is only a glimpse we catch of them as we float down the Mississippi, but it belongs to a time so long ago—so long ago.

There is another glimpse—of a riverside town. It consists of one street, of stores with awnings in front; loafers in wide straw hats and neither coat nor waistcoat lie and sit about. They do nothing; they borrow "chaws" of tobacco of each other; the street is quite quiet and empty. Presently some wagons come in from the country, and the town is animated. It is a kind of market day. Then a drunken man rides amuck through the town, roaring and threatening. He threatens one prominent citizen so long that, after a while, the man says he has lost patience, and shoots the drunkard dead. It is all so long ago, you see. Or we are at a camp meeting—perhaps those meetings go on still, somewhere. There are a thousand people present. The meeting is provided with sheds for preaching and sheds for selling watermelons and lemonade. The young men go barefooted; the girls have sun-bonnets and linsey woolsey frocks. Some of them listen to the preaching; some sit out and carry on flirtations of the more elementary. People are invited to the mourners' bench; they crowd in, on the invitation, moved by the contagious emotion, weeping, crying, throwing themselves down in the straw. Among them, weeping more bitterly than the rest, is the wicked old *King*; he has got conviction of sin; he is broken down; he is on the mourners' bench. He is so contrite that you may hear his groans above all the rest. He begs permission to speak to the people; he confesses that he has been a pirate all his life; he is now repentant; he will be a pirate no more; he will go among his old friends and convert them. It will be difficult without money, but he will try—he will try. So they take up a collection for him, and he goes back to the raft, after kissing all the girls, with eighty seven dollars and twenty five cents in his purse. He had also found a three gallon keg of whisky, too, under a wagon. The good old man said, "Take it all around,

it laid over any day he'd ever put in, in the missionary line. Heathens," he said, "don't amount to shucks, alongside of pirates, to work a camp meeting with." There are still, perhaps, country villages and places in the Central States, of which we of England know so little, where the people are simple and unsuspicious, and enjoy a red hot religion; but the world has moved, even for them. There are surely no country places left where such a ridiculous old fraud as the *King* could be believed. It may be objected that the characters are extravagant. Not so. They are all exactly and literally true; they are quite possible in a country so remote and so primitive. Every figure in the book is a type; *Huckleberry* has exaggerated none. We see the life—the dull and vacuous life—of a small township upon the Mississippi forty years ago; so far as I know, it is the only place where we can find that phase of life portrayed.

If the scenes and characters of the book are all life-like and true to nature, still more life-like is the figure of the boy as he stands out, at the end, when we close the volume, self revealed.

He is, to begin with, shrewd. It is a word which may have a good or a bad meaning; in the former sense, I think that shrewdness is a more common characteristic of the American than of the Englishman. I mean that he is more ready to question, to doubt, to examine, to understand. He is far more ready to exercise freedom of thought; far less ready to accept authority. His individuality is more intense; he is one against the world; he is more readily on the defensive. *Huckleberry*, therefore, however it may be with his countrymen at large, is shrewd. He questions everything. For instance, he is told to pray for everything. He tries it; he prays for fish hooks. None come; he worries over the matter a while, and then he concludes to let it go. If he has no religion, however, he has plenty of superstition; he believes

all the wonderful things the "nigger" *Jim* tells him: the ghosts and the signs of bad luck and good luck.

He has an immense natural love for the woods and forests; for the open air; for the great river laden with the rafts forever going down the stream; for the night as much as the day; for the dawn as much as the splendor of the noonday.

Not a sound anywhere—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-clattering, maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side—you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness, spreading around; then the river softened up, away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots drifting along, ever so far away—trading scows, and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaming; or jumbled up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by and by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way.

If he loves the still and solemn night and the woods, he loves also the creatures in the woods—squirrels, turtles, snakes. He is a boy who belongs to the river, which he will never desert. His lies and his thievings and his acquiescence in frauds—to be sure, he was forced—do not affect his nature; he passes through these things and will shake them off and forget them. All his life he will live in the present, which is a part of the nomadic spirit. He will look on without indignation at the things men do around him; but his home will be on Jackson's Island in a log hut, alone, and far from the haunts of men. And he will never grow weary of watching the lumber rafts go by; or of sitting beside the mighty flood; or of watching the day break, and the sun set; or of lying in the shade so long as he can look at the snakes and the turtles or listen while a couple of squirrels "set on a limb and jabber at him friendly." Because, you see, there is no moral in this book; and no motive; and no plot.

Walter Besant.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "SUN."

The personality of the late Charles A. Dana dominated the New York *Sun* to an extent that probably has never been equaled in the history of American journalism. The paper has always possessed an intrinsic value that sufficed to carry it safely through the sweeping changes of policy that Mr. Dana dictated, and the surprising vitality it has displayed is attributable largely to the individuality of Mr. Dana himself. When the veteran editor died, many persons thought that his journal would lose much of its force and vigor; but the qualities of fearlessness,

of strength, and of intellectual finish which were conspicuous in Mr. Dana's work are still apparent in the *Sun's* editorial columns.

The present editor in chief, Mr. Paul Dana, the son of the late editor, has been identified with the paper for many years. The elder Dana usually took a long trip abroad each summer, and at these times his son assumed full management, so that the new régime is not altogether an innovation.

Mr. Paul Dana came prominently before New Yorkers a few years ago, through his appointment as a park commissioner,



PAUL DANA, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "SUN."

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

but his tenure of office was not a long one. On more than one well remembered occasion the *Sun*, by a promptly executed right about face in its political views, has shown a liberal interpretation of the Biblical admonition to "agree with thine adversary quickly"; but the present editor in chief, at least in so far as

Mr. Porter is a journalist and politician of some experience, being proprietor and editor in chief of the *Hartford Post*, and having been a member of the Connecticut Legislature. He has been a candidate for a nomination to the Governorship, and it is hinted that should opportunity offer he would be willing to enter the



MRS. JOHN ADDISON PORTER.

From a photograph by De Lamater, Hartford, Conn.

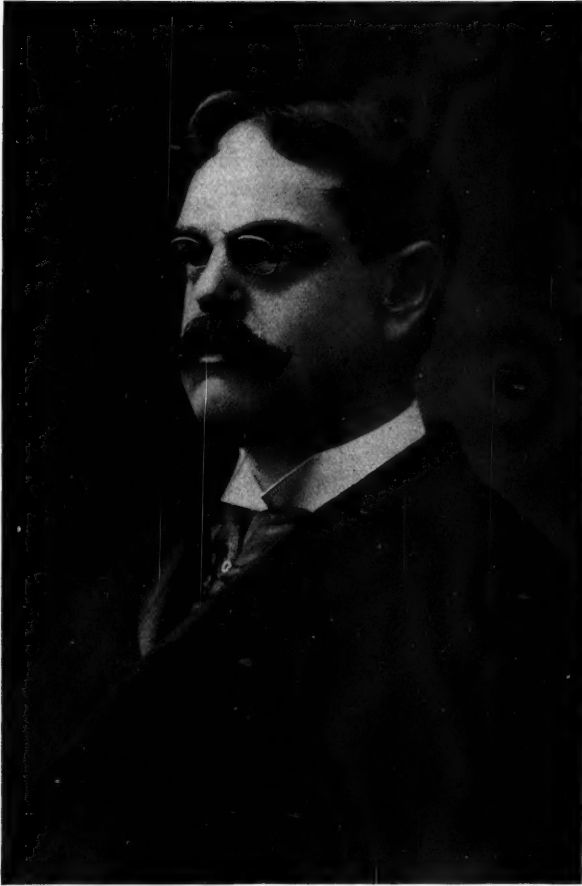
municipal affairs went, was not so disposed. Differences of opinion between himself and his colleagues led to his early resignation, and the *Sun* has since been a rather caustic critic of the proceedings of the park commission.

THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.

John Addison Porter is the first "secretary to the President"—an office that was created for him, to replace the misnamed post of the "private secretary" at the White House. Important as his duties had come to be, the private secretary had the official standing of a mere clerk; the secretary now takes his proper place in public life—a place of no small influence and authority.

United States Senate. Meanwhile he listens to the voice of the office seeker, and keeps the Washington correspondents primed with executive news. He is responsible for the revision of the White House social program which proposes to make the President's receptions more agreeable than they have been for many years, by limiting the crowd in attendance. Another reform which the President's secretary has wrought relates to the executive correspondence. However humble or unknown he may be, the man who writes to President McKinley is certain to get at least an acknowledgment of his letter—a courtesy which has not always been accorded.

Mr. Porter's wife is a daughter of



JOHN ADDISON PORTER, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

Colonel George F. Betts, of New York, and comes of a family socially and intellectually prominent. Her grandfathers were Judge Betts, the most famous admiralty lawyer of his day, and Professor William Porter, of Williams College; and some of the great names of New England's colonial days appear upon her genealogical tree. She has already won a high place in Washington society. She is a woman of medium height, with a pleasant and expressive face lighted by kindly blue eyes and framed by masses of prematurely gray hair.

THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

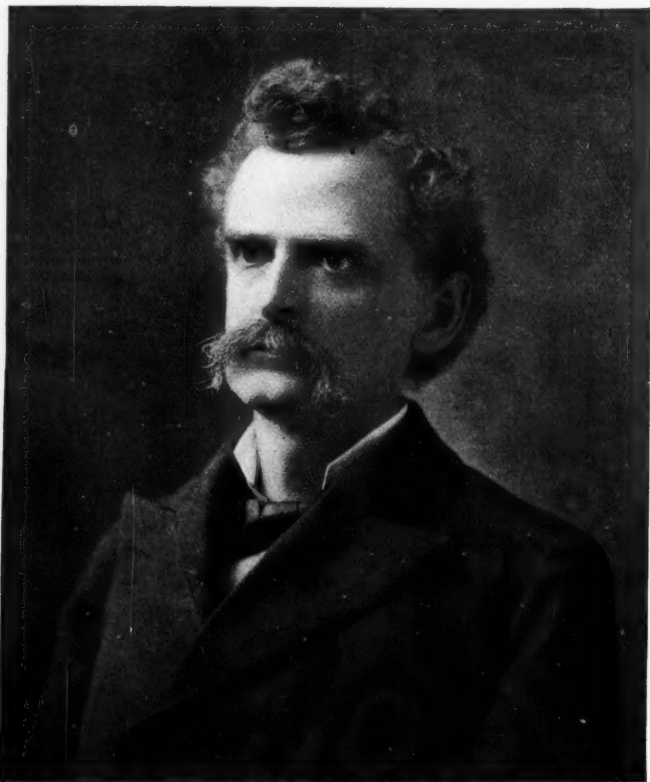
A ringing declaration against lynching, issued as a warning to communities

that have seemed to approve of it, not long ago drew general attention to the chief magistrate of a Southern State, Governor William Yates Atkinson, of Georgia. The attention was emphasized by another incident, comparatively unimportant in itself. The Georgia Legislature, in a moment of excitement over a casualty on the football field, passed a bill prohibiting the game; and when the Governor vetoed the needless and emotional measure, his appeal to common sense evoked a storm of temporary protest, though an attempt to overrule his veto was unsuccessful.

Governor Atkinson is a typical representative of that "new South" of which we have heard so often and so favorably.

He was a poor country boy who made his own way to college—the University of Georgia—and to success at the bar. He was still very young when he received his first promotion—an appointment as county solicitor—from Governor Colquitt. A few years later he was sent to

present term at Washington. On the one hand, office holding involves no little pecuniary sacrifice—except to men of a type that is, fortunately, much rarer than some cynical observers would have us believe. On the other hand, the opportunity for real achievement is small. To



WILLIAM YATES ATKINSON, GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

From a photograph by Motes, Atlanta.

the State Legislature, where he served four terms, becoming speaker of the Assembly, and making an excellent record as the author of several bills that notably improved Georgia's public service. In 1894 he was elected to the Governorship, and in 1896 was reelected by an almost doubled majority—a strong testimonial to his popularity.

A WESTERN REPUBLICAN LEADER.

Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, is said to have declared his intention of withdrawing from public life at the end of his

put it plainly, the national legislature talks too much, and does too little, to be an entirely satisfactory field of action for a man who is really ambitious to win fame for himself and to do good service to his country.

But politics is an imperious mistress, and public life often maintains its hold upon men who would fain leave it. Whether Senator Thurston remains in the Senate or goes back to the profession in which he won his way to the front, he is pretty sure to continue to figure actively in the political arena. He is a frank and



JOHN M. THURSTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA.

From a photograph by Heyn, Omaha.

stalwart partisan, and a leader of the Western Republicans whom no financial issue and no sectional outcry could lure from their rock ribbed allegiance to the "grand old party." As such, his forecast of the great West's political future, published elsewhere in this magazine, will be read with interest and attention. Prophecy is proverbially an uncertain business, and there may be some to dispute the Senator's premises and to impugn his conclusions; but his eloquent appeal to American patriotism will surely strike a sympathetic chord in every heart. Mr. Thurston—a New Englander by birth and a Westerner by almost lifelong residence—has a very decided opinion

of any and all attempts to stir up sectionalism.

TWO STREET RAILWAY MILLIONAIRES.

It is a coincidence that so many of the street railway magnates should come from Philadelphia. The largest syndicate in the country, which counts among its vassal provinces the cities of New York, Baltimore, and Pittsburg, has its headquarters in the Quaker town; and the chief rival of that syndicate, Charles T. Yerkes, is a Philadelphian, though he has an office in Chicago and a three million dollar house in New York.

Mr. Yerkes' earlier career as a stock broker ended in a somewhat disastrous



CHARLES T. YERKES, OF CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

failure. He began life again, at thirty, upon a borrowed capital of three thousand dollars, going into street railroading upon a small scale. He worked fourteen hours a day and seven days a week till he was able to repay the three thousand dollars. A few years later he invited all his old creditors to dinner, and each guest found beside his plate a certified check for the full amount of his claim—which was legally already canceled—with six per cent interest.

Mr. Yerkes made most of his fortune in Chicago, and he still controls most of that city's transit system, both surface and elevated. The latter, though less profitable than the similar lines in New York, is a step ahead of them in being equipped with electric motors. Like a good many other railroad managers, Mr. Yerkes is not particularly popular with the people who travel in his cars. Yet when he moved to New York, he left be-

hind him a monument to his munificence in the fine observatory which he presented to the University of Chicago. It is equipped with the largest telescope in the world, and cost half a million dollars.

Mr. Yerkes' palatial home in New York, with its magnificent picture gallery, is rivaled by the splendid houses built in Philadelphia by Messrs. Widener and Elkins, the chief organizer of the syndicate whose cars run along Broadway and hundreds of other main avenues of our great cities. The newspapers have been printing descriptions of Mr. Widener's residence, which its public spirited owner intends to bequeath to his fellow citizens as a library and museum. Mr. Elkins, of whom we give a portrait, has a no less magnificent house, containing an equally remarkable art collection. Its long frontage, a fine piece of renaissance architecture, is one of

the ornaments of North Broad Street. Its interior is a treasure house to which almost every age and every country have contributed. It was finished about five years ago.

Italian schools. Romney and Reynolds, Vandyke and Ruysdael, Millet and Corot, Canaletto and Ziem, are among the names represented in his gallery, and with them stands the American Inness.



GEORGE F. HOAR, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

Mr. Yerkes' pictures will be remembered by visitors to the World's Fair of 1893, and Mr. Elkins' rank with them among the finest private galleries in America, or even in Europe. The Philadelphia millionaire possesses not only the work of the modern Frenchmen, which preponderates in most American collections, but also a well selected range of examples of the English, German, Dutch, and

Mr. Elkins was born in West Virginia sixty years ago, but his parents, who were Quakers, moved to Philadelphia when he was a child. After a public school education he worked as a store clerk, and then started business for himself as a lumber dealer. When a freshet carried away the young merchant's stock, he began over again in the produce trade, and was very successful in this and



CORNELIA, COUNTESS OF CRAVEN, FORMERLY MISS BRAD'EY-MARTIN OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.

in oil refining. The Standard Oil Company purchased his refineries, and he went into street railways to find an investment for his fortune, which has since multiplied rapidly.

SENATOR HOAR AS A CHURCHMAN.

Apart from his political activity, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, is one of the

those among his intimate personal friends who say that had he not entered the law he would have taken up theology as his life work, a field in which his peculiar talents would have proven eminently useful. The senior Senator from the Bay State is an apt biblical scholar, and delights to stir up his political opponents, whether it be on the stump or on the



WILLIAM L. ELKINS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

most prominent lay members of the Unitarian church. At the conference held last year at Saratoga, Mr. Hoar was chosen president, with a distinguished array of men of national reputation as his associates in the administration of the church's affairs, including Carroll D. Wright, of Washington, Dorman B. Eaton, of New York, Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts, and D. L. Storer, of Chicago.

Senator Hoar's interest in church matters is of long standing, and there are

floor of the Senate, with sarcastic sayings from the wise men of sacred history.

AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.

One of the American girls who are factors in English society is the Countess of Craven, who was Miss Cornelia Bradley-Martin. This was one of the international marriages quite untainted with financial considerations. While Miss Bradley-Martin's parents are wealthy, the young Earl of Craven was in no need of money and was quite able to marry as he

chose. He is only twenty nine years old now, and his wife is about eight years younger. They met before Miss Bradley-Martin was out of the school room at her father's shooting lodge in Scotland, and after that it was merely a matter of "old enough to marry."

They are very gay young people, with beautiful homes in England. At Coombe Abbey is the famous collection of paintings which belonged to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who married one Lord Craven and left him her pictures. Lady Craven is said to have all the sweetness of disposition that made Mrs. Bradley-Martin well liked in New York, added to a keen sense of humor. Nothing amused her more than her mother's famous ball last year, which she elected to find a joke instead of the serious affair that certain clergymen and political economists made of it. She and Lord Craven are members of the most fashionable set in England, which cannot be said of every girl who has married a title. She recently presented her husband with a son and heir.

One of the popular heroes of the day in England is Kumar Shri Ranjit Sinjhi, a young Hindoo prince, who has won fame as the greatest cricketer of his time—succeeding the celebrated Dr. W. G. Grace, who so long bore the title of champion batsman. It is somewhat of a reflection upon the prowess of British athletes that they should be surpassed at their own national game by this young Asiatic, whose cricketing abilities were first discovered when he was sent to college at Cambridge. In his own country he is a prince of a royal Rajput family, and he claims to be the rightful ruler of the state of Nawanagar, not far from Bombay. He is now visiting Australia with a team of English cricketers, and has been helping them to win matches against the picked elevens of the antipodean colonies. On his way back to England it is said that he will stop off at Bombay and attempt to assert his claim to the throne of his native principality, now occupied by a cousin.

The headship of the English church is not exactly the place where one would look for a self made man, but the present

archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, had a hard struggle with poverty in his boyhood. His father, an officer in the army, died when the future primate was only thirteen, leaving him to make his own way in the world. He said not long ago that in those days he knew what it was to do without a fire because he could not afford one, and to wear patched clothes and shoes. He learned to plow as straight a furrow as any man in the parish, and to thresh wheat as well as any one. His later life, he added, had been of a different character, but for sixty years he had never been able to be idle, and his sympathies had always been first of all for those who work with their hands rather than their brain.

* * * *

A story that is told upon seemingly good authority has to do with the naming of the latest addition to Ex President Cleveland's family. It also illustrates the fact that a good wife should be a believer in her husband.

The Princeton boys christened Mr. Cleveland's son and heir "Grover, Junior," before he was a day old; but his parents did not ratify the choice. The story is that a few years ago, when she was mistress of the White House, Mrs. Cleveland was discussing with a friend her disappointment that none of her children was a boy. "If one of them had been, I suppose you would have called him Grover," said the friend.

"No," said Mrs. Cleveland. "There was but one George Washington; was but one Abraham Lincoln; there shall be but one Grover Cleveland."

* * * *

New York's remarkable political upheaval of last November, which changed a Republican plurality of 268,000 for McKinley into a minority of 60,000, was due, of course, to many causes, and was no one man's personal triumph. At the same time, the Democratic State ticket might not have triumphed as it did but for the acceptable personality and the excellent record of Alton B. Parker, who headed it as candidate for the bench of the Court of Appeals, and of whom a portrait is given here. Judge Parker was already a justice of the State Supreme Court. He hails from Kingston, and his

career has been the rather uneventful one of a successful lawyer.

* * * *

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's growing reputation as a novelist has overshadowed her first success in the world of letters, which was won in the rather humble but decidedly useful sphere of text books upon

nineteenth century religion, with the civilization it has called into existence, down the throats of a people who, in many ways, seem to me more moral than we are."

* * * *

Of course the Prince of Wales has tried his hand at golf, or it might not be



ALTON B. PARKER, JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS OF NEW YORK STATE.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

various branches of domestic economy. Every well ordered British establishment in the east is equipped with a copy of her "Complete Indian Cook and Housekeeper Guide," which she published ten years ago.

In a recent interview Mrs. Steel expressed her opinion upon missionary work in India. "I feel," she said, "that we should not disturb any religion which enables those who belong to it to seek an ideal beyond the visible world. I do not think we have any right to thrust our

the fashionable game it is. At St. Andrews, the Scottish headquarters of the ancient sport, the opinion of critical Caledonian observers is that his royal highness fails to appreciate its solemnity. A newspaper man, the other day, asked one of the St. Andrews caddies if he had seen the prince and Mr. Balfour, the Conservative leader, on the links.

"Ay, I mind them," said the young Scotsman. "They'll hae muckle to learn. I telled the prince so; but he only laughed. A light heart is very

well for cricket ; but it's a solemn business, is growf!"

* * * *

An American woman who holds a prominent place in a foreign country is Señora Barrios, wife of the president of Guatemala. Her husband, Reyna Barrios, is a nephew of the Barrios who made himself dictator of the little Central American republic, and was his uncle's chief of staff when the latter fell in battle against his neighbors of San Salvador. Barillas, the next ruler of Guatemala, banished young Barrios, who came to the United States, and during his exile was married to Miss Algeria Benton, of New Orleans. Six years ago he went back to Guatemala with his wife, was elected to the presidency, and last June was re-elected. His second candidacy was a breach of the constitution, but constitutions are made to be broken in the Spanish American republics.

* * * *

We have heard much of financial depression in the art world, but leading European painters continue to make professional visits to America—to leave with us, when they go home, portraits of our millionaires and their wives, and to take away pocketfuls of good American dollars.

The latest to follow the example of Benjamin-Constant, Madrazo, and other eminent foreign artists, is Giovanni Boldini, who has long been well known here by name. Mr. Boldini is generally classed as a Parisian; but though he has lived in France for nearly thirty years, he still considers himself an Italian, and looks back to his birthplace at Ferrara as his home. His work is scarcely typical of either the French or the Italian school, having a very strong and striking note of individuality. A characteristic series of his portraits will be reproduced in next month's issue of this magazine.

* * * *

It has been stated many times that the Queen of Portugal has taken a regular course of study for a doctor's degree, and actually does medical work for charity among the poor of Lisbon. A correspondent from the Portuguese capital says that this is one of the many little fictions about European royalties that have found general acceptance. If Queen Amélie

ever studied medicine, it was quite in private; she has never entered any public class or taken any degree. She has never attempted to practise, although she is warmly interested in hospital work and similar charities.

Probably the only royal personage who actually practises as a physician or surgeon is Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria. The duke has made a life study of ocular science, and maintains a free hospital in Munich, which he visits daily. It is said that he has performed more than a thousand operations for cataract.

* * * *

It would be difficult to decide who is the richest woman in the world. Two leading candidates for the distinction are Mrs. Hettie Green, of New York, and Señora Cousino, of Chili. An account which may or may not be exaggerated estimates the latter's possessions at two hundred millions of dollars—a sum which, one would think, would be sufficient to buy up a considerable part of her native country. It seems that she owns the entire town of Lota, in southern Chili, with the coal mines, copper mines, smelting works, and potteries that are its industries; great stock farms at Macul that supply the Chilians with all their fine horses; five thousand acres of vineyards; and a fleet of ships that carry her various wares to market. She has splendid houses at Lota and at Santiago, the capital of Chili, and a steam yacht on which she makes periodical visits to Europe. Her fortune came to her from her father and from her late husband, and has been greatly increased under her own management.

* * * *

A companion question to that of the richest woman is that of the richest child in the world. This title perhaps belongs to Mlle. Lucie Hirsch, who inherited most of the great fortune of her adopted father, the late Baron Hirsch, at his death about two years ago. The wealthiest young people in America—counting actual possessions, not financial prospects—are probably Robert and May Goelet, son and daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet, who left something like forty million dollars to be divided between his two children.



CROSSED PATHWAYS.

OH, grief, thou hast blessings, when sorest!
Oh, joy, thou hast dangers, when won!
Your pathways are crossed in the forest;
But all may lead out to the sun.

Jeanie Peet.

SOME MODERN ETCHERS.

The ups and downs of etching as a popular branch of art—How a "lost art" was revived and developed by the modern French school of draftsmen of the needle.

A DOZEN, fifteen, twenty years ago, etching was one of the most important branches of art. Not only were the works of Whistler, Seymour Haden, and the modern French school eagerly snatched up as they came from the plates, but etchings by the earlier men went up to fabulous prices. It was understood that, next to painting itself, there was no art to which the artist lent so much of his individuality. He watched every process of his own work, and there was as much art in the "biting" and printing as in the drawing of the original lines.

There was an understanding, too, that a plate wore out after a little use, and that proof etchings were valuable. They still are, to collectors, but the taste of the general public swept on when manufacturers of etchings began using a process by which the plates could be hardened and made indestructible, and cheap prints were turned out by the thousand. Some etchers tried to stem the ebbing tide by printing only a limited number of proofs, and then cutting the plate into pieces, one of which they gave with each picture sold, as a guarantee that no more would be made; but bygone conditions could not be restored.

Nevertheless, to the worker himself there is no art more fascinating, and with artists etching still holds its old place. An exhibition of etchings by Whistler, given recently in this country, and the speedy sale of the best prints at large prices, proved that with real art lovers the etching is always in vogue.

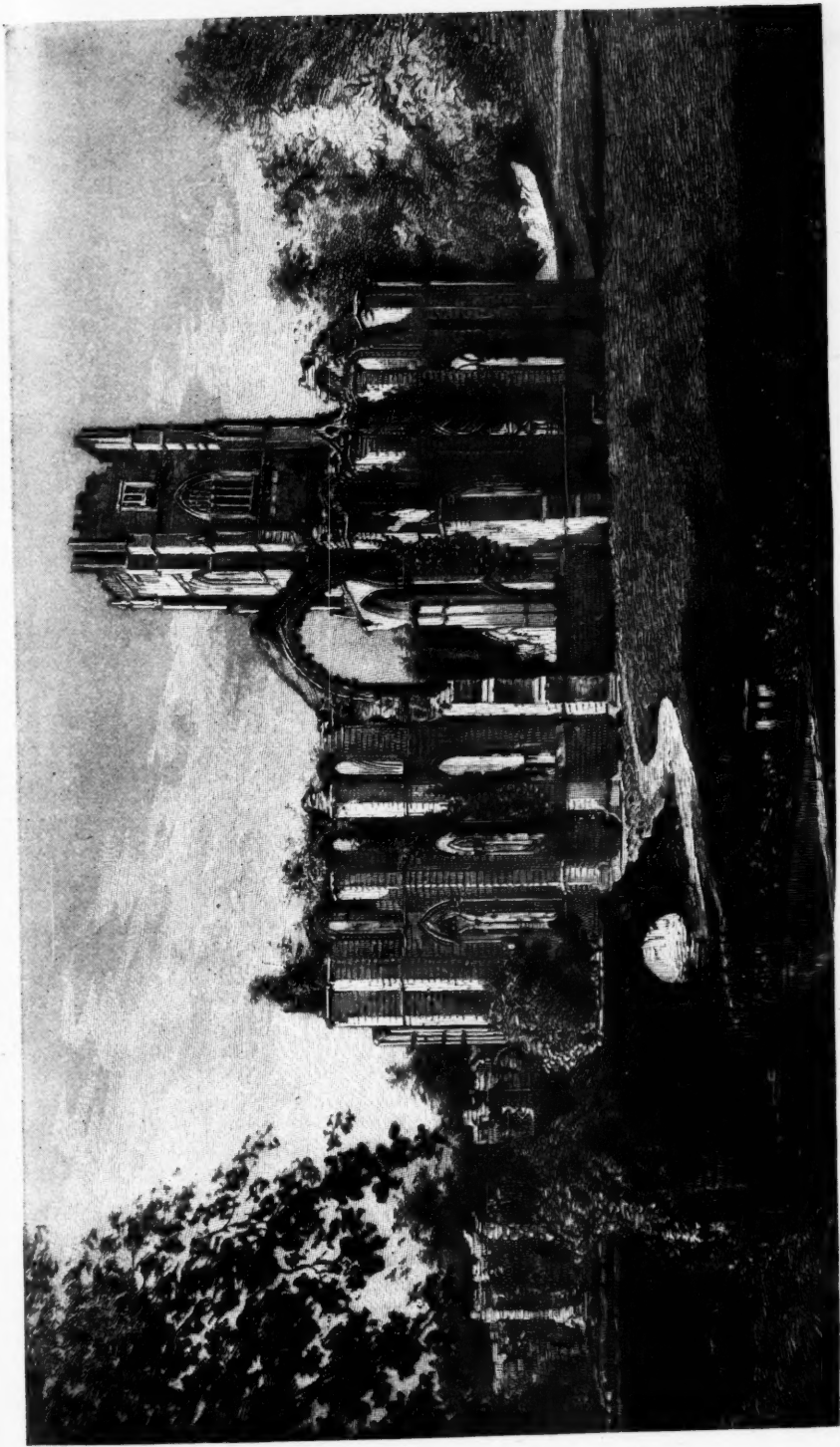
There are many reasons for this. Of all the arts of pictorial reproduction, etching is the frankest and the most passionate. Even in an oil painting there are limitations made by the medium. In massing colors, intensity of form must sometimes be lost. Few men are able to paint an oil picture in one sitting, while

many etchers—notably Seymour Haden—finish a plate without rising from their work. The conception comes, and while the spirit is there the picture is made. The engraver has none of the dash and style of the etcher: his slow work with the burin embodies little of his own temperament in the lines. But an etcher, though he may be working "after" some one else, must put his own conception into his work.

About thirty five years ago, etching was regarded as almost a lost art. At first it was revived by a few artists here and there—men who despaired of interesting the public in their work. They reasoned that etching was too blunt, too little given to prettinesses, too frank. Meissonier, Delacroix, Daubigny, and Jacque all etched in their leisure hours; but it was not until Charles Méryon came that the art won general recognition. Méryon had not succeeded as a painter, but he became proficient with the needle point. Following him, Jules Jacquemart took up etching, interpreting still life with marvelous art. Publishers in France—all these pioneers in the renaissance were French—took up the revival and gathered about them all the men who had shown proficiency in handling the *eau forte*.

It was one of these publishers who persuaded Seymour Haden, the English surgeon amateur, who is usually called the best of the moderns, to devote himself to etching; so that the entire inspiration of the revival may be said to have come from France. There seems to be something in the art which appealed especially to the Gallic temperament.

The development of one branch—the interpretation of paintings—was mainly due to Léopold Flameng. At sixteen, Flameng had been clever enough to contribute engraved plates to a work upon



FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.
From an etching by L. Gaultier.



"THE TAMBOURINE GIRL."

From an etching by P. Le Rat after the painting by Louis Leloir.

the galleries of Florence, but he was always in an open revolt against his work and all its tendencies. In his day engraving had become—very much as it is today—an exhibition of a brilliant mechanical skill.

"These men," said Flameng, speaking of Wille and Bervic, the leaders of his school, "were not artists, but ingenious artisans. To the misfortune of modern

art, they transmitted their skill and their artistic ignorance; they condemn their successors to spend long years upon plates which dazzle the eyes with a superficial brilliance beneath which there is nothing. It is like a silk dress on a lay figure."

Flameng did not attribute the decline of line engraving to the development of photography, but to the terrible sacrifice



"THE SCOUT."

From an etching by P. Le Rat after the painting by Meissonier.

of time which it required. He took up etching enthusiastically, and it was his example and teaching that gathered around him the illustrious school, some of whose etchings we give.

This use of etching was not dreamed of by the old masters. All the tendencies of the earlier men, and indeed of all of the

revivalists of the art except Flameng, was toward original work, toward catching the elusive idea. But by means of etching we have been enabled to have a multiplication of great pictures, interpreted in a way that is most interesting and valuable.

Some of these men—for instance, Le



"THE PUBLIC SCRIBE."

From an etching by Delduc after the painting by Aranda Jimenez.

Rat, two of whose works we give—cannot properly be considered entirely as etchers. Le Rat cannot resist the temptation to finish his work after the fashion of an engraving; but by engraving in this way

with the needle, which is held in the hand like a brush, he secures some wonderful effects. Particularly is this true when he works upon the highly finished pictures of Meissonier. Delduc, again,



"THE BAYADERE."

From an etching by D. Mordant after the painting by Courtois.



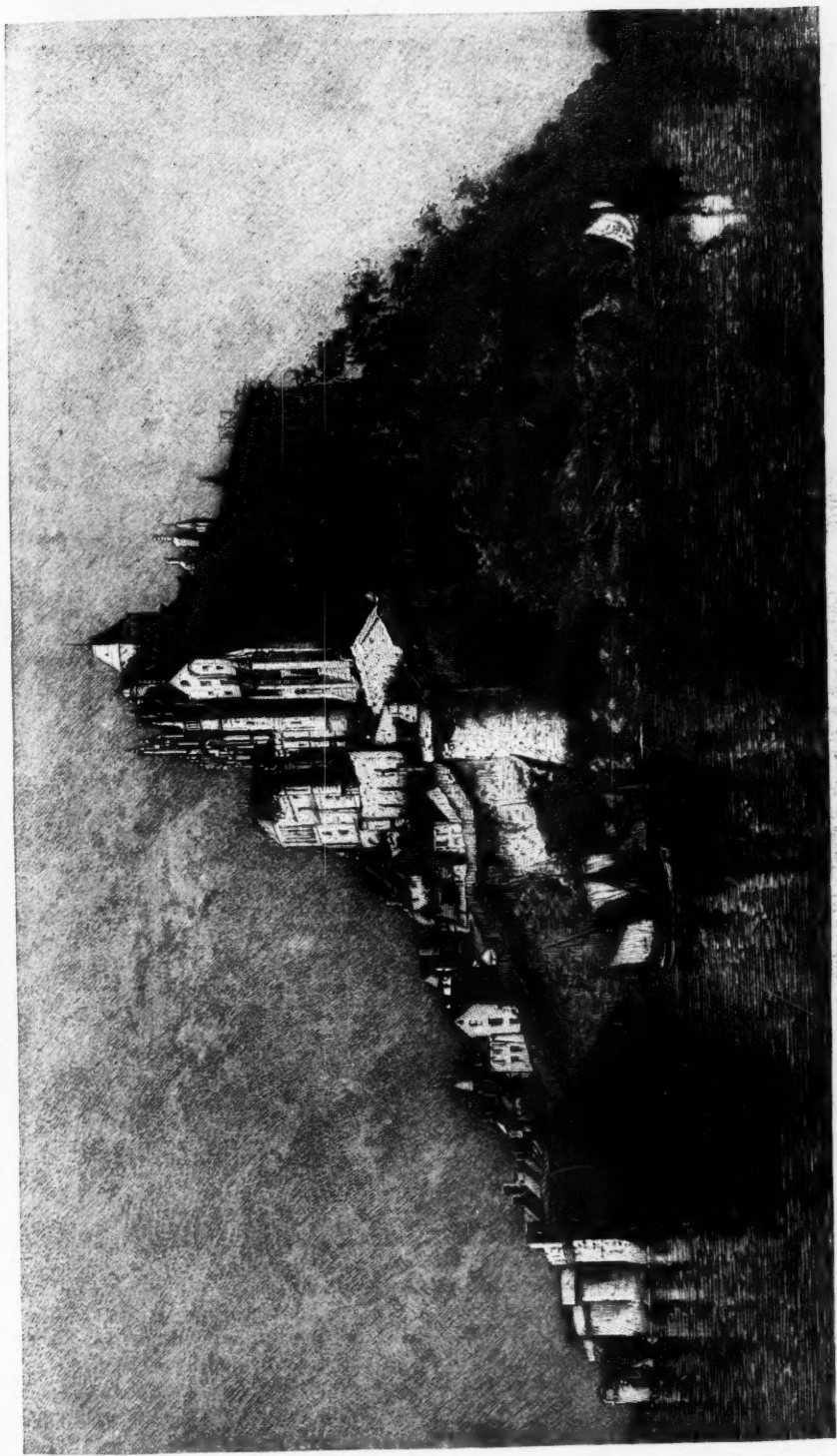
"THE SONG."

From an etching by Henri Vieu after the painting by Meissonier.

gives in his etching a finish which actually repeats textures, as a painter might with a brush.

Compare this work with the original etchings of Lucien Gautier, where the artist has not been led into too great detail, but has used the vigorous lines of a drawing. Mont St. Michel has been one

of the favorite subjects of artists, as its picturesqueness is inherent, and even a photograph has beautiful and poetic lines; but it is a particularly happy theme for the etcher. The artist, and the layman with the artistic eye, have simply the power to concentrate their vision upon the really beautiful lines in a landscape,



MONT ST. MICHEL, NORMANDY.
From an etching by L. Gautier.



"THE FARMYARD."

From an etching by F. Reynard after the painting by Millet.

and eliminate the superfluous, the distracting. This is what an artist does, and preëminently this is the task of the etcher.

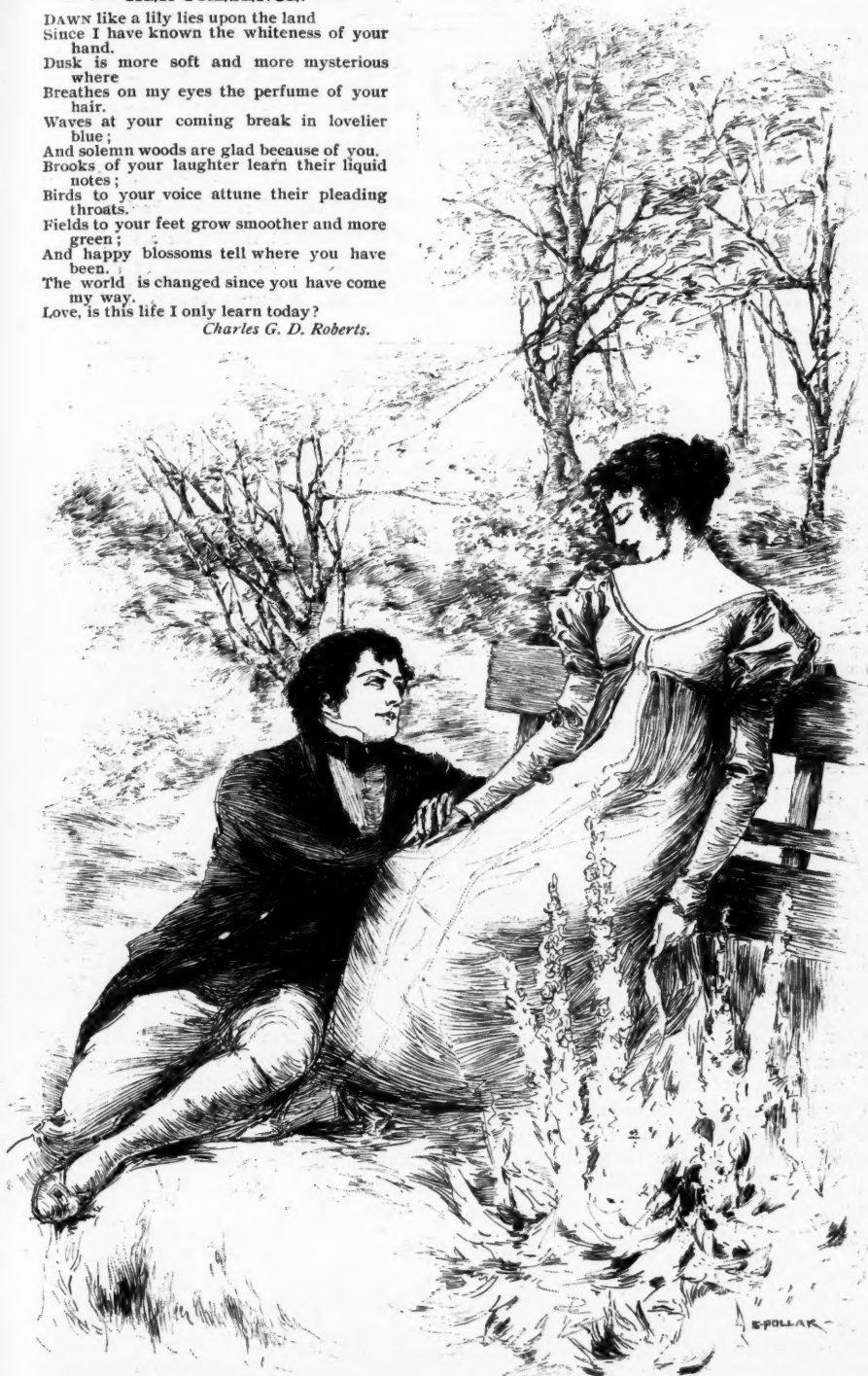
Some of the etchings after Jean François

Millet are particularly beautiful. Here is an artist who saw his subjects with a classic simplicity, and left to the etcher only the task of copying him with sympathy.

HER PRESENCE.

DAWN like a lily lies upon the land
Since I have known the whiteness of your
hand.
Dusk is more soft and more mysterious
where
Breathes on my eyes the perfume of your
hair.
Waves at your coming break in lovelier
blue;
And solemn woods are glad because of you.
Brooks of your laughter learn their liquid
notes;
Birds to your voice attune their pleading
throats.
Fields to your feet grow smoother and more
green;
And happy blossoms tell where you have
been.
The world is changed since you have come
my way.
Love, is this life I only learn today?

Charles G. D. Roberts.



THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

WHILE traveling near Oxford, in the spring of 1767, Sir George Soane is accosted by a beautiful young woman, who mistakes him for a Colonel Berkeley, and begs him to fight a duel for her. The girl is much agitated, and, moved by a spirit of adventure, Soane accompanies her to her home. Here he learns that her father, a college servant named Masterson, has met his death through horse play for which the son of Lord Dunborough seems to be responsible. As the law will not punish her father's slayer, the girl beseeches Sir George to challenge him, but under the circumstances he refuses to act for her. He reasons with her till she confesses that she was distraught when she summoned him, and then, leaving her, he calls on his old tutor, Mr. Thomasson. In the latter's rooms he meets Mr. Dunborough and Lord Almeric, who have been pursued by a mob of the townspeople. Goaded into fury, Dunborough snatches up a pistol and is about to fire when Sir George stays his hand. Resenting this interference, Dunborough strikes him. A duel is arranged for the following morning, and that night, while Sir George is arranging his affairs in case of a possible fatal termination of the encounter, Peter Fishwick, a shrewd but poverty stricken lawyer, introduces himself and persuades Soane to allow him to draw up his will for him. The attorney is much impressed when his client mentions that, failing issue of his uncle, Anthony Soane, the bulk of his property is to go to the famous English statesman, Lord Chatham.

IV (Continued).

AT the mention of the name of the Earl of Chatham, the attorney's face shone with satisfaction; he acquired a sudden stiffness of the spine. "Very good, sir," he said. "Very good. In fee simple, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Precisely—precisely; no uses or trusts? No. Unnecessary, of course. Then as to personality, Sir George?"

"A legacy of five hundred guineas to George Augustus Selwyn, Esquire, of Matson, Gloucestershire. One of the same amount to Sir Charles Bunbury, of L—. Five hundred guineas to each of my executors; and to each of these four a mourning ring."

"Certainly, sir. All very noble gifts!" and Mr. Fishwick smacked his lips.

For a moment Sir George looked offended; then seeing that the attorney's

ecstasy was real and unaffected, he smiled. "To my land steward, two hundred guineas," he said; "to my house steward, one hundred guineas; to the housekeeper at Easton, an annuity of twenty guineas. Ten guineas and a suit of mourning to each of my upper servants not already mentioned, and the rest of my personalty——"

"After payment of debts and funeral and testamentary expenses——" the lawyer murmured, writing busily.

Sir George started at the words, and stared thoughtfully before him; he was silent so long that the lawyer recalled his attention by gently repeating, "And the residue, honored sir?"

"To the Thatched House Society for the relief of small debtors," said Sir George, between a sigh and a smile; and added, "They will not gain much by it, poor devils!"

* Copyright, 1897, by Stanley J. Weyman

Mr. Fishwick, with a rather downcast air, noted the bequest. "And that is all, sir, I think," he said, with his head on one side, "except the appointment of executors."

"No," Sir George answered curtly. "It is not all. Take this down, and be careful. As to the trust fund of fifty thousand pounds—" The attorney gasped, and his eyes shone as he seized the pen anew. "Take this down carefully, man, I say. As to the trust fund left by my grandfather's will to my uncle Anthony Soane or his heirs conditionally on his or their returning to their allegiance and claiming it within the space of twenty one years from the date of his will, the interest in the mean time to be paid to me for my benefit, and the principal sum, failing such return, to become mine as fully as if it had vested in me from the beginning—"

"Ah!" said the attorney, scribbling fast, with distended cheeks.

"I leave the said fund to go with the land."

"To go with the land," the lawyer repeated, as he wrote the words. "Fifty thousand pounds! Prodigious! Prodigious! Might I ask, sir, the date of your respected grandfather's will?"

"December, 1747," Sir George answered.

"The term has, then, nine months to run?"

"Yes."

"With submission, then, it comes to this," the lawyer answered thoughtfully, marking off the points with his pen in the air. "In the event of—of this will operating—all, or nearly all, Sir George, goes to your uncle's heirs in tail—if to be found—and failing issue of his body to my lord Chatham?"

"Those are my intentions."

"Precisely, sir," the lawyer answered, glancing at the clock; "and they shall be carried out. But—ahem! Do I understand, sir, that in the event of a claimant making good his claim before the expiration of the nine months, you stand to lose this magnificent sum—even in your lifetime?"

"I do," said Sir George grimly. "But there will be enough left to pay your bill."

Peter stretched out his hands, and

then, feeling that this was unprofessional, seized the pen. "Will you please to honor me with the names of the executors, sir?" he said.

"Dr. Addington, of Harley Street."

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. Dagge, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, attorney at law."

"It is an honor to be in any way associated with him," the lawyer muttered, as he wrote the name with a flourish. "His lordship's man of business, I believe. And now you may have your mind at ease, sir," he continued. "I will put this into form before I sleep, and will wait on you for your signature—shall I say at—"

"At a quarter before eight," said Soane. "You will be private?"

"Of course, sir. I wish you a very good night."

Peter would have liked to refer to the coming meeting, and to his sincere hope that his new patron would leave the ground unscathed. But a duel was so alien from the lawyer's walk in life, that he knew nothing of the punctilios, and he felt a delicacy. Tamely to wish a man a safe issue seemed to be a common compliment incommensurate with the occasion, and a bathos. So after a moment of hesitation he gathered up his papers and tiptoed out of the room with an absurd exaggeration of respect, and a heart bounding jubilant under his flapped waistcoat.

Left to himself, Sir George heaved a deep sigh, and, resting his head on his hand, stared long and gloomily at the candles. "Well, better be run through by this clown," he muttered, after a while, "than live to put a pistol to my own head like Mountford and Bland—or Scarborough, or poor Bolton. It is not likely, and I wish that little pettifogger had not put it into my head; but if a cousin were to appear now, or before the time is up, I should be in Queer Street. Easton is half dipped; and of the money I raised, there is no more at the agent's than I have lost in a night at Quinze! Curse White's and that is all about it. And curse it, I shall be done for finely if old Anthony's lad turns up and sweeps off the three thousand a year that is left! Umph! Well, if I am to have a steady

hand tomorrow I must get to bed. What unholy chance brought me into this scrape?"

V.

WHEN Sir George awoke next morning, and, after a few lazy moments of semi unconsciousness, remembered what was before him, it is not to be denied that he felt a chill. He lay a while, thinking of the past and the future—or the no future—in a way he seldom thought, and with a seriousness for which the life he had hitherto led had left him little time and less inclination.

But he was young; he had a digestion as yet unimpaired, and nerves still strong; and when he emerged an hour later, more soberly dressed than was his wont, and proceeded down the High Street towards the Cherwell Bridge, his spirits were at their normal level. The early sun which gilded the pinnacles of Magdalen Tower, and shone cool and pleasant on a score of hoary fronts, wrought gaily on him also. The milk sellers and such early folk were abroad, and filled the street with their cries; and he sniffed the fresh air, and smiled at the good humor and morning faces that everywhere greeted him; and cursed White's anew, and vowed to live cleanly henceforth, and forswear pam. In a word, the man was of such a courage that in his good resolutions he forgot his errand, and whence they arose; and it was with a start that, as he approached the gate leading to the college meadows, he marked a chair in waiting, and beside it Mr. Peter Fishwick, from whom he had parted at the Mitre ten minutes before.

Soane did not know whether the attorney had preceded him or followed him; the intrusion was the same, and, flushed with annoyance, he strode to him to mark his sense of it. But Peter, being addressed, wore his sharpest business air, and was clearly unconscious of any offense. "I have merely purveyed a surgeon," he said, indicating a young man who stood beside him. "I could not learn that you had provided one, sir."

"Oh," said Sir George, taken aback. "This is the gentleman?"

"Yes, sir."

Soane was saluting the stranger, when a party of two or three came up behind,

and almost jostled them in the gateway. It consisted of Mr. Dunborough, Lord Almeric, and two other gentlemen; one of them, an elderly man, who wore black and hair powder, and carried a gold topped cane, had a smug and well pleased expression, that indicated his stake in the meeting to be purely altruistic. The two companies exchanged salutes.

Then there was a little struggle to give precedence at the gate; but eventually all went through. "If we turn to the right," some one observed, "there is a convenient place. No, this way, my lord."

"Oh, Lord, I have such a head this morning!" his lordship answered; and he looked by no means happy. "I am all of a twitter! It is so confounded early, too. See here, cannot this be——"

The gentleman who had spoken before cut him short. "Will this do, sir?" he said, raising his hat, and addressing Sir George. The party had reached a smooth glade or lawn, encompassed by thick shrubs, and to all appearance a hundred miles from a street. A fairy ring of verdure, glittering with sunlight and dew-drops, and tuneful with the songs of birds, it seemed a morsel of paradise dropped from the cool blue of heaven. Sir George felt a momentary tightening of the throat as he surveyed its pure brilliance; and then a sudden growing anger against the fool who had brought him thither.

"You have no second," said the stranger.

"No; I think we have witnesses enough," he answered curtly.

"Still, if the matter can be accommodated——"

"It can," Soane answered, standing stiffly before them; "but only by an unreserved apology on Mr. Dunborough's part. He struck me. I have no more to say."

"I do not offer the apology," said Mr. Dunborough, with a horse laugh, "so we may as well go on, Jerry. I did not come here to talk."

"I have brought pistols," his second said, disregarding the sneer; "but my principal, though the challenged party, is willing to waive the choice of weapons."

"Pistols will do for me," Sir George answered impatiently.

"One shot at a word. If ineffective, you will take to your swords," the second continued; and he pushed back his wig and wiped his forehead, as if his employment was not altogether to his taste. A duel was a fine thing—at a distance. He wished, however, that he had some one with whom to share the responsibility, now it was come to the point; and he cast a peevish look at Lord Almeric. But his lordship was, as he had candidly said, "all of a twitter," and offered no help.

"I suppose that I am to load," the unlucky second continued; "and that being so, you, Sir George, must have the choice of pistols."

Sir George bowed assent, and, going a little aside, removed his hat, wig, and cravat; and was about to button his coat to his throat, when he observed that Mr. Dunborough was stripping to his shirt. Too proud not to follow the example, though prudence suggested that the white linen made him a fair mark, he stripped also, and in a trice the two, kicking off their shoes, moved to the positions assigned to them, and in their breeches and laced lawn tennis shirts, their throats bare, confronted each other.

"Sir George, have you *no* one to represent you?" cried the second again, grown querulous under the burden. His name, it seemed, was Morris. He was a major in the Oxfordshire Militia.

Soane answered with impatience. "I have no second," he said, "but my surgeon will be a competent witness."

"Ah, to be sure!" Major Morris answered, with a sigh of relief. "That is so. Then, gentlemen, I shall give the signal by saying, 'One, two, three!' Be good enough to fire together at the word 'Three.' Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dunborough; and "Yes," said Sir George more slowly.

"Then, now, be ready! One! Two! Th—"

"Stay!" flashed Mr. Dunborough, while the word hung in the air. "You have not given us our pistols."

"What?" said the second, staring.

"Man, you have not given us our pistols."

He was covered with confusion. "God

bless my soul! I have not!" he cried; while Lord Almeric giggled hysterically.

"Dear me, dear me, it is very trying to be alone!" He threw his hat and wig on the grass, and wiped his brow again, and took up the pistols. "Sir George? Thank you. Mr. Dunborough?" Then: "Now are you ready?"

He retreated to his place again. "Are you ready, gentlemen? Are you quite ready? One! Two! *Three!*"

Sir George's pistol exploded; the hammer of the other clicked futile in the pan. The spectators, staring, and expecting to see one fall, saw Mr. Dunborough start and make a half turn. Before they had time to draw any conclusion, he flung his pistol a dozen paces away. "Curse you, Morris!" he cried shrilly; "you put no powder in the pan, you hound! But come on, sir," he continued, addressing Sir George; "I have this left." And changing his sword from his left hand, in which he had hitherto held it, to his right, he rushed upon his opponent with incredible fury, as if he would bear him down by main force.

"Stay!" cried Sir George; and, instead of meeting him, avoided his first rush by stepping aside two paces. "Stay, sir," he repeated, "I owe you a shot! Reload. Reload, sir, and—"

But Dunborough, blind and deaf with passion, broke in on him unheeding, and as if he carried no weapon; and crying furiously, "Guard yourself!" plunged his half shortened sword at the lower part of his adversary's body. The spectators held their breath and winced; the assault was so sudden and so determined that it seemed that nothing could save Sir George from a thrust that must be fatal. He escaped by a bound, quick as a cat's, but the point of Dunborough's weapon ripped up his breeches on the hip, the hilt rapped against the bone, and the two men came together bodily. For a moment they wrestled; they seemed to be going to fight like beasts.

Then Sir George, his left arm under the other's chin, flung him three paces away; and shifting his sword into his right hand—hitherto he had been unable to change it—he stopped Dunborough's savage rush with the point, and beat him off and kept him off—parrying his lunges,

and doing his utmost the while to avoid dealing a fatal wound. He was so much the better swordsman—as was almost immediately apparent to all the onlookers—that he no longer feared for himself; all his fears were for his opponent, the fire and fury of whose attack he did not comprehend until he presently found them flagging; and flagging so fast that he sought a reason. Then Dunborough's point seeming to waver, and his feet to slip, Sir George's eyes were opened; he saw a crimson patch spread and spread on the other's side—where unnoticed he had kept his hand—and with a cry for help he sprang forward to catch the falling man in his arms.

As the others ran in, the surgeons quickly and silently, Lord Almeric more slowly with exclamations, he lowered his burden gently to the ground. The instant it was done, Morris touched his arm and signed him to stand back. "You can do no good, Sir George," he urged. "He is in skilful hands. He would have it. I can bear witness that you did your best not to touch him."

"I did not touch him," Soane said.

The second looked his astonishment. "How?" he said. "You don't mean that he is not wounded? See there!" And he pointed to the blood which dyed the shirt. They were cutting the linen away. "It was the pistol," Sir George answered.

Major Morris' face fell, and he groaned. "Good God!" he said, staring before him. "What a position I am in! I suppose—I suppose, sir, his pistol was not primed?"

"I am afraid not," Soane said.

He was still in his shirt, and bare-headed; but as he spoke, one of several onlookers, whom the clatter of steel had drawn to the spot, brought his coat and waistcoat, and held them while he put them on. Another handed him his hat and wig; a third brought his shoes and knelt and buckled them; a fourth his kerchief. All these services he accepted freely, and was unconscious of them—as unconscious as he was of the eager deference, the morbid interest, with which they waited on him, eyed him, and stared at him. His own thoughts, eyes, attention, were fixed on the group about the

fallen man; and when the elder surgeon looked round, as wanting help, he strode to them.

"If we had a chair here, and could move him at once," said the smug gentleman, "I think we might do."

"I have a chair. It is at the gate," his colleague answered.

"Have you? A good thought of yours!"

"The credit should lie—with my employer," the younger man answered in a low voice. "It was his thought; here it comes. Sir George, will you be good enough——" But there, seeing the baronet's look of mute anxiety, he broke off. "It is dangerous, but there is hope—fair hope," he answered. "Do you, my dear sir, go to your inn, and I will send thither when he is safely housed. You can do no good here, and your presence may excite him when he recovers from the swoon."

Sir George saw the wisdom of the advice and nodded assent; and remarking for the first time the sensation of which he was the center, he was glad to make the best of his way towards the gates. He had barely reached them—but without shaking off a knot of the more curious, who still hung on his footsteps—when Lord Almeric, breathless and agitated, came up with him.

"You are for France, I suppose?" his lordship panted; and then, without waiting for an answer: "What would you advise me to do?" he babbled. "Eh? What do you think? It will be the devil and all for me, you know."

Sir George looked askance at him, contempt in his eye. "I cannot advise you," he said. "For my part, my lord, I remain here."

His lordship was quite taken aback. "No, you *don't*?" he said. "Remain here! You don't mean it."

"I usually mean—what I say," Soane answered in a tone that he thought must close the conversation.

But Lord Almeric kept up with him, "Ay, but will you?" he babbled vacuously. "Will you really stay here? Now that is uncommon bold of you! I should not have thought of that—of staying here, I mean. I should go to France till the thing blew over. I don't know

that I shall not do so now. Don't you think I should be wise, Sir George? My position, you know. It is uncommon low, if a trial and——"

Sir George halted so abruptly that the other went on a few paces. "My lord, you should know your own affairs best," he said, in a freezing tone. "And, as I desire to be alone, I wish your lordship a very good day."

My lord had never been so much astonished in his life. "Oh, good morning," he said, staring vacantly, "good morning!" but by the time he had framed the words, Sir George was a dozen paces away.

It was an age when great ladies might weep out of wounded vanity or for a loss at cards—yet made a show of their children's lying in state; when men entertained the wits and made their wills in company, before they bowed a graceful exit from the room and life. Doubtless people felt, feared, hoped, and perspired as they do now, and had their ambitions apart from pam and the loo table. Nay, Rousseau was printing. But the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, though it was beginning to be read, had not yet set the mode of sensibility, or sent those to rave of nature who all their lives had known nothing but art. The suppression of feeling, or rather the cultivation of no feeling, was still the mark of a gentleman; his maxim, honored alike at Medmenham and Marly, to enjoy—to enjoy, be the cost to others what it might.

Bred in such a school, Sir George would have viewed what had happened with polite indifference, and put himself out no further than was courteous, or might serve to set him right with a jury, if the worst came to the worst. But, whether because he was of a kindlier stuff than the common sort of fashionables, or was too young to be quite spoiled, he took the thing that had occurred with unexpected heaviness; and, reaching his inn, hastened to his room to escape alike the curiosity that dogged him and the sympathy that, for a fine gentleman, is never far to seek.

To do him justice, his anxiety was not for himself, or the consequences to himself, which at the worst were not likely to exceed a nominal verdict of man-

slaughter, and at the best would be an acquittal; the former had been Lord Byron's lot, the latter Mr. Brown's, and each had killed his man. Sir George had more *savoir faire* than to trouble himself about this; but about his opponent and his fate he felt a haunting—and as Lord Almeric would have said, a low—concern that would let him neither rest nor sit. In particular, whenever he remembered the trifle for which all had arisen, he felt remorse and sorrow, which grew to the point of horror when he recalled the last look which Dunborough, swooning and helpless, had cast in his face.

In one of these paroxysms he was walking the room when the elder surgeon, who had attended his opponent to the field, was announced. Soane still retained so much of his life habit as to show an unmoved front; the man of the scalpel thought him hard and felt himself repelled; and though he had come from the sick room hot foot and laden with the news, descended to a profound apology for the intrusion.

"But I thought that you might like to hear, sir," he continued, nursing his hat, and speaking as if the news were of little moment, "that Mr. Dunborough is—as well as can be expected. A serious case—I might call it a most serious case," he continued, puffing out his cheeks. "But with care—with care I think we may restore him. I cannot say more than that."

"Has the ball been extracted?"

"It has, and so far well. And the chair being on the spot, Sir George, so that he was moved without a moment's delay—for which I believe we have to thank Mr.—Mr.——"

"Fishwick," Soane suggested.

"To be sure—that is so much gained. Which reminds me," the smug gentleman continued, "that Mr. Attorney begged me to convey his duty and inform you that he had made the needful arrangements and provided bail, so that you are at liberty to leave, Sir George, at any hour."

"Ah!" Soane said, marveling somewhat. "I shall stay here, however, until I hear that Mr. Dunborough is out of danger."

"An impulse that does you credit, sir,"

said the surgeon impressively. "These affairs, alas, are very greatly to be de—"

"They are cursed inconvenient," drawled Sir George. "He is not out of danger yet, I suppose?"

The surgeon stared and puffed anew. "Certainly not, sir," he said.

"Ah! And where have you placed him?"

"The Honorable Mr.—, the sufferer?"

"To be sure! Who else, man?" Soane asked impatiently.

"In some rooms at Magdalen," the doctor answered, breathing hard; and then, "Is it your wish that I should report to you tomorrow, sir?"

"You will oblige me. Thank you. Good day."

VI.

SIR GEORGE spent a long day in his own company, and, heedless that on the surgeon's authority he passed abroad for a hard man and a dashed unfeeling fellow, dined on Lord Lyttleton's "Life of King Henry the Second"—which was a new book in those days, and the fashion—and supped on gloom and good resolutions. He proposed to call and inquire after his antagonist at a decent hour in the morning, and if the report proved favorable, to go on to Lord —'s in the afternoon.

But his suspense was curtailed, and his inquiries were converted into a matter of pure courtesy, by a visit he received after breakfast from Mr. Thomasson. A glance at the tutor's smiling, unctuous face was enough. Mr. Thomasson also had had his dark hour—since to be mixed up with a fashionable fracas was one thing, and to lose a valuable and influential pupil, the apple of his father's eye, was another; but it was passed, and he gushed over with gratulations.

"My dear Sir George," he cried, running forward and extending his hands, "how can I express my thankfulness for your escape? I am told that the poor dear fellow fought with a fury perfectly superhuman, and had you given ground must have run you through a dozen times! Let us be thankful that the result was otherwise!" And he cast up his eyes.

"I am," said Sir George, regarding him rather grimly. "I do not know that Mr. Dunborough shares the feeling."

"The dear man!" the tutor answered, not a whit abashed. "But he is better. The surgeon has extracted the ball and pronounces him out of danger."

"I am glad to hear it," Soane answered heartily. "Then, I can get away."

"*A volenté!*" cried Mr. Thomasson, in his happiest vein, and then with a roguish air, which some very young men found captivating, but which his present companion stomached with difficulty, "I will not say that he has not come off the better, after all, Sir George," he said.

"Ah!"

"Yes," said the tutor roguishly. "Tut tut! These young men. They will at a woman by hook or crook."

"So?" said Sir George coldly. "And the latest instance?"

"His Chloe—and a very obdurate, disdainful Chloe at that—has come to nurse him," the teacher answered, grinning. "The prettiest high stepping piece you ever saw, Sir George—that I will swear—and would do you no discredit in London. It would make your mouth water to see her. But he could never move her; never was such a prude. Two days ago he thought he had lost her for good and all—there was that accident, and now a little blood lost—and she is at his pillow."

Sir George started at a sudden thought he had. "And her father unburied!" he cried, rising to his feet. The Macaroni was very human after all.

Mr. Thomasson stared in astonishment. "You know?" he said. "Oh, fie, Sir George, have you been hunting already? Fie! Fie! And all London to choose from!"

But Sir George simply repeated, "And her father not buried, man?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thomasson, with simplicity. "He was buried this morning. Oh, that is all right."

"This morning? And the girl went from that to Dunborough's bedside?" Sir George exclaimed in indignation.

"It was a piece of the oddest luck," Mr. Thomasson answered, smirking, and not in the least comprehending the other's feeling. "He was taken to Magdalen yesterday; but a messenger was de-

spatched to Pembroke for clothes and such like for him this morning. The girl's mother has always nursed in Pembroke, and they sent to her to help. But she was that minute home for the burial, and would not go. Then up steps the girl and 'I'll go,' said she—heaven knows why or what took her, except the contrariness of woman. But here she is! D'ye see?" and Mr. Thomasson winked.

"Tommy," said Sir George, staring at him, "you're a confounded rascal!"

The tutor, easy and smiling, protested. "Fie, Sir George," he said. "What harm is in it? To tend the sick is a holy office, my dear sir. And if in this case harm come of it——" and he spread out his hands and paused.

"As you know it will," Sir George cried.

But Mr. Thomasson shrugged his shoulders. "On the contrary, I know nothing," he answered. "But—if it does, Mr. Dunborough's position is such that—hem! Well, we are men of the world, Sir George, and the girl might do worse."

Sir George had heard the sentiment before, and without debate. Now it disgusted him. "Faugh, man!" he said, rising. "Have done! You sicken me. Go and bore Lord Almeric—if he has not gone to Paris to save his ridiculous skin!"

But Mr. Thomasson, who had borne abuse of himself with Christian meekness, could not hear that unmoved. "My dear Sir George, my dear friend, you should not say things like that of his lordship," he urged quite seriously. "You really should not! My lord is a most excellent and——"

"Pure ass!" said Soane, with irritation. "And I wish you would go and divert him instead of boring me."

"Dear, dear, Sir George! But you do not mean it!" Mr. Thomasson wailed. "And I brought you such good news, as I thought! One really might almost suppose that you wished our poor friend the worst."

"I wish him no worse a friend!" Sir George responded sharply; and then, heedless of his visitor's protestations and excuses and offers of assistance, would see him to the door.

It was more easy, however, to be rid of him—the fine gentleman of the time standing on scant ceremony with his inferiors—than of the annoyance, the smart, the vexation, his news left behind. Sir George was not in love. He would have laughed at the notion. The girl was absolutely and immeasurably below him—a girl of the people. He had seen her once only. In reason—and polite good breeding enforced the demand—he should have viewed Mr. Dunborough's conquest with easy indifference, and complimented him with a jest founded on the prowess of Mars and the smiles of Venus.

But the girl's rare beauty had caught his fancy. Moreover, the scene in which he had taken part with her had captivated an imagination not easily inveigled. On the top of these impressions had come a period of good resolutions prescribed by imminent danger, and on that twenty four hours of solitude—a thing rare in the life he led. Result, that Sir George, picturing the girl's fate, her proud, passionate face, and her future, felt a sting selfish and unselfish, a pang generous and vicious. Perhaps at the bottom of his irritation lay the feeling that if she was to be any man's prey she might be his; but on the whole his feelings were surprisingly honest—having their root in a better nature than, deep sunk under the surface of breeding and habit, had been wholesomely stirred by the events of the last few days.

Still, the good and the evil in the man were so far in conflict that, had he been asked on his way to Magdalen what he proposed to do should he get speech with the girl, it is probable he would not have known what to answer. Decency required that he should ask after his antagonist. If he saw the girl—and he had a sneaking desire to see her—well. If he did not—still well; there was an end of a foolish imbroglio. In an hour he could be in his post chaise, and a mile out of town.

As it chanced, the surgeons had enjoined quiet, and forbidden visitors. The staircase on which the rooms lay—a bare, dusty, unfurnished place—was deserted, and the girl herself opened the door to him, her finger on her lips. He looked for a blush and a glance of meaning, a

little play of conscious eyes, a something of remembrance; and had his hat ready in his hand and a smile on his lips. But she had neither smile nor blush for him; on the contrary, when she saw by the dim light that entered on the dingy staircase who it was, she drew back a little with a look of dislike and distress.

"My good girl," he said on the spur of the moment—the reception took him aback—"what is it? What is the matter?"

She did not answer, but looked at him with solemn eyes, condemning him.

Even then Sir George was not blind to the whiteness of her throat, to the heavy coils of her dark hair and the smooth beauty of her brow. But he thought he understood, and a chill ran through him. "My God!" he said, startled. "He is not dead?"

She closed the door softly behind her, and stood, her hand on the latch. "No, he is not dead," she said stiffly, voice and looks alike repellent. "But he has not you to thank for that."

"Eh?"

"How can you come here with that face," she continued passionately—and he began to find her eyes intolerable—"and ask for him! You who—fie, sir! Go home! Go home and thank God that you have not his blood upon your hands—you—your Cain!"

He gasped. "Good Lord!" he said unaffectedly; and then, "Why, you are the girl who yesterday would have me kill him—who came out of town to meet me, brought me in, and would have matched me with him as coolly as ever sportsman set cock in pit! Ay, you! And now you blame me! My girl, blame yourself! Call yourself Cain, if you please!"

"I do," she said, unblenching. "But I have my excuse. God forgive me none the less!" And her eyes filled, as she said it. "I had my excuse. But you—a gentleman! What part had you in this? Who were you, to kill your fellow creature at the word of a distraught girl?"

Sir George saw his opening and jumped for it viciously. "Don't you honor me too much?" he said, in a tone of elaborate politeness, which was most likely to embarrass a woman in her position. "I

fear you do. Certainly you do, if you are really under the impression—that I fought Mr. Dunborough on your account, my good girl!"

"Did you not?" she stammered, with sudden color.

"Mr. Dunborough struck me because I would not let him fire on the crowd," Sir George explained blandly, raising his quizzing glass, but not using it. "That was why I fought him. And that is my excuse. You see, my dear," he continued familiarly, "we have each an excuse. But I am not a hypocrite."

"Why do you call me that?" she said, distress and shame at the mistake she had made contending with her anger.

"Because, my pretty Methodist," he answered coolly, "your hate and your love are too near neighbors. Cursing and nursing, killing and billing, come not so nigh one another in my vocabulary. But with women—some women—it is different."

Her cheeks burned with shame, her eyes flashed passion. "If I were a lady," she cried, her voice low but intense, "you would not dare to insult me."

"If you were a lady," he retorted, with easy familiarity, "I would kiss you and make you my wife, my dear. In the mean time, and as you are not, give up nursing young sparks and go home to your mother. Don't roam the roads at night, and avoid chariots as you would the devil; or the next knight errant you light upon may prove something ruder than—Captain Berkeley!"

"You are not Captain Berkeley?"

"No."

She stared at him, breathing hard. Then, "I was a fool, and I pay for it in insult," she said.

"Be a fool no longer, then," he retorted, his good humor restored, "and no man will have the right to insult you, *ma belle*."

"I will never give you the right!" she cried, with intention.

"It is rather a question of Mr. Dunborough," he answered, smiling superior, and flirting his glass to and fro with his fingers. "Say the same to him, and—are you going, my queen? What, without ceremony?"

"I am not a lady, and *noblesse oblige*

does not apply to me," she cried; and she closed the door in his face—sharply, yet without noise.

He went down the stairs a step at a time—thinking. "Now I wonder where she got that!" he muttered. "*Noblesse oblige!* And well applied, too!" Again, "Lord, what beasts we men are!" he said. "Insult? I suppose I did insult her; but I had to do that or kiss her. And she earned it, the little firebrand!" Then starting and looking along the High—he had reached the college gates—"Confound Dunborough! She is too good for him! For a very little—it is mean to Dunborough, it is low, it is cursed low—but for twopence I would speak to her mother and cheat him. She is too good to be ruined by that coarse tongued boaster! Though I suppose she fancies him. I suppose he is an Adonis to her! Faugh! Tommy, my lord, and Dunborough! What a crew!"

The good and evil, spleen and patience, which he had displayed in his interview with the girl rode him still; for at the door of the Mitre he paused, went in, came out, and paused again. He seemed to be unable to decide what he would do; but in the end he moved on along the street with a clouded brow, and in five minutes found himself at the door of the mean house whence the dead porter had gone out night and morning. Here he knocked, and stood. The door was quickly opened, but to his astonishment by Mr. Fishwick.

Either the attorney shared his surprise, or he had another and more serious cause for emotion; for his perky face turned red, and his manner, as he stood holding the door half open and gaping at the visitor, was that of a man taken in the act, and thoroughly ashamed of himself. Sir George might have wondered what was afoot if he had not espied over the lawyer's shoulder a round wooden table littered with papers, and guessed that Mr. Fishwick was doing the widow's business—a theory which Mr. Fishwick's first words, on recovering himself, bore out.

"I am here—on business," he said, cringing and rubbing his hands. "I don't—think that you can object, Sir George."

"I?" said Soane, staring at him in

astonishment and some contempt. "My good man, what has it to do with me? You got my letter?"

"And the draft, Sir George!" Mr. Fishwick bowed low. "Certainly, certainly, sir. Too much honored. Which, as I understood, put an end to any—I mean it not offensively, honored sir—to any connection between us?"

Sir George nodded. "I have my own lawyers in London," he said stiffly. "I thought I made it clear that I did not need your services further."

Mr. Fishwick rubbed his hands. "I have that from your own lips, Sir George," he said. "Mrs. Masterson, my good woman, you heard that?"

Sir George glowered at him. "Is the man mad?" he said. "What on earth has this woman to do with it?"

Mr. Fishwick trembled with excitement. "Mrs. Masterson, you will not answer!" he cried.

Sir George, astounded, cursed his impudence; and then, remembering that after all this was not his business, or that on which he had come; and being one of those obstinates whom opposition but precipitates to their ends, "Hark ye, man, stand aside," he said. "I did not come here to talk to you. And do you, my good woman, attend to me a moment. Have you a care for your daughter?"

"Not a word, Mrs. Masterson!" cried the attorney, his eyes almost bursting from his head with excitement.

Sir George was thunderstruck. "Is the man an idiot?" he exclaimed; and then, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Fishwick, or whatever your name is—a little more of this, and I shall lay my cane across your back."

"I am in my duty," the attorney answered, dancing on his feet.

"Then you will suffer in it!" Sir George retorted. "With better men. So do not try me too far. I am here to say a word to this woman which I would rather say alone."

"Never," said the attorney, bubbling, "with my good will!"

Soane lost patience at that. "Confound you!" he cried. "Will you be quiet?" and he made a cut at him with his cane. Fortunately the lawyer evaded it with nimbleness; and having escaped to a safe

distance cried, "No malice! I bear you no malice, sir!" with so little breath and so much good nature that Sir George recovered his balance. "Confound you, man!" he continued. "Why am I not to speak? I came here to tell this good woman that if she has a care for her daughter the sooner she takes her from where she is the better! And you cannot let me put a word in."

"You came for that, sir?"

"For what else, fool?"

"I was wrong," said the attorney humbly. "I did not understand. Allow me to say, sir, that I am entirely of your opinion. The young lady—I mean she shall be removed tomorrow. It—the whole arrangement is improper—highly improper."

"Why, you go as fast now as you went slowly before," Sir George said, observing him curiously.

Mr. Fishwick smiled after a sickly fashion. "I did not understand, sir," he said. "But it is most unsuitable—most unsuitable. She shall return tomorrow at the latest."

Sir George, who had said what he had to say, nodded, grunted, and went away, feeling that he had performed an unpleasant—and somewhat doubtful—duty under most adverse circumstances. He could not in the least comprehend the attorney's strange behavior; and after some contemptuous reflection, of which nothing came, he dismissed it as one of the low things to which he had exposed himself by venturing out of the charmed circle in which he lived. He hoped that the painful series was now at an end, stepped into his post chaise, amid the reverent salaams of the people at the Mitre, the landlord holding the door; and in a few minutes he had rattled over Magdalen Bridge, and left Oxford behind him. Whether he had also left behind him the consequences of his stay there, was another matter.

VII.

THE Hon. Mr. Dunborough's collapse arose rather from loss of blood than from an injury to a vital part; he was therefore sufficiently recovered even on the day after the meeting to appreciate his nurse's presence. Twice he was heard to

chuckle without apparent cause; once he strove, but failed, to detain her hand; and the feeble winks which he bestowed on Mr. Thomasson when her back was towards him were attributed by that gentleman, who should have known him, to reflections not remotely connected with her charms.

His rage was great, therefore, when, three days after the duel, he awoke, missed her, and found in her place the senior bed maker of Magdalen—a worthy woman, learned in simples and with hands of horn, but far from beautiful. This good person he saluted with a vigor which proved him already far on the road to recovery; and when he was tired of swearing, he wept and threw his nightcap at her. Finally, between one and the other, neither availing to bring back his Briseis, he fell into a fever, which, as he was kept hopped up in a box bed, in a close room, with every window shut and every draft kept off by stuffy curtains, bade fair to postpone his recovery to a very distant date.

In this plight he sent one day for Mr. Thomasson, who had the nominal care of the young gentleman; and the tutor being brought from the club tavern in the Corn Market which he occasionally condescended to frequent, the invalid broke to him his resolution.

"See here, Tommy," he said, in a voice weak but vicious. "You have got to get her back. I will not be poisoned by this musty old witch any longer."

"But if she will not come?" said Mr. Thomasson sadly.

"The little fool threw up the sponge when she came before," the patient answered, tossing restlessly; "and she will come again, with a little pressure. Lord, I know the women! So should you."

"She came before because—well, I do not quite know why she came," Mr. Thomasson confessed.

"Any way, you have got to get her back now."

The tutor remonstrated. "My dear good man," he said unctuously, "you don't think of my position. I am a man of the world, I know——"

"All of it, my Macaroni!"

"But I cannot be—be mixed up in such a matter as this."

"All the same, you have got to get her," was the stubborn answer, "or I write to my lady and tell her you kept mum about my accident. And you will not like that, my tulip."

There he was right; for if there was one person in the world of whom Mr. Thomasson stood in especial awe, it was Lady Dunborough. My lord, the author of "*Pomaria Britannica*" and "*The Elegant Art of Pomiculture as Applied to Landscape Gardening*," was a quantity he could safely neglect. Beyond his yew walks and his orchards his lordship was a cipher. He had proved too respectable even for the peerage, and of late had cheerfully resigned all his affairs into the hands of his wife, formerly the Lady Michal McIntosh, a penniless beauty, with the pride of a Scotchwoman and the temper of a Hervey. Her enemies said that my lady had tripped in the merry days of George the Second, and now made up for past easiness by present hardness. Now, Mr. Thomasson had refrained from summoning her to her son's bedside, partly because the surgeons had quickly pronounced the wound a trifle, but much more because the little he had seen of her ladyship had left him no taste to see more. He knew, however, that the omission would weigh heavily against him were it known; and as he had hopes from my lady's aristocratic connections he found the threat not one to be sneezed at. His laugh betrayed this.

However, he tried to put the best face on the matter. "You won't do that," he said. "She would spoil sport, my friend. Her ladyship is no fool, and would not suffer——"

"She is no fool," replied Mr. Dunborough, with emphasis. "As you will find, Tommy, if she come to Oxford, and learn certain things. It will be farewell to your chance of having that milksop, poor —— for a pupil!"

Now it was one of Mr. Thomasson's highest ambitions at this time to have the young lord for a pupil; and Lady Dunborough was connected with the family, and, it was said, had interest there. He was silent.

"You see," said Mr. Dunborough, marking with a chuckle the effect his

words had produced, "you have got to get her."

Mr. Thomasson did not admit that that was so, but he writhed in his chair; and presently he took his leave and went away, his plump pale face gloomy and the crow's feet showing at the corners of his eyes. He had given no promise; but that evening a messenger from the college requested Mrs. Masterson's attendance at his rooms on the following morning.

She did not go. At the appointed hour, however, there came a knock on Mr. Thomasson's door, and that gentleman, who had sent his servant out of the way, found Mr. Fishwick on the landing. "Tut tut!" said the don, with some brusqueness, his hand still on the door. "Do you want me?" He had seen the attorney after the duel, and in the confusion attendant on the injured man's removal, and knew him by sight, but no farther.

"I—hem—I think you wish to see Mrs. Masterson?" was Mr. Fishwick's answer; and the lawyer, but with all humility, made as if he would enter.

The tutor, however, barred the way. "I wish to see Mrs. Masterson," he said dryly, and with his coldest air of authority. "But who are you?"

"I am here on her behalf," said Mr. Fishwick, meekly pressing his hat in his hands.

"On her behalf?" said Mr. Thomasson stiffly. "Is she ill?"

"No, sir, I do not know that she is ill."

"Then I do not understand this," said Mr. Thomasson, in his most dignified tone. "Are you aware that the woman is in the position of a college servant, inhabiting a cottage the property of the college, and liable to be turned out at the college will?"

"It may be so," said the attorney.

"Then, that being so, what is the meaning of her absence when requested by one of the Fellows of the college to attend?"

"I am here to represent her," said Mr. Fishwick.

"Represent her! Represent a college laundress! Pho! I never heard of such a thing."

"But, sir, I am her legal adviser, and——"

"Legal adviser!" retorted Mr. Thomasson, turning purple, and really greatly puzzled. "A bed maker with a legal adviser! It's the height of impudence! Begone, sir, and take it from me, that the best advice you can give her is to attend me within the hour."

Mr. Fishwick looked rather blue. "If it has nothing to do with her property——" he said reluctantly, and as if he had gone too far.

"Property!" said Mr. Thomasson.

"Or her affairs."

"Affairs!" the tutor cried. "I never heard of a bed maker having affairs."

"Well," said the lawyer doggedly, with the air of a man goaded into telling what he wished to conceal, "she is leaving Oxford. And that is the fact."

"Oh!" said Mr. Thomasson, falling into the minor key. "And her daughter?"

"And her daughter."

"That is unfortunate," the tutor answered, thoughtfully rubbing his hands.

"The truth is, the girl proved so good a nurse in the case of my noble friend who was injured the other day—my lord Viscount Dunborough's son, a most valuable life—that since she—hem—absented herself he has not made the same progress. And as I am responsible for him——"

"She should never have attended him!" the attorney answered, with unexpected sharpness.

"Indeed! And why not, may I ask?" exclaimed the tutor.

Mr. Fishwick did not answer the question. Instead, "She would not have gone to him in the first instance," he said, "but that she was under a misapprehension."

"A misapprehension?"

"She thought the duel lay at her door," the attorney said; "and in that belief was impelled to do what she could to undo the consequences. Romantic, but a most improper step!"

"Improper!" said the tutor, glowering. "And why, sir?"

"Most improper," the attorney repeated, in a dry, businesslike tone. "I am instructed that the gentleman had for some time paid her attentions which, con-

sidering his station, could scarcely be honorable, and of which she had more than once expressed her dislike. Under such circumstances, to expose her to his suit—but no more need be said," the attorney added, breaking off and taking a pinch of snuff with much enjoyment, "as she is leaving the city."

Mr. Thomasson had much ado to mask his chagrin under a show of contemptuous incredulity. "The wench has too fine a conceit of herself!" he blurted out. "Hark you, sir, this is a fable! I wonder you dare put it about! A gentleman of my lord Dunborough's son's station does not condescend to the gutter!"

"I will convey the remark to my client," said the attorney, bristling all over.

"Client!" retorted Mr. Thomasson, trembling with rage—for he saw the advantage he had given the enemy. "Since when had laundry maids lawyers? Client! Pho! Begone, sir! You are abusive. I'll have you looked up on the rolls. I'll have your name——"

"I would not talk of names if I were you," cried Mr. Fishwick, in his turn red with rage. "Men give a name to what you are doing this morning, and it is not a pleasant one. It is to be hoped, sir, that Mr. Dunborough pays you well for your services!"

"You—insolent rascal!" the tutor stammered, losing in a moment all his dignity and becoming a pale, flabby man, with the spite and the terror of crime in his face. "You—begone!"

"Willingly," said the attorney, now swelling with defiance; "and you may tell your principal that when he means marriage, he may come to us. Not before. I take my leave, sir. Good morning." And he strutted out and marched slowly and majestically down the stairs.

He bore off the honors of war. Mr. Thomasson, left among his Titian copies, his gleaming Venuses, and velvet curtains, was a sorry thing to be seen. The man who preserves a cloak of outward decency has always this vulnerable spot; strip him, and he sees himself as others see or may see him, and views his vile ugliness with griping qualms. Mr. Thomasson bore the exposure a while, and sat white and shaking in a chair, seeing him-

self and seeing the end, and, like the devils, believing and trembling. Then he rose and staggered to a little cupboard, the door of which was adorned with a pretty Greek motto, and a hovering Cupid painted in a blue sky, and filled himself a glass of cordial. A second glass followed; this brought back the color to his cheeks and the brightness to his eyes. He shivered, then smacked his lips, and began to reflect what face he should put upon it when he went to report to his pupil.

In deciding that point he made a mistake. Unluckily, in the version which he eventually gave he was careful to include all matters likely to arouse Dunborough's resentment; in particular he laid malicious stress upon the attorney's scornful words about a marriage. This, however—perhaps even the care he took to repeat it—had an unlooked for result. Mr. Dunborough began by cursing the fellow's impudence, and did it with all the heat his best friend could desire. But, being still confined to his room, haunted by the vision of his flame, and yet debarred from any attempt to see her, his mood presently changed; his heart became as water, and he fell into a maudlin state about her. Dwelling constantly on memories of his Briseis, whose name, by the way, was Julia, having her shape and complexion, her gentle touch and her smile, always in his mind, while unable in the body to see so much as the hem of her gown, Achilles grew weaker in will as he grew stronger in body. Headstrong and reckless by nature, unaccustomed to thwart a desire or deny himself a gratification, he began to contemplate paying even the last price for her; and one day, about three weeks after the duel, he dropped a word which frightened Mr. Thomasson.

He was well enough by this time to be up, and was looking through one window while the tutor lounged in the seat of another. On a sudden, "Lord!" said he, with a laugh that broke off short in the middle. "What was the queer catch that fellow sang last night? About a bailiff's daughter. Well, why not a porter's daughter?"

"Because you are neither young enough, nor old enough, nor mad enough!" said

Mr. Thomasson cynically; and supposing he meant nothing.

"It is she that would be mad," answered my young gentleman, with a grim chuckle. "I should take it out of her sooner or later. And, after all, she is as good as Lady Macclesfield or Lady Falmouth! As good? She is better, the saucy baggage! By the Lord, I have a good mind to do it!"

Mr. Thomasson sat dumfounded. At length, "You are jesting! You cannot mean it," he said.

"If it is marriage or nothing—and, hang it, she is as cold as a church pillar—I do mean it," the gentleman answered viciously; "and so would you if you were not an old, insensible sinner! Think of her ankle, man! Think of her waist! I never saw an ankle to compare with hers! Even in the Havanna! She is a pearl! She is a jewel! She is incomparable!"

"And a porter's daughter!"

"Faugh, I don't believe it." And he took his oath on the point.

"You make me sick!" said Mr. Thomasson—and he meant it. Then, "My dear friend, I see how it is," he said. "You have the fever on you still, or you would not dream of such things."

"But I do dream of her—every night, confound her!" Mr. Dunborough said, and he groaned like a love sick boy. "Oh, hang it, Tommy," he continued rapturously, "she has a kind of look in her eyes when she is pleased that makes you think of dewy mornings when you were a boy and went fishing!"

"It is the fever!" said Mr. Thomasson, with conviction. "It is heavy on him still." Then, more seriously, "My very dear sir," he said, "do you know that if you had your will you would be miserable within the week? Remember—

"Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate; Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate!"

"Gad, Tommy," said Mr. Dunborough, aghast with admiration at the aptness of the lines, "that is uncommon clever of you! But I shall do it all the same," he continued slowly, in a tone of melancholy foresight. "I know I shall. I am a fool, a particular fool. But I shall do it. Marry in haste and repent at leisure!"

"A porter's daughter, Lady Dun-

borough!" cried Mr. Thomasson, with scathing sarcasm.

"Oh, yes, my tulip," Mr. Dunborough answered, with gloomy meaning. "But there have been worse. I know what I know. See Collins' Peerage, page 242: 'Married firstly Sarah, widow of Colonel John Clark of Exeter, in the county of Devon'—all a hum, Tommy! If they had said spinster, of Bridewell, in the county of Middlesex, 'twould have been as true! I know what I know."

After that Mr. Thomasson went out of Magdalen, feeling that the world was turning round with him. If Dunborough was capable of such a step as this—Dunborough, who had seen life, and of whose past he knew a good deal—where was he to place dependence? How was he to trust even the worst of his acquaintances? The matter shook the pillars of the tutor's house and filled him with honest disgust.

Moreover, it frightened him not a little. In certain circumstances he might have found his advantage in fostering such a *mésalliance*. But here, not only had he reason to think himself distasteful to the young lady whose elevation was in prospect, but he retained too vivid a recollection of Lady Dunborough to hope that that lady would either forget or forgive him! Moreover, at the present moment he was straitened for money; difficulties of long standing were coming to a climax. Venuses and Titian copies have to be paid for. The tutor, scared by the prospect before him, to which he had but lately opened his eyes, saw in early preferment or a wealthy pupil his only way of escape. And in Lady Dunborough lay his main hope, which a catastrophe of this nature would inevitably shatter. That evening he sent his servant to learn what he could of the Mastersons' movements.

The man brought word that they had left the town that morning; that the cottage was closed, and the key had been left at the college gates.

"Did you learn their destination?" the tutor asked, trimming his finger nails with an appearance of indifference.

The servant said he had not; and after adding the common gossip of the court, that Masterson had left money, and the

widow had gone to her own people, concluded: "But they were very close after Masterson's death, and the neighbors saw little of them. There was a lawyer in and out, a stranger; and it is thought he was to marry the girl, and that that had set them a bit above their position, sir."

"That will do," said the tutor. "I want to hear no gossip." And, hiding his joy, he went off hot foot to communicate the news to his pupil.

But Mr. Dunborough laughed in his face. "Pooh!" he said. "I know where they are."

"You do? Then, where are they?" Thomasson asked.

"Ah, my good Tommy, that is telling."

"Well," Mr. Thomasson answered, with an assumption of dignity, "at any rate, they are gone; and you must allow me to say that I am glad of it—for your sake!"

"That is as may be," Mr. Dunborough answered. And he took his first airing in a sedan next day. After that he grew so reticent about his affairs, and so truculent when the tutor tried to sound him, that Mr. Thomasson was at his wits' end to discern what was afoot. He got no clue, however, for some time. Then, going to Dunborough's rooms one day, he found them empty, and, bribing the servant, learned that his master had gone to Wallingford. And the man told him his suspicions. Mr. Thomasson was aghast at what he heard; and by that day's post—after much searching of heart and long pondering over which side he should throw his weight—he despatched the following letter to Lady Dunborough:

HONORED MADAM:

The peculiar care I have of that distinguished and excellent gentleman, your son, no less than the profound duty I owe to my lord and your ladyship, induces me to a step which I cannot regard without misgiving; since, once known, it must deprive me of the influence with Mr. Dunborough which I have now the felicity to enjoy, and which, heightened by the affection he is so good as to bestow on me, renders his society the most agreeable in the world. Nevertheless, and though considerations of this sort cannot but have weight with me, I am not able to be silent, nor allow your honored repose among the storied oaks of Papworth to be roughly shattered by a blow that may still be averted by skill and conduct.

For particulars, madam, the young gentleman—I say it with regret—has of late been drawn into a connection with a person of low origin. Not that your ladyship is to think me so wanting in *savoir faire* as to trouble your ears with this, were it all; but the person concerned, and who (I need scarcely tell one so familiar as his mother with Mr. Dunborough's amiable disposition) is solely to blame, has the wit to affect virtue, and by means of this pretense, often resorted to by creatures of that class, has led my generous but misguided pupil to the point of matrimony. Your ladyship shudders? Alas, it is so! I have learned within the hour that he has followed her to Wallingford, whither she has withdrawn herself, doubtless to augment his passion; and I am forced to conclude that nothing short of your ladyship's presence and advice can now stay his purpose. In that belief, and with the most profound regret, I pen these lines; and respectfully awaiting the favor of your ladyship's commands, which shall ever evoke my instant compliance, I have the honor to be while I live, madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient servant,
JAMES THOMASSON.

Nota bene.—I do not commend the advantage of silence in regard to this communication, this being patent to your ladyship's sagacity.

VIII.

IN the year 1757—to go back ten years from the spring with which we are dealing—the ordinary Englishman was a Balbus despairing of the State. No phrase was then more common on English lips, or in English ears, than the statement that the days of England's greatness were numbered, and were fast running out. Unwitting the wider sphere about to open before them, men dwelt fondly on the glories of the past. The old babbled of Marlborough's wars, of the grand entrance of Prince Eugene into London, of choirs draped in flags, and steeples reeling giddily for Ramillies and Blenheim. The young listened, and sighed to think that the day had been, and was not, when England gave the law to Europe, and John Churchill's warder set troops moving from Hamburg to the Alps.

On the top of such triumphs, and the reign of good Queen Anne, had ensued forty years of peace, broken only by one inglorious war. The peace did its work; it settled the dynasty and filled the purse; but men, considering it, whispered of effeminacy and degeneracy, and the like, as men will to the end of time. And when the clouds long sighted on the po-

litical horizon began to roll up again, they looked fearfully abroad and doubted and trembled; and doubted and trembled the more because in home affairs all patriotism, all party, all thought of things higher than riband or place or pension, seemed to be dead among public men. The Tories, long deprived of power, and utterly discredited by the taint of Jacobitism, counted for nothing. The Whigs, agreed on all points of principle, and split into sections, the Ins and Outs, solely by the fact that all could not enjoy places and pensions at once, the supply being unequal to the demand—had come to regard politics as purely and simply a game—a kind of licensed hazard played for titles, orders, and emoluments, by certain families who had the *entrée* to the public table by virtue of the part they had played in settling the succession.

Into the midst of this state of things, this world of despondency, selfishness, and chicanery, and at the precise crisis when the disasters which attended the opening campaigns of the Seven Years' War—and particularly the loss of Minorca—seemed to confirm the gloomiest prognostications of the most hopeless pessimists, came William Pitt, and in eighteen months changed the face of the world, not for his generation only, but for ours. Indifferent as an administrator, mediocre as a financier, passionate, haughty, headstrong, with many of the worst faults of an orator, he was still a man—a patriot among placemen, pure where all were corrupt! And the effect of his touch was magical. By infusing his own spirit, his own patriotism, his own belief in his country, and his own belief in himself, into those who worked with him—ay, and into the better half of England—he wrought a seeming miracle. See, for instance, what Mr. Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann, September, 1757: "For how many years," he says, "have I been telling you that your country was mad, that your country was undone! It does not grow worse, it does not grow more prosperous! * * * How do you behave on these lamentable occasions? Oh, believe me, it is comfortable to have an island to hide one's head in! * * *" Again he writes, in the same month: "It is time for Eng-

land to slip her own cables and float away into some unknown ocean." Then compare a letter dated November, 1759: "Indeed," he says to the same correspondent, "one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one." And he wrote with reason. India, Canada, Florida, the Havanna, Martinique, Guadaloupe—there was no end to our conquests. Wolfe fell in the arms of victory, Clive came home the satrap of sovereigns; but day by day ships sailed in and couriers carried abroad the news that a new world and a nascent empire were ours. Until men's heads reeled, and they asked each morning, "What new land today?" Until those who had despaired of England awoke and rubbed their eyes—awoke to find three nations at her feet, and the dawn of a new and wider day breaking in the sky.

And what of the minister? They called him the great commoner, the heaven born statesman; they showered gold boxes upon him; they bore him through the city the center of frantic thousands, to the effacement even of the sovereign. Where he went all heads were bared; while he walked the rooms at Bath and drank the water all stood; his very sedan, built with a boot to accommodate his gouty foot, was a show followed and watched wherever it moved. A man he had never seen left him a house and three thousand pounds a year; this one, that one, the other one, legacies. In a word, for a year or two he was the idol of the nation—the first great people's minister.

Then, the crisis over, the old system lifted its head again; and, thwarted by envious rivals and a jealous king, Pitt placed the crown on his services and his popularity by resigning power when he could no longer dictate the policy which he knew to be right. And events were

quick to prove his wisdom. The war with Spain, which he would have declared, Spain declared. The treasure fleet, which he would have seized, escaped us. Finally, the peace when it came redounded to his credit, for in the main it secured his conquests—to the disgrace of his enemies, since more might have been obtained.

Such was the man who, restored to office and lately created an earl by the title of Chatham, lay ill at Bath in the spring of '67. The passage of time, the course of events, the ravages of gout, in a degree the acceptance of a title, had robbed his popularity of its first gloss. But his name was still a name to conjure with in England. He was still the idol of the city. Crowds still ran to see him where he passed. His gaunt figure racked with gout, his eagle nose, his piercing eyes, were still England's picture of a minister. His curricule, his troop of servants, the state he kept, the ceremony with which he traveled, all pleased the popular fancy.

On the day when it was known that he was well enough to leave Bath, and would lie a night at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, his suite requiring twenty rooms, even that great hostelry, then reputed one of the best, as it was certainly the most splendid in England, capable of serving a dinner of twenty four covers on silver, was in an uproar. The landlord, who knew the tastes of half the peerage, and which bin Lord Sandwich preferred, and which Mr. Rigby, in which rooms the Duchess or Lady Betty liked to lie, what Mr. Walpole took with his supper, and which shades the Princess Amelia preferred for her card table—even he, who had taken his glass of wine with a score of dukes, from Cumberland the Great to Bedford the Little, was put to it; the notice being short, and the inn somewhat full.

(To be continued.)





CHILDLESS.

SHE stood and watched where little children played ;
 Her carriage waited for her in the street—
 A woman fair, by wealth and love arrayed :
 The children of the city at her feet.

As one who dwells with plenty close at hand,
 And yet may not be fed or satisfied,
 She looked in silence at the little band,
 As men must ever look at gifts denied.

They vanished down the street with happy cries ;
 She turned away, and, as she raised her head,
 I read the language of her wistful eyes ;
 "I have been cheated"—that was what they said.

Theodosia Pickering.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

From a photograph by Cullen, Washington.



"POETS' HALL"—CORRIDOR SOUTH OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

From a photograph by Cullen, Washington.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

The architectural and artistic splendors of the great new library in Washington, "the greatest, grandest, most beautiful, and most secure treasury for books that the world has ever known."

FROM time to time the newspapers have told us that our National Library—for so the Library of Congress should be called—was to be the greatest, grandest, most beautiful, and most secure treasury for books that the world has ever known. It is now completed, and we are called upon to pass judgment; for every American has an interest of ownership in this splendid building. And after passing through its halls, the visitor is pretty sure to feel his patriotic enthusiasm awakened, and to declare it a triumph which fitly crowns the close of an eventful century of American history. There is everything in the structure to remind us of our country's past, and to make us thankful for its present and hopeful for its future. The famous names and stirring words emblazoned on the walls move

us to nobler aims. With Daniel Webster, we are moved to "thank God we are Americans!"

The Goddess of Liberty facing the east on the Capitol's dome has long had to lament the fact that the growth of the capital, frustrating the plans of its founders, has been all to the westward, where she cannot see it. She has now at least one great public building before her. Its torch tells her of sunrise, and signals the last glow in the west; for wherever the sun may be, it strikes the golden dome of the library and turns to flames the torch of learning which marks its apex.

As we cross from the Capitol Park, the first object of interest is Mr. Roland Perry's fountain at the base of the central landing of the imposing granite steps.

It represents a scene in the court of Neptune, with the god of the seas sitting on his throne of rock, and surrounded by



STATUE OF COLUMBUS, IN THE ROTUNDA.

Modeled by Paul Bartlett.

Tritons and nymphs—a fine piece of work, breathing strength and freedom.

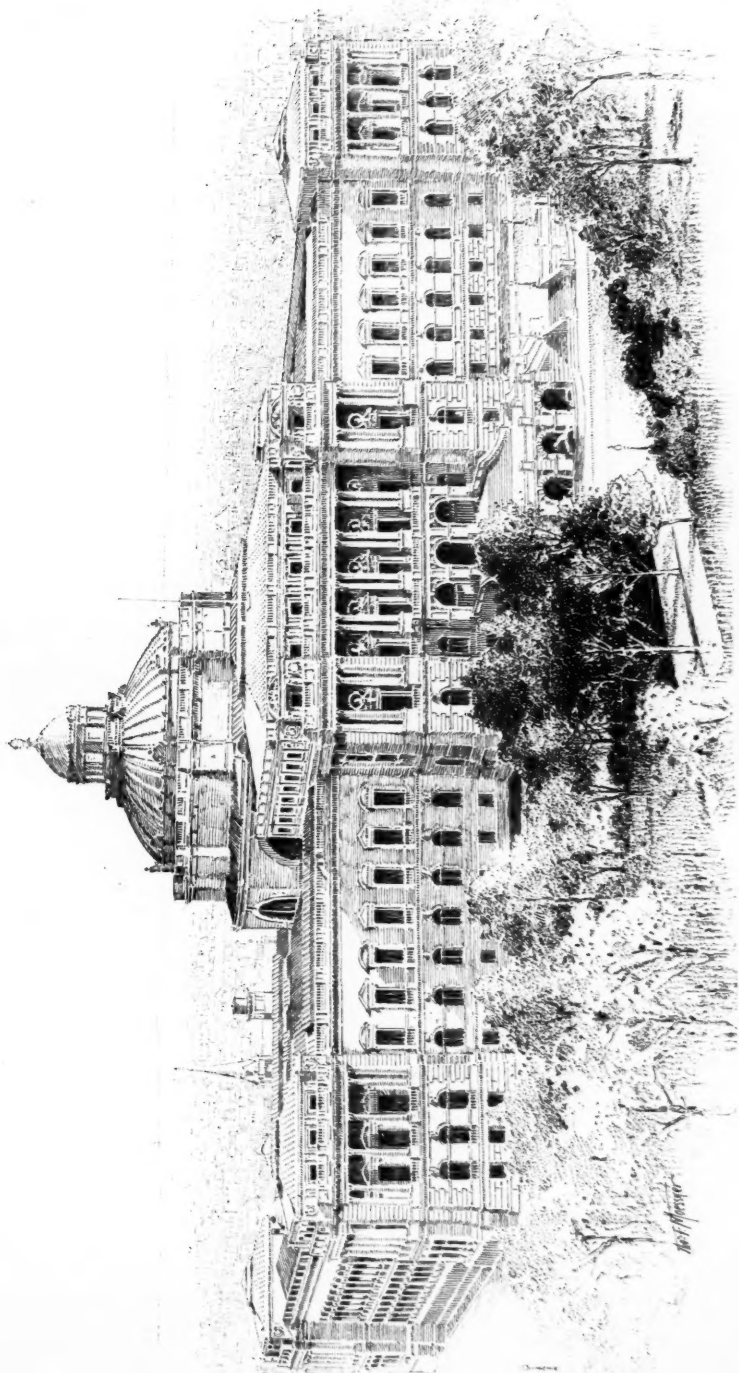
The next thing noted may be the decorative figures above the three arches of the entrance porch. They are in couples, life size, and typify "Literature," "Science," and "Art." The literary figures—one writing, the other dreaming

over a book—embody the creative and the reflective side of letters. In "Science," one daughter holds the torch of knowledge; the other, celestial globe in hand, gazes contemplatively at the stars. "Art" is represented by the twins, "Sculpture" and "Painting," the former armed with palette and brush, while the latter, mallet in hand, looks thoughtfully at the half masked features of the "Divine Dante" which she is creating. Mr. Pratt is the sculptor.

Under these spandrels are the great bronze doors of which we have heard much, yet nothing too eloquent. The decorations form a series, portraying "Tradition," "Writing," and "Printing." In the first of these, designed by Olin Warner, "Memory" and "Imagination" are represented. The tympanum above shows a woman instructing a child. Seated near by, in an attitude of attention, are four primitive men—the Indian, holding arrows; the Norseman, with a winged metal cap; the shepherd, with his crook; and the prehistoric man, armed with a stone axe. The panels of the middle door, "Printing," by Frederick Macmonnies, picture "The Humanities" and "Intellect." The face of the former is soft with sympathy; that of "Intellect," stern and hardened with truth. The artist has entitled the tympanum, "Minerva Diffusing the Products of Typographical Art." The goddess, attended by a winged genius, bearing books, and the solemn owl, are fitting wardens at the central door of the temple of learning.

The door to the right, "Writing," was begun by Olin Warner, and on his death, in August, 1896, the work was taken up by Herbert Adams. On one panel "Truth" is seen, with mirror and serpent, symbols of accuracy and wisdom. On the other, "Research" holds aloft her lighted torch. In the center of the tympanum sits a woman with scroll in lap, teaching writing to the children at her side.

On passing through these massive doors, the first view of the interior of the library is a positively dazzling one. "It is a white gleam, gold and glory!" as one visitor expressed it.



THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Drawn by T. F. Moesner from a photograph by Handy, Washington.



PART OF THE STAIRCASE, SHOWING FIGURES OF AMERICA AND AFRICA.

From a photograph by Cullen, Washington.

As soon as we can grasp details, we find ourselves admiring Mr. Adams' "Minervas of Peace and War," which spring out from white and gold brackets in the vestibule. The Greek altars between them bear electric clusters, which when lit make the vestibule, with its shining walls and glittering floors of many colored marbles, a sight to be remembered. The commemorative arch in the entrance hall is decorated with figures by Olin Warner. On a tablet above it, forming part of the balcony, runs an inscription commemorative of the building of the library. It is interesting to know that nearly all the work was done by Americans, and so carefully was the force selected, so conscientiously were the funds expended, that a surplus of about \$140,000 remained.

Most of the work in the Staircase Hall is by Philip Martiny. Miniature represent-

atives of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa are chiseled on the pedestals half way up the stairs, and a continuous string of busy cherubs winds up to the top of the landing, where three children, symbolic of the "Fine Arts," pose at either side. Upon the newel post of each staircase stands a bronze woman, holding aloft a torch, set with electric clusters. The tablets in this apartment are in memory of the world's most celebrated authors.

The corridors—north, south, and east—are paneled in Italian marble; the floors are of blue, white, and brown marbles; the ceilings of marble mosaic, into which are introduced the great names of literature, and trophies emblematic of the arts and sciences. The names immortalized on the tablets of the library are a study in themselves.

In the tympanums of the corridors are

three fine series of mural paintings by three American artists—Messrs. Alexander, Walker, and Charles Sprague Pearce. We pass by these to the librarian's room—a dainty sanctum, toned in greens and blues and fitted in oak. The ceiling disk represents "Letters," a wo-

Young was first suggested by him. The veteran librarian felt that advancing years unfitted him to cope with the increasing labor and responsibilities of his position, and his nomination as Mr. Young's assistant was practically the grant of a well earned pension.



JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

man, scroll in hand, accompanied by a childish torch bearer. On the streamer is the phrase, "*Litera scripta manet.*"

It was a source of surprise to the many to whom Ainsworth R. Spofford had endeared himself in his thirty three years' service as librarian of congress, that as soon as the new building was completed he should be superseded. It is known, however, that the arrangement was entirely satisfactory to Mr. Spofford, and that the appointment of John Russell

Though the present librarian is best known for his part in public life, having served as minister to China and held other important posts, he has had a long and thorough journalistic and literary training. During his travels as a diplomat, as a newspaper correspondent, and as the companion of Grant's tour of the world, Mr. Young has become acquainted with the methods employed in the great foreign libraries, and he does not find his new duties unfamiliar ones.

One of the library's reading rooms is set apart for members of the House of Representatives. The decorations of this

green silk above a dark oaken dado. The ceiling is massive with beams and bright with paintings and gold ornamentations.



"LAW"—A MANTEL IN THE HOUSE READING ROOM.

From a photograph by Cullen, Washington.

apartment are exceedingly rich. Its floors are of oak, dark almost to blackness; there are elaborate oak carvings over the doors, and the walls are hung in

The magnificent Sienna marble mantels are adorned with richly colored mosaics, representing "Law" and "History," which were designed by Frederick Diel-

man, and executed in Venice. The seven ceiling panels, by Carl Gutherz, symbolize the "Spectrum of Light." Each color is represented by a figure emblematical of some grand work, human or divine. Imagine, if you can, the rays of the rainbow caught and typified by a septet of beautiful beings, bathed in strange and vivid lights, and you have a dim idea of the artist's conception.

The Senate Reading Room is less elaborately decorated, but it has a solid beauty more lasting in pleasure to the weary eye. Above its oak dado, inlaid with marble arabesques, rise walls of figured red silk. The southwest corner is filled by a Sienna mantel, with sculptured design of the American shield, upheld by flying cherubs and the eagle with his arrows.

The north corridor is given to what is perhaps the most striking series of paintings in the library—"The Muses," by Edward Simmons. The keynotes of color in these are exceedingly strong.

The plan of the building, across within a rectangle, allows of four interior courts for light, air, and floral decoration. At the intersection of the arms of the cross is the great rotunda, the west arm forming its entrance, while the remaining arms are shut off by immense book stacks, leaving the rotunda clear for a reading room. A great mahogany distributing desk occupies the center of the floor, surrounded by three circles of desks for readers. The book carrying apparatus on either side connects the reading room with the stacks, and makes it possible to fill orders with remarkable promptitude. Pneumatic messenger tubes connect the library with the Capitol, and a Congressman can receive a book at his desk within ten minutes after his call is made.

Eight marble piers project into the rotunda, staking out the precincts of the reading room. Between them rise two story marble screens, which in turn connect with the outer walls by partitions, forming eight alcoves. The piers are capped by figures of ivory plaster, symbolical of "Religion," "Commerce," "History," "Art," "Philosophy," "Poetry," "Law," and "Science." Below these, on the pedestals of the screen, are bronze statues of men famed as leaders in these

eight fields, the eight pairs being Moses and St. Paul, Columbus and Fulton, Herodotus and Gibbon, Michelangelo and Beethoven, Plato and Bacon, Homer and Shakspeare, Solon and James Kent, Newton and Joseph Henry.

Deserving of special mention is the statue of Columbus, by Paul Bartlett. It was modeled in Mr. Bartlett's Paris studio, and then shipped to this country to be cast—the first, it is said, ever sent to an American foundry from abroad.

The grand dome is ornamented with Mr. Blashfield's fine paintings, "The Evolution of Civilization." Against the mosaic wall are seated twelve figures. They typify the countries or epochs that have made the history of civilization, in the following order: Egypt, "Written Records"; Judea, "Religion"; Greece, "Philosophy"; Rome, "Administration"; Islam, "Physics"; the Middle Ages, "Modern Languages"; Italy, "The Fine Arts"; Germany, "Printing"; Spain, "Discovery"; England, "Literature"; France, "Emancipation"; and America, "Science."

The ceiling is occupied by a female figure representing "Human Understanding." Two cherubs attend her, one holding a book, the other intently watching the symbolic figures below. Above flares the lantern, into which one may ascend and pass out to the small gallery, commanding a wide view of the "Rome of America," as Thomas Moore christened Washington in sarcastic prophecy.

The galleries and pavilions of the second floor are intended for works of art, rare books and manuscripts, maps, etchings, photographs, in fact, for exhibitions. All are so admirably decorated that it is hard to name the favorite; but out of the many we pick for special mention the Pavilion of the Discoverers, the Pavilion of the Elements, the Pavilion of the Seals, and the Pavilion of the Arts and Sciences. The last of these has a remarkable ceiling, painted by William L. Dodge, and representing "The Struggle for the Ideal."

The best description gives only a shadowy idea of the actual grandeur of our National Library. This most beautiful structure in America must be seen to be appreciated.

THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

The success of Mr. Pemberton's recent books has gained him a place among the leading novelists of the present day, and "The Woman of Kronstadt" will confirm his literary repute and his popularity—It is a strong story, realistic and novel in its scenes and characters; a story of love, adventure, and intrigue, in which woman's wit and man's courage are matched against the mighty military power of Russia.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

TEMPTED by the large reward secretly offered by the British government for a complete map of the mighty Russian fortress of Kronstadt, Marian Best, a beautiful English girl in straitened circumstances, and with a little brother dependent upon her, undertakes the commission. Obtaining the position of governess to the two young daughters of the commanding officer of the fortress, General Stefanovic, she has many opportunities to secure information. Captain Paul Zassulic, a Russian artillery officer, falls in love with her, and while she reciprocates his affection, she cannot bring herself to give up her hazardous enterprise, and even makes use of Zassulic's friendship as a means of furthering her purpose. Finally Russian agents in London learn that certain plans have been transmitted to the English government, and when the tidings reach Kronstadt suspicion is directed toward the English woman. Marian has nearly completed her work, needing only the plan of Fort Peter. Watching her opportunity, she enters the general's cabinet, and finding there the necessary document, she is about to copy it when a hand is laid upon her shoulder. Turning, she finds herself face to face with Paul Zassulic.

IV.

THE red book with the plan of the southern channel had tumbled to the floor when Marian started up from the table. Paul replaced it upon the book shelf before he spoke to her. She thought the act deliberate to the point of cruelty; but she saw that the hand which held the volume trembled, and she knew then that the man feared for her with a fear akin to her own.

"Paul," she cried, finding her tongue after many minutes, "what are you doing? Why do you not speak to me?"

He turned round swiftly, his face drawn with pain and anger.

"I am putting away the map which interested you, mademoiselle. It is ten years old, and could be of no use to you. There are others, but we do not leave them about for the amusement of every one. They are locked up in the safe—and I have no false keys, mademoiselle."

The mocking tone was like a blow to

her. Chagrin at her own folly—the certainty that the secret of her life was a secret no more—brought tears to her eyes. This, she said, was the end of all—of her dream and of her liberty. Tomorrow—she dared not think of the morrow. When she feigned to laugh, the laugh was hard and forced and must struggle for mastery with a sob.

"Oh," she said, and every word cost her an effort, "you think that I care whether your map is new or old—what an idea, Captain Paul! Why do you not say that I came in here to read the general's letters?"

Paul, who had put away the book and possessed himself of the pencil with which she had begun to draw, faced her for a moment with a look that withered her smile and silenced her excuse.

"Do not lie to me," he said. "God knows, there is enough without that. You will not laugh tomorrow, when the whip cuts your shoulders and the prison

* Copyright, 1897, by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

blinds you! Fool, fool! Who but a woman would commit a folly like this!"

She did not reply, but lay back against the wall as though in defiance of his anger. Her clever mind had begun to be busy again, and she reproached herself that she should have cut so sorry a figure; but he did not permit her to speak. A door shutting in the hall below brought a fierce word of warning to his lips.

"Hark," he said, "there is Ivan Grigovoric. If he should find you here—my God!"

He switched off the electric light, and dragged her from the room back to her own apartment. She did not resist, but went with a mind unconscious of her surroundings. Yesterday seemed far off; the thread of her life had snapped, as it were, at the moment of the discovery. She hoped nothing, could realize nothing; she thought that she passed through some valley of dreams, but would never come up out of it again. When he had shut the door of her room, she dropped into an arm chair and stared vaguely at the red embers in the stove. She tried to think that she had awakened from her sleep; the voice of the man was as a distant sound coming to her across the sea.

"Mademoiselle," he said, crossing over to her and standing at her side, "before I tell them what I have seen tonight, as my duty and my honor compel me to do, I would ask if you have anything to say to me?"

She continued to look into the fire, a smile hovering upon her face.

"What should I say to you?" she asked, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Is it so great an offense in Russia to look at a book that does not belong to you?"

"It is an offense," he answered quietly, "for which men and women are now dying in the dungeons of the fortresses or at the labor of the mines; it is an offense for which we have lashed many a man to death in the courtyard before this house. It is the one crime which Russia neither forgets nor forgives. Great God, that it should be you—you who sent the plan to London, you who brought this trouble upon us all! I cannot believe it, Marian—I cannot believe the things I have seen with my own eyes."

Again she had no answer for him, but the laugh left her face and she clasped her hands together across her knee.

"You do not understand," she said, after a little while; "you will never understand."

She was telling herself secretly that this trance of the mind which held her tongue tied and impotent was not to be explained. She knew that if any one but her lover had found her in the cabinet of Nikolai Stefanovic she could have played her part to perfection—aping the ingenuousness and the surprise which had been able hitherto to shield her from suspicion. But she was dumb before Paul. A great shame of her employment came upon her. She did not yet fear its consequences, for she did not wholly realize them; but the thought that her lover knew of it paralyzed her understanding. He, meanwhile, paced the room in an agony of uncertainty and of distress.

"You say that I do not understand," he exclaimed, in anger at her silence. "Not understand when I find you with the map in your hands and your pencil busy? Not understand—am I a child? Shall I tell myself after this that it was some one else and not you who sent the plan to London? Shall I look for another spy in Kronstadt? Pshaw, that I should waste words when every minute is precious!"

"You need look for no one, Paul," she said, rising and facing him as the resolve took her. "I alone did what you say. No one helped me. I drew the map and sent it to London—I am the spy, if that is the word. I do not ask you to pity me or to think of me; I am not worthy of your help, God knows. I can stand alone in the future as I have done in the past. You say that your duty compels you to tell them of what you have seen. Very well, tell them now, and I will wait here until they come for me. I am not afraid—why should you be afraid for me?"

She had gathered up her courage, and stood before him with blazing eyes and flushed cheeks. He thought that he had never seen so beautiful a creature, and her spirit won him to a sudden remembrance of his love.

"Why am I afraid for you, Marian—can you ask that? Would not I give my life for you? Is not your hurt my hurt? Oh, you know that it is! If they take you from me, they take all that I have in the world. Why could you not trust me? You have done this thing for money; why could you not have told me of your trouble?"

"To beg of you?" she cried, with scorn in her voice.

"Certainly, if by begging you might have saved yourself this dishonor."

"It is no dishonor to buy bread that a child may eat. That is my crime; I am ready to suffer for it."

He stared at her in astonishment.

"It is my turn to say that I do not understand," he cried; "and I must understand—I must know all, Marian. I may yet be your friend if you will be frank with me. But to do that you must hold nothing from me; you must speak to me as you would speak to your own brother."

"I will hold nothing from you, Paul; there is nothing to hold. I sent the letters to London because they offered me money for them, and I am very poor and there is a child in England who is dependent upon me—God help him!"

She sank upon her sofa sobbing, for a memory of the child brought her back to reality. But Paul's arms were about her in a moment, and he held her to him and forgot that he was her judge.

"They shall not hurt you, little one," he said. "If you will only trust me, I may yet see a way. Have I not loved you too well to wish to see you harmed? Be frank with me, then, that I may know how to serve you. You say that there is a child in England?"

She looked at him gratefully through her tears. A photograph stood upon the easel near her, and she took it up and put it into his hand.

"It is my brother Dick," she said; "that is his picture. He and I were left to face the world together three years ago. He will be six next year. It was for his sake I came here. I have no other relative in the world but my cousin Walter, who is at the admiralty in London."

"Then it was he who asked you to commit this crime?"

"He told me that the English government would pay ten thousand pounds to any one who could secure the plans of the unknown forts here. Then he sent the book which was written about Vladivostok and the way the English got the maps of that. I asked myself why a woman could not do what a man had done. It was nothing to you that your plans should be known. You say that Kronstadt is strong enough to defy the world. If that is so, what have you to fear from any one? And it meant so much to me—a home for myself and the child, and exile no more. Cannot you understand now, Paul?"

He kissed her on the forehead.

"I understand," he said. "God help us both."

Her courage appealed to him, for she was quite calm now, saying to herself that for the child's sake she would do again what she had done. And her mind was already occupied with a multitude of ideas; but chiefly with the idea that her lover would save her.

"Paul," she said suddenly, "if you understand, are you not my friend again?"

He began to pace the room again, his spurs clanking over the oaken floor and his long cloak hanging loose from his shoulders. A voice of conscience whispered to him that he was one of the children of Kronstadt and must not betray her; the kiss of the girl was still warm upon his lips as a kiss of mercy. But even in the crisis, a memory of smaller things intruded, and he spoke of them.

"*Mon Dieu*," he said, "what an actress you are, Marian! I remember the day I took you to the battery and showed you the breech of a gun. You asked me if a shell was a torpedo, and how we measured the ten inch Armstrong, which seemed to you three yards long. You remember that, do you not? How you ran about from rampart to rampart like a schoolgirl. If I had known!"

She laughed, forgetting all that had gone before.

"But you did not know," she said; "and I measured the mole by pacing it while you were making tea. I can see you now, scolding your fingers with the kettle and saying that it was an honor. I wrote down the number of the guns when

old Seroff, the sergeant, went to look for bread. He told me how deep the channel was, and repeated it over and over again because I was so stupid. You were all so kind to me!"

The love of jest was not conquered even by this, the tragedy of her life. She laughed with the laugh of a child at the remembrance of the comedy she had played upon the ramparts; and Paul laughed with her, content that she and no other had befooled him.

"*Sapristi!*" said he. "You have the cunning of the devil. If it had begun and ended in this. But now—when we have tomorrow to face, I cannot laugh long when I think of that, Marian. How shall I help you? How shall I do my duty? How shall I forget that I love you? Why, tomorrow—holy God, they may send you to the fortress tomorrow, and I may never look upon your face again!"

He stopped abruptly in his walk, but she, standing by the chimney, looked into the ashes of the stove as though still seeking dream pictures there.

"They will do that if you tell them," she said.

"And I must tell. I have no other course; my honor compels me. I would give half the years of my life to get you out of Kronstadt tonight, Marian. Tomorrow will be too late—I must tell them then. I cannot delay; you know that I cannot."

The words cost him an effort, and when he had spoken them he came and took her hands in his and looked deep into her eyes.

"My love, my love," he said, "how shall I help you? How shall I save you from this folly? Swear to me that you will do nothing more, that you will never write another line to England while you are in this house."

"I must write to little Dick," she said petulantly.

He stamped on the floor impatiently.

"Promise—give me the promise," he cried.

"I promise," she answered, clinging to him with a pitiful appeal. "Oh, I promise all! I will do anything if I may see the child again. You will not tell them, Paul—oh, for God's sake, pity me—listen to me!"

"I must tell them," he answered doggedly. "I must—I must."

He pushed her from him, for there was a sound of voices in the corridor, and he reeled rather than walked from the room. But she stood trembling and still, and she counted his footsteps as he crossed the snow clad courtyard.

V.

THE echo of the footsteps grew fainter and fainter, and was lost at last in a murmur of other sounds—the sound of a sentry tramping and the clang of arms. Marian listened for some time, hoping that she would hear the steps again, and that Paul would come back to her repentant of his determination. But the deeper silence of the night fell again anon; the wind moaned dismally across the frozen sea, the crash of the rending ice prevailed, and she knew that she was left alone.

There had been a buzz of voices in the corridor when Paul left her, and she opened the door of the room to hear who it was that had come up to the corridor. She thought that she could distinguish the deep baying tones of old Bonzo and the cat-like purr of the servant Ivan; but these were silenced in a little time, and she said to herself that she could delay no longer, but must go down to "the dolls" and to the farce played every night in the gloomy and depressing salon. Though her hands still trembled, and there was a stain of tears upon her cheek, she would not think of all that had happened in the last hour. She cheated herself with the assurance that her lover would not tell; she believed that his love for her would prove stronger than his resolution to guard his honor. At the same time her prudence did not desert her. Remotely and vaguely she realized the possibility that the work of the night might bring some swift and terrible punishment. Just as she had told her lover everything, so did she determine to tell other accusers nothing. She would play the part of the *ingénue* again; she would answer their accusations with laughter and little gestures of assumed fear and the weapons of the coquette. The utmost that Paul could do, she said, would be to

speak of a suspicion. It should be her business to laugh that suspicion away.

While this was in her mind, her fingers were busy in the execution of the plan. Although she was dressed for the comedy of the drawing room, she began to undress swiftly, loosing the laces of her bodice and casting off her clothes until she was able to unwind from her body a scroll of paper upon which were many little sketches and names innumerable, and the depths of soundings and the armament of forts. She laughed to herself when at last she thrust into the fire this treasure which had cost her so many months of secret labor and daring emprise. She knew that its contents were written also upon her memory, and that she could make a copy of it from memory alone whenever she should choose.

"They will search me, and will find nothing," she said to herself, when the ashes of the paper were scattered. "I shall write to England tomorrow a letter for them to open. They cannot prove that I sent the map to London—and Paul will not tell them that I did. I shall go away from here when the sea will let me, and that will be the end of it all. Paul will forget, and I——"

She turned from the fire with a sigh, and began to lace up her dress again. A tremulous excitement possessed her, so that she went from place to place in the room, now pulling aside the curtain that she might look upon the moonlit sea, now standing before her glass to discover that her face was drawn and pale and almost haggard, now going to the door to listen for the voices of "the dolls." It was nine o'clock when she entered the salon, to find the children sitting like mutes before a picture book, and old Stefanovic himself dozing peacefully in a chair. The scene was one with which she was familiar. She took courage of it and whispered that nothing had happened, that Paul had not spoken to her, that she had imagined the scene in the cabinet and that other scene with her lover. It lay upon her to play courageously the part she had played always. When the general awoke with a start and sat staring at her stupidly through the after haze of sleep, she had a winning smile for him and a ready word.

"How stupid of me!" she cried, with a gesture of feigned amazement. "I did not see that you were resting."

She paused as though she would draw back, but the general silenced her gallantly.

"*Tais toi, tais toi!*" said he, sitting upright and searching for his glass. "How shall I keep awake when you are not here—tell me that, mademoiselle?"

"But I have no business to let you know that I am here—at such a time, general."

He twisted in his chair, following her with his eyes as she crossed the room.

"*Du tout, du tout,*" he said pleasantly, "you shall sing to me, and I shall forget everything. One of the English songs, *ma petite*—a little song of the lofe—*hein*, mademoiselle, of the lofe?"

She looked at him prettily over her shoulder, and "the dolls" rising mechanically to stand one on either side of the piano, she began to sing the ballad of the "King of Thule." She had a voice surpassingly sweet and tender, and music was for her more than an accomplishment; it was an art. The excitement and the passion of the past hour seemed to mingle with the harmonies of the exquisitely tender ballad. Even Stefanovic, who thought that the angels must play upon trombones, was held in a trance of admiration.

"*Magnifique, magnifique!*" he cried, again and again. "It is the genius which sings like that. You shall be heard in all Russia by and by, and the emperor shall applaud you—eh, *mes enfants*, would you not sing like mademoiselle? Is she not superb? Is she not beautiful?"

He cackled and applauded again and again, while the children repeated the words after him, though their wooden faces had no change of expression and the music was meaningless to them.

"*Quelle une chanson-delicieuse!*"

"*Oh, mademoiselle, si j'étais vous!*"

"It is the song of Marguerite!"

"*Sans doute*—the song of Marguerite!"

"*Si je l'avais connu Marguerite!*"

"*Stupide*—she is dead, *n'est-ce-pas, mademoiselle? Marguerite est morte?*"

Old Nikolai listened to their chatter and hugged himself at the trend of it.

"Eh, what is that—you wish made-moiselle to tell you about Marguerite? Ho, ho, another time, children, another time! Mees Marian will first tell that story to me—*hein*, mademoiselle, you will tell me the story of Marguerite when we are alone?"

Marian rose from the piano telling herself that it would be a pleasure to box the ears of Nikolai Stefanovic. But she continued to wear a contented face, for the thought that the friendship of the master of Kronstadt might yet serve her was strong in her mind and she acted upon it.

"I could not tell you anything, general," she said. "I should not have the courage."

"The courage—not have the courage—with me? Oh, but I will give you the courage! You shall lean upon me, made-moiselle. Ho, ho—you shall lean on me, and be strong, and I will put the flowers in the garden—the English flowers—*hein*? You shall find them and sing the song again."

Marian shrugged her shoulders coquettishly. The dolls stared at their father with eyes wide open. They could not understand how it was that he slept when they were with him, or answered them in reluctant grunts, while no sooner was their governess in the room than these spasms of gesture and ridiculous antics seized upon him and he became another man. Nor did they recall an occasion when Mlle. Marian had responded so willingly to his foolishness. The rôle of the demure and shy little governess was cast off. She had become the coquette to the "foot of her ankles." Possibly, Mlle. Rina and Mlle. Varia were very glad when old Colonel Bonzo entered the room and put an end to such strange goings on.

"You are engaged, my general?" he said, standing motionless at the door.

Stefanovic was on his feet in a moment. If he had shame to be surprised in such employment, he did not show it.

"You wait for me, colonel?"

"If you please, my general."

"There is news, then?"

"There is grave news, Nikolai."

Marian, who had been turning over the leaves of a book, looked up quickly. The

tone in which the man of iron spoke, his neglect to pass a word with her, were warnings of instinct. She felt the color rushing to her cheeks; her hands trembled upon the pages. A voice whispered to her, a voice of her imagination, "Paul has told them—that is the news." Excitement of the hour alone had enabled her to bear up before the general and the children. She had almost cheated herself into the idea that her alarms were foolish shadows created by her fancy; but now, when she looked Bonzo full in the face, it was as though the hand of the accuser already touched her shoulder. Grim and stern and unbending, the man of iron watched her with a searching gaze which stifled the words upon her lips and held her chained by fear to the lounge. "He knows," she thought—"he knows, and has come here to tell the other. Paul has spoken, and this is the end."

"*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous monter en haut?*"

"Mademoiselle, I have the wish to sleep."

The children spoke, and Marian rose with an effort. She turned to bow to the men, but they had already left the room. She did not know that minutes had elapsed while this agony of uncertainty troubled her. She had not seen the stately salute with which the master of Kronstadt had taken leave of her; but the dreaded searching eyes of old Bonzo still seemed to look her through and through, although the colonel was no longer in the room. They followed her, she thought, from the salon to the bedrooms of the children; they watched her again in the corridor; the same sensation of dread and the desire to hide herself were with her when she entered her own apartment and locked the door, and sank, weak and trembling and afraid, upon the couch.

It was near to the hour of ten o'clock by this time, and the bugles were blowing in the barracks of the town. Marian had heard them often when she sat alone in the room, and had welcomed them as a message coming from the haunts of men. She asked herself if she would hear them tomorrow. She looked across the jagged sea, billowed with pinnacles

of ice and swirling floes, and found in it the frozen barrier lying between her and freedom. She began to ask herself if she could seek any place of shelter upon the island. Had it been summer, some English ship might have given her harborage; but now, when the gulf was wrestling with the fetters of the ice, and no ships could venture from the harbors, what hope was there of that? She could distinguish in the courtyard below her window the shining barrel of the rifle which the sentry carried. The vast mass of the ramparts beyond showed other sentries swiftly pacing the outworks of the fort. The tomb could not have caged its victim more surely than Kronstadt had caged the woman who had betrayed it.

Midnight was struck in the town before she began to undress. Her unwilling fingers went clumsily to the work, and when she had laid her pretty gown upon the bed she asked herself if she had worn it for the last time. Fear had wrought upon her nerves so pitilessly that she could neither sit nor lie, but must be ever listening for the fall of a foot in the corridor or the sound of voices in the courtyard without.

"They will come in five minutes—in ten," she would say. She began to plan the defense she would make, repeating the excuses she would plead and the arts she would practise.

Or again, she would trust in the man's love, telling herself that Paul would not harm her, that he would find some way. She could not believe that fate would cut her off in a moment from the light of life and the love of life, and that little world of self content she had created. All the comforts about her, the cheery fire in the stove, the pretty chairs, the pictures, the bed wherein she had dreamed of little Dick so often—she thought of these and asked herself what magician's wand could spirit them away and set up in their place the reeking walls of a prison. She had dared much; but the penalty of her daring remained for her a phantom of her fears.

Her long brown hair was tumbling upon her shoulders now, and she passed from her sitting room to the little white alcove wherein her bed stood. All was very still and quiet here; she could distinguish

no longer the wash of the waters over the ice, nor the tramp of the sentries upon the ramparts. But she shivered with the cold, and lay for hours wondering why the great house slept and no one came to accuse her. When at last the lagging dawn awoke, white and misty across the sea, sleep took pity upon her and a be-friending dream put her arms about the neck of the child she loved, and she held him close to her; and anon she walked with him through the lanes and gardens of her beloved England.

Nor did she know that when next she slept, it would be in the lightless dungeon of Fort Alexander at Kronstadt.

VI.

PAUL ZASSULIC crossed the courtyard of the governor's house and walked rapidly toward the town of Kronstadt. Marian had listened to his footsteps as he went; but her thought, that he would return again, was not in his mind. Indeed, he scarce knew whither he went or upon what errand; so that the sentry crossed himself as he passed and said that his officer was drunk with vodka, a condition which every right minded artilleryman considered to be the ultimate possibility of bliss. But Paul never saw the man. The snow, white and crisp upon the ramparts, was so much slush and mud beneath his feet. The keen north wind nipped his ears and cast flakes of the driven hail into his eyes, but he had no thought to draw his fur hood closer or to button up his cloak. An impulse to flee the house, the city, to escape at any cost from the terrible position he had been placed in, was paramount. Once he thought that death was the way; and at that he stood very still in the roadway and asked himself what would be the consequences of his death.

"It would not save her," he thought; "she would be alone then. Even if I hold my tongue, they will know sooner or later. Nothing is hidden long in Russia. It may be a week, it may be a month, but they will know. And then——"

He walked on with tremendous strides, ignoring the salutes of the troopers who

passed him by the way, deaf to the music in the cafés, blind to the lights flashing over the frozen sea. His life had been so barren of difficulties until this time; his duty had claimed absolute and ready obedience. If any one had told him a week ago that the day would come when he would hesitate to do that duty, he would have struck the speaker upon the mouth and have shot him afterwards. But he loved the woman with a tenderness and a whole hearted devotion of which none but an honest man is capable. Proud of his own strength, her helplessness and gentleness appealed to him with pathetic insistence. If it had been permitted to him to suffer in her stead, he would have laid down his own liberty gladly. He pictured her cast out from civilization, alone and friendless and weeping in the pitiless prisons of Siberia. The sweet touch of her hands when she had put them about his neck and craved mercy of him was an ecstasy of memory. That she should ask mercy of him—of the man who had worshiped her so long in silence; who had never dared to think that he would win the love of one who in turn had won the love of all in Kronstadt—that was a bitter day, indeed!

"It cannot be—it cannot be," he said to himself, again and again. "She did not send the plans to London, she did not mean to copy the map. It is all a mistake; it will be proved so by and by. I will wait and see—my God, if I should tell, and she should be innocent! But she must be innocent—she is—I will swear it!"

All the chivalry in his nature waged war with the more subtle pleadings of conscience. He told himself that it would be a crime to speak of what he had seen, or to take Marian's words seriously, until he was sure that she had sinned. "She did not know what she was doing; they tempted her in London, but we cannot blame her for that. It is impossible that she can have sent a correct map. We are strong enough to laugh at a little enemy like that, and I shall make her our friend. She will learn to love Russia as she has learned to love me."

He went on with a lighter step, happy in this contenting reflection. But he was still oblivious of all about him; of the

narrow streets of the town which he entered; of the great looming buildings; of the cathedral square and of the soldiers' cafés. When a man touched him upon the shoulder and spoke to him, he awoke from his meditations as one may wake from a broken sleep.

"It is you, my colonel! You wish to speak to me?"

Old Bonzo—for he it was who had stopped him—laughed good humoredly.

"You have long legs, Paul, my friend," he said. "Do not let them walk away with you into the sea. Upon my life, you look as though you had seen a devil."

"I was in a hurry to get to barracks, colonel. They will not begin until I come, and it has struck nine."

Bonzo's eyes twinkled curiously.

"Old Nikolai will be gone to his room and *la petite* to her children—hein, my friend? You can come away from the big house while the English woman is still at the piano? I do not believe it—ho, ho—she is not well tonight, and that is why you walk so fast."

Paul shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He was thinking that Marian's very life might depend upon his words.

"Mlle. Marian is now in the salon," he said unconcernedly. "You will find her there if you are going up. For myself, I prefer the conversation of my friends."

Bonzo gave a great guffaw and slapped the younger man upon the shoulder.

"You shall tell that to the little English woman tomorrow. I will remind you of the words. When I am up at the house just now it will be something to talk about. My friend Paul running away from the petticoats! *Bon Dieu*, what a spectacle! Come and drink a glass of wine with me, my son, for I have news for you."

They turned into a café, and the colonel called for the wine of Burgundy. The place was full and busy, the gold and green of many uniforms shining under the bright rays of the electric light; but they found a table for themselves, and Paul hastened to gulp down a glass of wine that he might hide his curiosity from one who could read and interpret the slightest gesture of friend or enemy.

"Your news is from London, colonel?"

Bonzo nodded his head, and pretended to light a cigar, that he might watch the face of his companion.

"Yes," he said, "from London."

"And of course the story we were talking about proves to be ridiculous."

Bonzo leaned over the table and whispered his answer.

"It is not ridiculous at all; it is true. The map which was sent is a correct map. Every gun is marked, the depth of the channels is given, the names of the garrison are accurate. We could not have made a better map ourselves."

Paul sat very white and still. He was asking himself whether he should feign surprise or doubt. A little reflection led him to believe that doubt would serve him better than surprise.

"*Quelle sottise*," he said, leaning back in his chair and smoking quickly. "You do not believe that story, my colonel?"

Bonzo took up his glass.

"I believe every word of it," he said; "more than that, I know it is true."

"You know?"

"Certainly, I know."

"Then there is a spy in the city—my God, what a thing to hear!"

Bonzo drank off his wine at a draft.

"Tut!" he said indifferently. "We shall know how to deal with him. And mark you, my son, it would be another thing altogether if the man who made the map were out of the city. It is just because we have him trapped by the ice here that I can drink a glass of wine with you, instead of hurrying in to the general with the news. Tomorrow, perhaps, we shall go and look for this man. There is no need to disturb ourselves. No letters can leave us, no more maps can be sent to London—at present. Why should we hurry? There is plenty of time, and we do not see a man shot every day."

Paul started in spite of himself.

"But you do not shoot spies when there is no war," he exclaimed hurriedly.

"It is a fashion of speaking, my son. For my part, I would shoot no one when there is the whip, when you have only to raise your finger so and your enemy is an enemy no more."

"And you are sure that the man is still in the city?"

"I know it," cried Bonzo, bringing his fist down on the table with a great crash. "You will know it, too, directly. You shall see the fellow for yourself—who can say, perhaps we shall send him to you at Alexander. Tomorrow you must have the cell swept, and the irons ready, and the whip waiting. Certainly, we shall know how to deal with him; but with those at the capital it is another thing. *Voyez vous, mon ami*—we can say no longer, it is a jest, there is no spy in Kronstadt. If we report this arrest, there must be inquiry, blame, recrimination. But if we do not report it"—here Bonzo lowered his voice until it was but a whisper—"if we do not report it, and the man who made the map should die in the cell at Fort Alexander—*hein*, how would they accuse us then? You understand, my friend?"

Paul's heart beat quicker, for he understood perfectly. They would flog the spy to death in the dungeons of Fort Alexander, that blame might not rest upon their own shoulders. At the same time, he did not fail to remark that his companion spoke always of "the man." Marian's secret was safe for the moment.

"It is a clever thought, my colonel," he said quickly. "Why should we be bullied by people at St. Petersburg who know nothing of our difficulties? If I were the general, I should report nothing. But he must be sure of the man; and is he sure? You say that he is, and I believe you; but I should be glad to see him for myself."

"You shall see him tomorrow," said Bonzo, rising and buttoning his great coat about him. "Meanwhile, captain, do not let us forget our responsibilities. There is no officer here who should not be ashamed that this work was ever finished; there is none who should not say to himself, 'My duty must be done.' You have said so, I know. You will do your duty, and nothing will stand between you and the Czar you serve."

He laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder almost affectionately. Paul shuddered at the touch and the words, for he seemed to read a deeper meaning in them. He told himself that he was already a traitor in his heart, for he had kept the great secret, and kept it with an

effort, which was an agony. When he left the colonel at the door of the café, the lights of Kronstadt were dancing before his eyes; a fever of self reproach and doubt heated his blood and quickened his step as he went onward to the barracks.

"They will know tomorrow," he said, again and again—"they will know tomorrow, and she will suffer."

And he was impotent to serve her; impotent to do anything but remember his love for her, and bewail the doom she had brought upon herself.

Those who met Paul Zassulic in the streets that night declared that he walked with the step of a drunken man. He passed them without recognition, or jostled them rudely from the pavements. Here and there he was on the brink of a brawl. A cornet, meeting him before the observatory and being thrust aside with little ceremony, ran after him to call him "hobbledehoy." But when Paul turned round swiftly, the youth slunk off. There was no better pistol shot, no quicker swordsman, in Kronstadt than the young captain of artillery. Men spoke of his cleverness as a thing of which the city was proud. Bullies gave him the wall, and proclaimed their desire to meet him only before other bullies. He had proved his courage in many a difficult moment; his word was a bond to them. Could they have read his mind as he stalked past them on his way to the barracks, they would have known that his courage was now wrestling with the agony of self reproach; that he was saying to himself, "I will tell at midnight, at dawn, before the sun sets tomorrow."

There was a hearty welcome awaiting him in barracks, but the men who rose up to greet him halted with the words of welcome unspoken, and exclaimed upon his appearance.

"You are ill, *mon vieux*."

"*Sacré nom!* You have plastered your face with the snow, Paul."

"He has quarreled with *la petite*, and comes here to be cured."

Paul turned upon the speaker, a grinning ensign, savagely.

"Hold your tongue or I will cut it out," he said, and the boy slunk from the room.

"There is nothing the matter with me," he continued, throwing off his cloak and helping himself liberally to the absinthe ready upon the table; "or if there is," he added, "it is the wine of old Bonzo. I have been drinking with him up there. You understand?"

The men exchanged glances swiftly. Some shrugged their shoulders; others fidgeted with packs of cards in their hands. Paul turned to the cards as to a refuge from perplexity.

"What are we waiting for?" he said brusquely. "Is it to make more complaints about my appearance? You, Sergius, Karl—are you going to sleep there all night; or is it Lent which troubles you?"

The lieutenants addressed rose from their chairs, and seated themselves in silence at the card table. They were asking themselves what was the matter with their friend. They had a vague idea that the English woman was at the bottom of it, but were too careful of their skins to hazard the opinion openly.

"I shall win your money, Sergius, and cure my headache," cried Paul boisterously, as his friend began to deal. "There is always a headache if you meet Bonzo after dinner."

"There is sometimes a headache if you meet him in the morning," said Karl, throwing a card upon the table. "That is the worst of these silent men; you are always asking yourself what they are thinking about, and so you get a headache. What is more, you never find out the thing that perplexes you. I would wager old Bonzo against the devil at any kind of cheat or cunning you like to name. He can read the papers which lie in your pocketbook; I have known him to do it."

"Did he drink Burgundy tonight?" asked Sergius, passing some rubles across the table with the air of a man not yet warmed to the game. "I keep out of his way when he drinks Burgundy—it is a danger signal. Champagne—now that means peace, and possibly a pair of twinkling eyes. He has even patted me on the shoulder, with the paw of a domesticated bear, after champagne."

"There will be no twinkling eyes tomorrow," exclaimed an onlooker. "You

have heard that he has news from the prince—at least, that is the story. It should mean that we are to learn all about the map which went to London.”

Sergius laughed; Paul continued to watch his cards.

“For my part,” continued the speaker, while he lighted a cigarette indolently, “I do not believe any such story—*pas si bête*. Some one has played a joke upon the English, and we are paying for it with all this fuss and trouble. As if a woman——”

“A woman?” cried Paul, looking up suddenly.

“Yes, have you not heard? They say that the map was drawn by a woman. There is no doubt of it; our own people in London have been at work, and they are sure that a woman’s hand is to be traced. It is an extraordinary story—to be told to a fool.”

The man strolled away to the stove, while the others played intently for a little while; until, indeed, Paul of a sudden threw down his cards and rose from the table.

“I cannot play,” he stammered. “You must excuse me, *mes amis*—my head is going round—it is the cursed wine which old Bonzo drinks. I shall walk in the cool air, and then go to bed.”

He threw his cloak about his shoulders and left the room with no further exchange of words. The cry of one of his companions, that he had left his money upon the table, did not arrest him. He was saying to himself over and over again, “A woman’s hand—they know that the map was drawn by a woman!” He had the desire to run up to the great house to warn Marian that the hour had come. He dared not to think that he had touched her lips for the last time; nevertheless, a voice told him that it must be so. The blow was about to fall, the gate of the prison to shut upon the woman for whom he would have laid down his life.

“*Sacré bleu!*” cried Sergius, the lieutenant, staring after the retreating figure. “So Paul is like that tonight—and he has left his rubles!”

“Not at all,” said Karl. “The captain has gone up to see *la petite*; he goes there every night. They have quarreled, I say, and he is off to tell her that it was his

fault. He will not be in such a hurry by and by. He should have waited. It is much prettier to forgive a woman than to be forgiven by her. And it does not cost you forty rubles.”

“Or make you ridiculous,” said one of the ensigns. “For my part, I would not lose my temper for any woman in Russia.”

Sergius cut the cards idly.

“*Vive la jeunesse*,” he exclaimed gaily. “You will know better by and by, *mon vieux*. I used to talk like that when I was twenty. But I would not look twice now at any woman who could not provoke me. *Fichtre*, it is not love at all until you have made her angry! And he is very much in love, for he forgot to finish his absinthe. Let us go to the square and hear more of the news from London. There will be plenty to talk about by and by, if Sasha does not laugh at us.”

“Of course he laughs at us,” replied Karl. “How should it be otherwise? Where is the woman who could make a map of Battery 3? Who took her there, and where did she learn her gunnery? It is a child’s tale, and the general is wise to laugh at it.”

“Child’s tale or not,” chimed in the grinning ensign who had spoken of *la petite* when Paul first entered the room, “there has been one woman in the battery. I saw her there myself. She took tea with Captain Paul a week ago.”

“You mean the English woman?” asked Sergius, turning swiftly to him.

“Certainly. Ask Seroff if you do not believe me.”

A great silence fell upon the room, the silence of embarrassment and of sudden revelation. There was only one man there who did not love Paul Zassulic, and he had spoken. The others heard his words, but knew not how to answer.

“You shall tell Paul that in the morning,” said Sergius, breaking a troublesome silence. “It will amuse him, and amuse us afterwards.” But to the others he said, “This is no place for the friends of my friend. Who is going with me to the square?”

They went out together, leaving the ensign alone in the room. They did not speak to one another of the meaning of the things they had heard. The honor

of their friend was in their keeping. Paul, meanwhile, had retraced his steps to the governor's house, and now paced the courtyard regardless of the hour or of the night. Streams of light were cast out upon the hazy air from many rooms in the forbidding and barrack-like building; but one room alone held his eyes. He could distinguish through the interstice of the curtains the depending lamp and the gilt mirror upon which Marian displayed her photographs. Once he saw her pass the window swiftly, her hair falling upon her shoulders, and he was tempted to scout prudence and speak to her again, before she slept. Although he had quarters in Nikolai Stefanovic's house—for he was attached to the staff—it was long before he could find the courage to enter, or to learn what Bonzo had done. The little star of light shining from the window of the English girl's room was for him as the lamp of a sanctuary. He tortured himself with thoughts of Marian sleeping in the shadow of the doom; he remembered her prettiness, her gentleness, her winning pride. He said that they would crush that pride in the dust of suffering and humiliation. The cruel severity with which the keepers of the Gate of Russia could punish even their own children was remembered by him with loathing and regret. They would put unnamable indignities upon her; he foresaw the day when the childish face would become the haggard face of the woman, branded with the furrows of pain and torture and mental agony. He swore that he would save her though her fate should become his own. And swearing, he cursed his own impotence and the very uniform he wore.

Snow fell in lagging flakes at this time; the wind had fallen somewhat, so that all sounds, other than men's footsteps, were plainly to be heard. Paul observed the passing lights in the great house, but could detect no omen of warning. The lamp in Marian's room was a message to him telling of her safety. He could peer in through the window of the general's cabinet, and make out old Bonzo standing by the side of the writing table; but the colonel's attitude was one of patient waiting, and it reassured

him. "It is not for tonight," he told himself. "It may never be at all. Even if they know that the map was drawn by a woman's hand, how can they trace it to her. If they had any news, she would not be sleeping in her room; she would be in——"

He ground his heel into the snow when he dared thus to think of the possibilities, and made up his mind that he would stand sentinel no more. He feared the observation, the chatter, of the sentries. Old Bonzo might find him in the courtyard when he returned to barracks; he could imagine no greater calamity than to raise suspicion in the mind of the man of iron. And this fear drove him into the house at last, but with reluctant and halting steps. His own room, the bare room of a soldier, was in the north wing, remote from Marian's, but not so remote that he could not hear the creak of her door when it opened or shut. Nor did he enter before he had walked with a woman's step to the end of the corridor, and had listened a while to assure himself that she slept. Then, delaying but a moment before the cabinet of the general, he turned wearily to his bed and lay long listening for the voice of Bonzo and for sleep to come upon the great house. There was no light in his room, nor had he kindled one. The moonbeams, striking upward from the glittering fields of snow, made glorious lamps of the night to shed a softening glow upon all things. He welcomed them, for they spoke of rest and sleep and the balm of the mind. He thought that they were playing upon the face of her he loved, putting a crown of gold about her white forehead, and kissing her eyes with the kiss of dreams. When sleep took pity upon him at last, he was carried in thought to the night of carnival, and the love message it bore him. He walked with her again through the silent streets of Kronstadt; but anon, as he walked, she fell at his feet, and a scream of terror awakened the sleeping city. No word, no prayer, of his could hush that cry of dolor which he heard in his dream. It rang in his ears, terrifying him. He bore her in his arms, but awakened troopers pursued him. Men came from the looming buildings to exclaim upon her. He looked back upon

the grim forts and mighty ramparts, and the angel of death hovered over them. He clasped his burden the closer in his arms and ran on, but the cry was unchecked. The phantoms of pursuit multiplied until they became an army.

And so he awoke, and sprang from his bed. There was a glimmer of sunshine in his room, but the woman's cry he had heard in his dream still rang out in the silence of the great house. He listened for one instant of agony and then reeled to the door. The corridor without was full of the figures of troopers. He saw Bonzo, silent and grim; he saw Marian, white and trembling.

"My God," he cried, "the hour has come!"

VII.

PAUL returned to his room and began to dress maladroitly, but with some deliberation. The irons which he had seen upon Marian's wrists were a burden for his own hands; her cry still echoed in his ears. He heard the heavy tramp of feet in the passage; he thought he could distinguish the voice of General Stefanovic. But anon, these sounds died away and silence fell upon the house again. He said that it was typical of the silence which henceforth must wait upon his life. He thought that he had looked upon the woman he loved for the last time. She had gone from him with that terrible appeal upon her lips; to what fate he knew not, save that the impassable gates had shut upon her, that the herald of the living death had struck her down.

He was glad that she had not seen him when he stood for a moment at his door and watched the troopers drag her from her room. The pitiful figure, the babyish face, the disordered hair, the beseeching eyes, would be for him the everlasting remembrance of her. He knew well that the measure of her guilt or innocence was not to be weighed by those who were to judge her. She, the mere girl, alone and unaided had set herself against the might and the power and the terrible justice of Kronstadt, and had been vanquished in the contest. She had looked upon the world of light for the last time. No cry of hers would ever be heard by the world

again. She would go forth from the city, and none would dare to ask whither.

Now that the blow had fallen, Paul was surprised that his mind was so ready to serve him, and that he could think so clearly. The arrest of Marian lifted one burden at least from his shoulders. There was no longer a confession to make, he argued. That which he knew was known also to the governors of the citadel. And he must defend himself from the possibilities of suspicion; must be ready with words of surprise and wonder. He alone in Russia remained the friend of the stricken woman; for her sake he would dare anything in the hope that he might yet be of service to her. And this hope began to give him courage, he knew not why. His clumsy fingers became supple; he dressed swiftly and walked boldly from the house. Old Bonzo was in the courtyard waiting for his chief to come out. Smart and trim, with well squared shoulders and firm tread, the man of iron greeted the young officer with no more concern than if this had been a festa, and they had been going together for a picnic on the sea.

"*Bon jour, M. Paul*; I see you well this morning?"

"Thank you, colonel—and you?"

Bonzo's eyes twinkled cunningly.

"All my nights are good," he said.

"It is the old bird who knows how to roost. And I am just going to breakfast with a lady. You hear, my son; then you will not tell madame—*hein*?"

His jocund efforts were like the labor of a shire horse. They angered Paul, whose feverish impatience scarce brooked control.

"Colonel," he exclaimed, unable to hold his tongue any longer, "it is said that they have just arrested Mlle. Best. Is the news true?"

Bonzo stopped suddenly in his walk.

"You know that it is true, Captain Paul."

"I, my colonel? How should I know?"

"Because you stood at your door while they were taking her down yonder."

Paul bit his lip.

"Certainly, I saw that; but I did not know the meaning of it. You suspect her, then, my colonel?"

"We suspect her so far that we know it was her hand which drew the map of Battery 3."

"Her hand, my colonel—a woman's hand? But she is as ignorant as a child——"

Paul essayed to assume an air of great surprise; but his gesture was false, his voice had a hollow ring in it. Bonzo watched him with his little twinkling eyes, and read him as he would have read a book.

"You shall learn how ignorant she is when the accusation is made, my son. Did I not tell you that I would show you the spy this morning. Well, if you will go up to the ramparts, you will see her in the launch which carries her to Alexander. We will follow her there when the general is ready, Captain Paul. It is not every day that we can breakfast with a lady in Kronstadt."

"I cannot believe it," cried Paul; "I cannot believe that she could have."

"Cannot believe it! *Sacré nom!* You tell that to me when you know that it is true; when you know—but I will leave you to tell us what you know, my son. I will leave you to remember that you are a servant of the Czar. You do not forget that, Captain Paul?"

Bonzo's voice rang out in varying notes, loud and accusing, or gentle and cooing. All the color left Paul's face when the words were spoken. He had a great awe of the man, whose eyes could read his very thoughts; he began to ask himself, "What has he learned, what has he seen?" But Bonzo, who served a purpose with every word, now laid his hand upon the shoulder of the younger man, and the gesture was a kind one.

"Come," he said, "I do not forget that you are a man as well as a soldier, Paul. Go and get your *café*, and then meet me upon the quay. We shall cross together, and you shall hear the story for yourself."

Paul thanked him incoherently, and hurried away. The colonel watched him as he went and with no unfriendly eyes.

"There goes a lover bewitched by a pretty face," he said at last. "He will come to reason by and by; or if he does not, we shall know how to deal with him. We will send him to the fort often. If

there is anything more between them, that will be the opportunity to find it out."

Content with this design, Bonzo resumed his measured walk; but Paul went swiftly through the town, avoiding the haunts of his fellows. He saw nothing, heard nothing, of the awakening life about him. "Marian is arrested," were the words ever whispered into his ear. Men saluted him; he forgot to observe or to return their greeting; the sun shone brightly, but for him the city was in darkness. "They will send her to the mines, they will torture her," he thought. The moment when he must see her again was one to be dreaded. He feared his own courage, for he knew that his courage alone could save her—if she was to be saved—from the terrible days to come.

It was eight o'clock when he arrived at the quay, and Bonzo had not yet come down. Paul entered a little *café* just by the merchants' harbor and called for tea and for prune brandy. There were many soldiers and sailors in the place, but their talk convinced him that they had no news of what had happened. He began to see that the authorities would keep their acts as secret as possible; but whether this would help or hinder him, he could not say. He remembered Bonzo's words—"If the prisoner should die in Fort Alexander, what inquiry would then be held?" He knew that they would not put a woman to death; but Russian prisons have other weapons whereby the ends of death are attained. Paul's hand shook when he lifted the glass to his lips; he left the *café*, driven on by all the impulses of fear and dread. "She shall not die," he said; and then laughed nervously at his own helplessness.

Fort Alexander, with its one hundred and sixteen eight and ten inch guns, all in casemates, is, perhaps, the most imposing of the seven detached forts which stand up, islets of steel and stone, in the southern channel of Kronstadt. Built entirely of granite, in shape an ellipse, there are four tiers of embrasures in its front, while its rear wall bristles with great guns *en barbette*. A foundation of piles driven down in a channel, here eighteen feet deep, carries the tremendous blocks of which the battery is constructed,

and its guns are so placed that they cross fires with the guns of Fort Peter and of Battery 3, thus rendering impassable the one narrow channel by which an enemy's ships must seek passage to St. Petersburg. The interior of the fort has all the aspect of a gloomy and forbidding prison. Dark, cell-like rooms accommodate the garrison in charge of it. There are other cells below, into which the light of day never comes—tomb-like cavities hidden in the very womb of the citadel. Upon this morning of Marian's trial, late in the month of February, the breaking ice scarred and groaned beneath the bastions of the fort, but the sappers had blasted a passage for the small steam launch with which the garrison reached the merchants' harbor, and through this passage General Stefanovic and two of his staff were carried to see the prisoner who had been arrested so surprisingly in the earlier hours of the morning.

Paul was already in the vaulted stone chamber, where the inquiry was to be held, when Stefanovic and Bonzo entered together. The general answered his salute, but had no word of greeting. Bonzo exchanged a quick glance with him, and then busied himself with the bundle of papers which seemed inseparable from his equipment. So dark was the place that the figure of the sergeant at the door was like some phantom shape. The feeble candles, flickering upon the table, cast a weirdly yellow light on the faces of those who sat within their aureola. Paul saw that Nikolai Stefanovic looked wretchedly ill. The very neatness of dress and affectation of manner aggravated the pallor and unrest of his face. His hands wandered aimlessly, now touching a pen, now a paper, now seeking to straighten the hair which should have been upon his shining forehead. When he ordered the prisoner to be brought in, his voice was hollow and unnatural. He cast his eyes upon

the table, and did not look at the woman before him. Paul, in his turn, shrank back into the shadows. He saw Marian enter that gloomy chamber, and the impulse to speak to her, to stand at her side, was almost irresistible. But prudence kept him still. He had decided upon the part he would play; the keen air from the sea had stimulated him mentally and bodily. He had said to himself, "I alone am her friend, and I will save her."

They had arrested the girl shortly after sunrise, that none in the town might whisper abroad the business upon which she had been carried to Fort Alexander. So great was their haste that she had scarce time to bind up her wealth of rich brown hair, or to seek for furs with which to defy the cold of dawn. But she had used the intervening hours in winning from the sergeant permission to practise those arts which help a woman's victory. Paul said that she had never looked so pretty. She entered the gloomy room with a laugh upon her lips. The dainty head was thrown back disdainfully; the fur about her neck and wrists contrasted with the whiteness of her skin. Her gesture was one of amusement and of surprise.

"Oh," she cried mockingly, "*comme je suis effrayé—comme je me sens criminelle—*"

Stefanovic looked up from his papers.

"Silence!" he exclaimed sharply; and there was that in his voice which compelled obedience. Paul trembled for her.

"She will act a part, and they will condemn her out of her own mouth," he thought.

"Mademoiselle," said Stefanovic, beginning to address her in a low voice, "there is no need for me to tell you why you are brought here. You are as well aware of the reasons as I am."

"Indeed, monsieur, I know nothing of your reasons."

The lines upon Stefanovic's face hardened perceptibly.

(To be continued.)





REMBRANDT IN ARMOR.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.

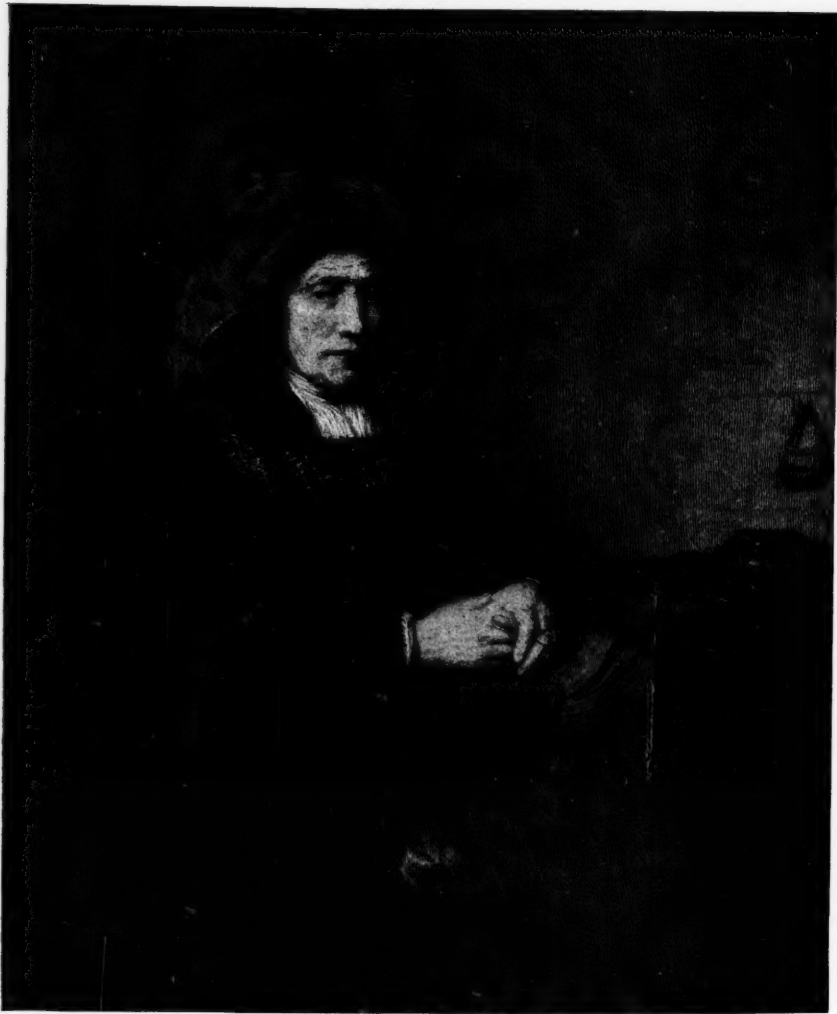
FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

XI—REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

The great leader of the Dutch school of painting, an outline of his life and work, and the high appreciation in which he is held by American art collectors.

IT is probably true to say that of all the great masters of painting not one has been more highly appreciated in America than Rembrandt van Ryn. If the Rembrandts owned in this country were brought together, the collection would far surpass that in any city of Europe.

Oddly enough, it is his portraits, and not his compositions, that appeal to the American picture buyer. There are exceptions to this rule. In the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, we have "The Adoration of the Shepherds," which the catalogue tells us is the original, but

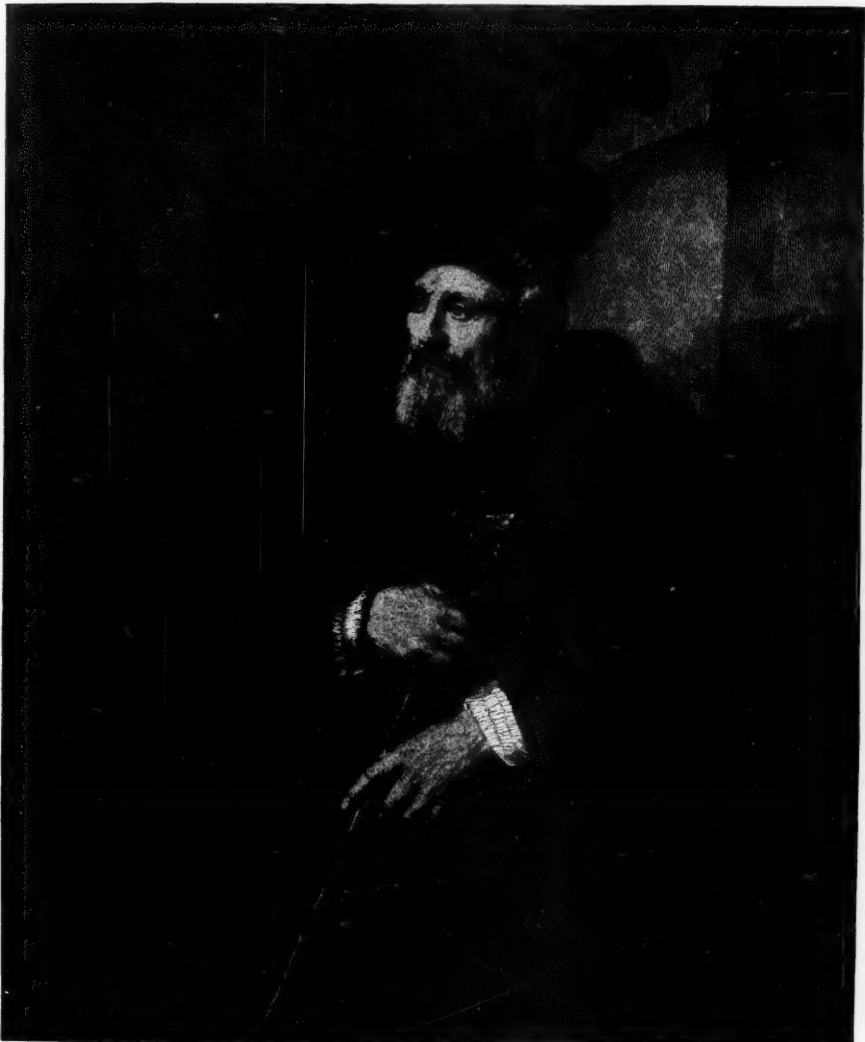


THE MOTHER OF REMBRANDT.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.

which many connoisseurs insist is only a replica of the picture in the National Gallery in London. The Metropolitan owns also "The Mill," a very charming little example of Rembrandt's composition. Mr. Charles T. Yerkes has several Rembrandts in his magnificent collection. One of these is the "Raising of Lazarus," and another is the famous "Gentleman with Gloves." Mr. M. C. D. Borden owns "St. Paul in Meditation," which is in reality only a portrait, perhaps that of some neighbor. Mrs. John Gardner, in

Boston, possesses portraits by Rembrandt; and Mr. George Gould has very lately paid seventy five thousand dollars—or so it is said—for "The Standard Bearer," which is known as "The Sir Joshua Rembrandt," because it belonged to Reynolds. It shows a dignified figure, in a slouch hat, on which are the arms of Amsterdam. But of all our Rembrandt collections, that of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer is the most complete. He owns the portrait of Dr. Tulp, the central figure in the famous "School of Anatomy."



MANASSEH BEN ISRAEL, THE HEBREW SCHOLAR.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.

Rembrandt, like most of the masters of painting, was very impatient of teachers. His father, Hermann Gerritz, a miller on the Rhine, near Leyden, destined the boy for the service of the state, and sent him when very young to receive a classical education. But it was soon discovered that all his tastes went toward designing, and his parents put him under the teaching of the then famous artist, Lastmann. Before this he had had drawing lessons for three years; and these, with six

months in Lastmann's studio, were practically all the instruction he had. After he began studying by himself, the burghers of Leyden would have taken all his time for making their portraits.

"Rembrandt" is the Christian name of the painter. It was not until the first quarter of the seventeenth century that permanent family names arose among the Dutch, and in this way the painter received the surname "van Ryn" (of the Rhine). Ever since the days of Lucas of



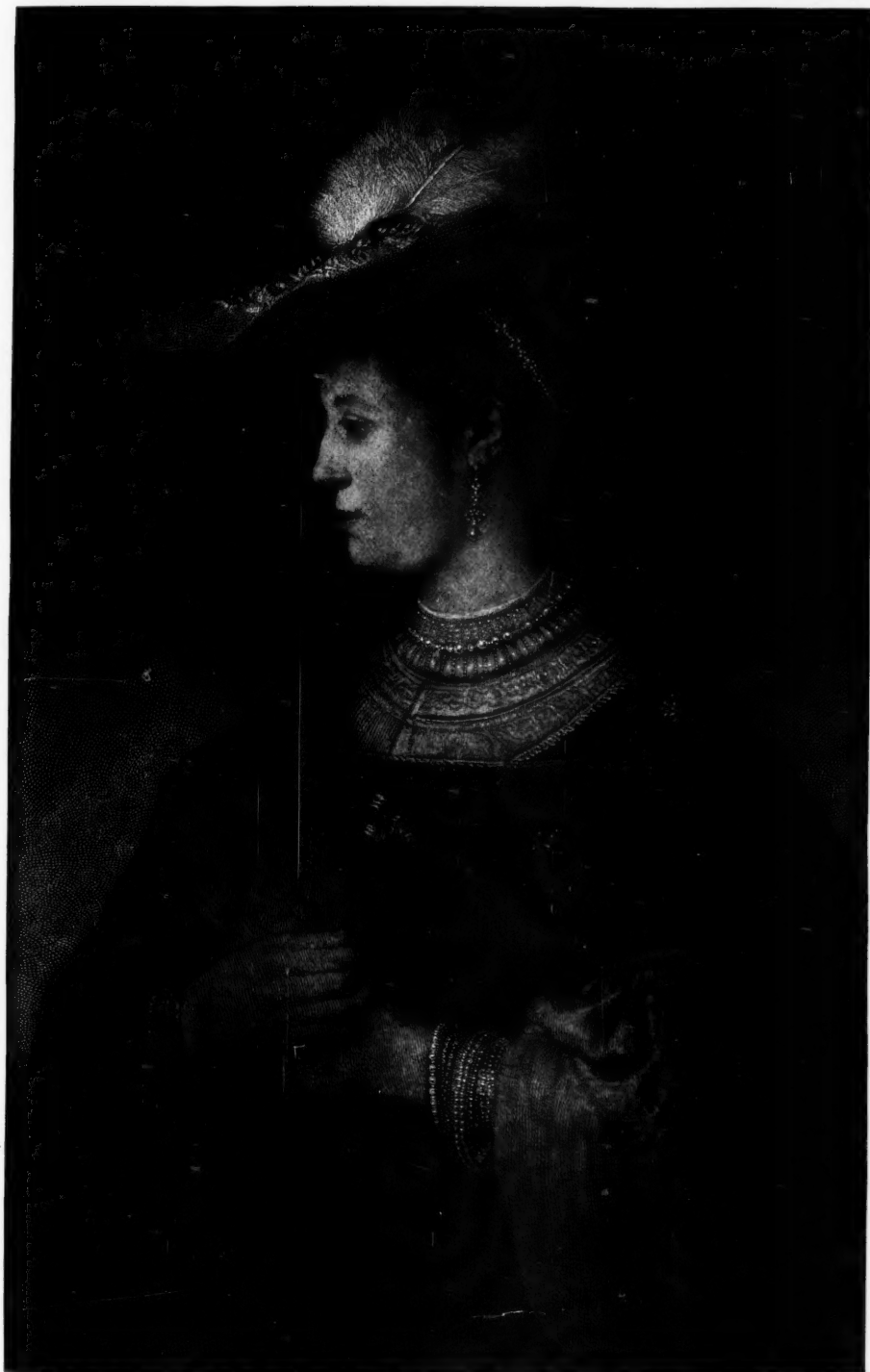
REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.

Leyden, the old Dutch city has been an art center. Rembrandt found in it more than that. To him it was the place to study the character and the landscape of Holland. His family and friends gave him models; the soft atmosphere of the lowland waterways was his text book for light and shade, which all his life long he made his chief study. His first oil paintings of undoubted authenticity are dated 1630. Before that he had etched his own portrait many times, and he had taken into his studio and trained Gerard Dow, whose fame was to rival his own. Already he was known as far as the

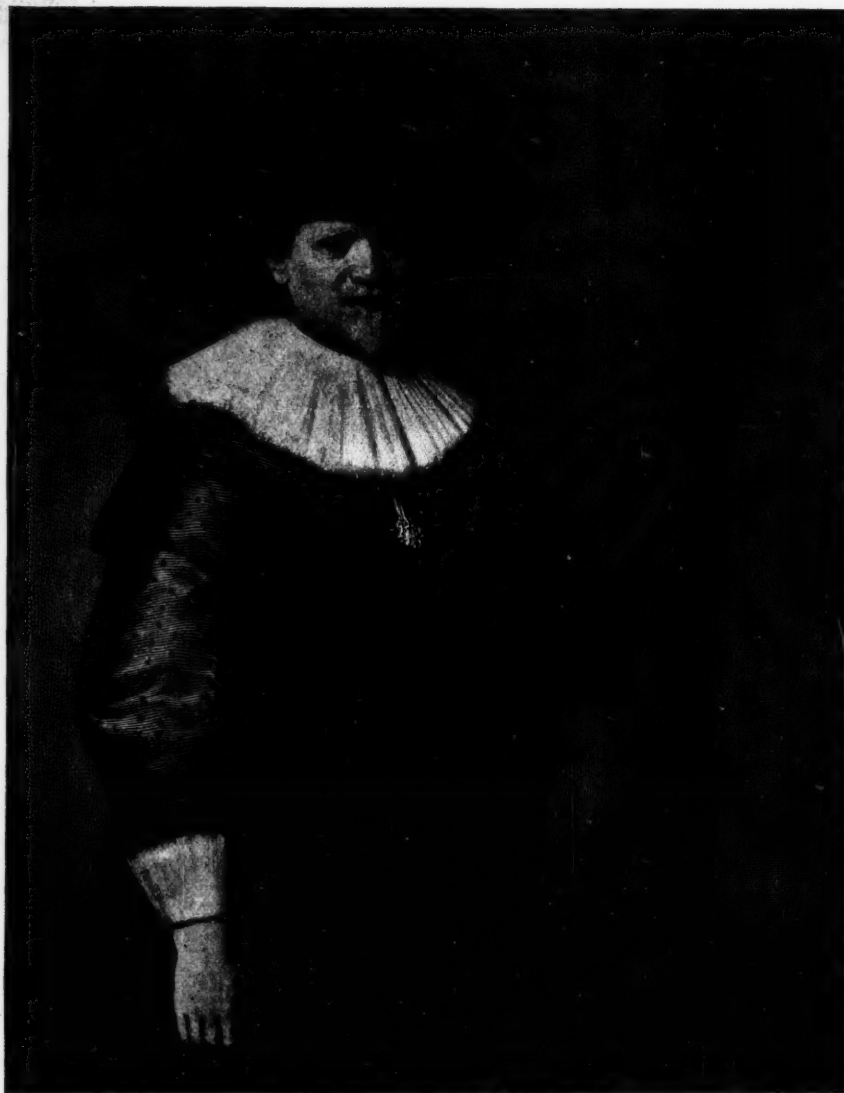
Hague, and had so many orders for portraits that in 1630, when he was twenty four, he removed to Amsterdam.

This city was then the greatest commercial center in Europe, and Rembrandt appears to have had the thrift of his people. So many pupils came to him that he built a nest of studios, and went from one to the other; and at the same time he was unceasingly busy with his own work. Besides many compositions, among which are "The Presentation in the Temple," "St. Jerome," and dozens of portraits of the burghers of Amsterdam, he painted and etched at least a dozen



SASKIA ULENBURGH, THE WIFE OF REMBRANDT.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.



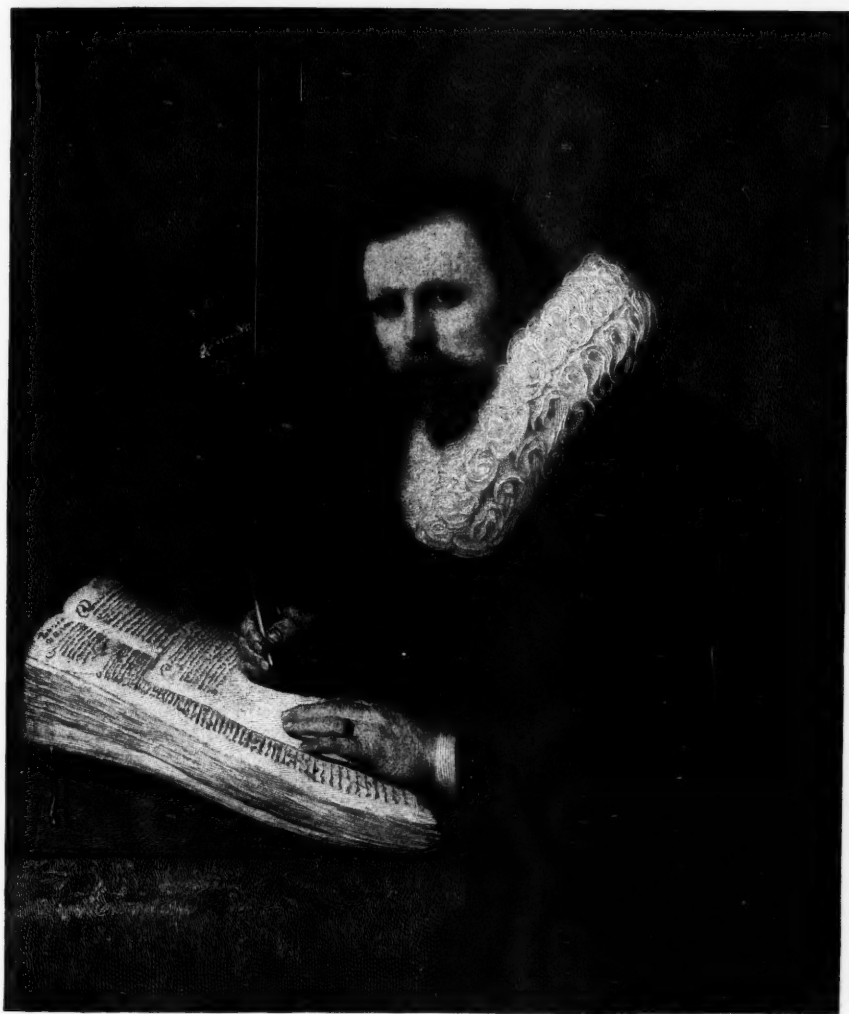
JAN HERMANS KRUL, THE POET.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.

likenesses of himself, and almost as many of his mother.

We constantly hear from the art dealers that Rembrandt's pictures are not so valuable when of unknown subjects. This has resulted in many being arbitrarily christened. As a matter of fact, it makes no real difference what name is attached to his portraits, for few of them were of people interesting in themselves.

"The School of Anatomy," which is one of his most famous paintings, was executed in 1632. It now hangs in the museum at the Hague. This was one of the master works of a class of paintings then popular in the low countries, in which the chiefs of the various guilds and corporations were portrayed with all the realism of the Dutch school. Dr. Tulp, who appears in it, was celebrated both as



LIEVEN VAN COPPENOL.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.

a doctor and an anatomist. It is probable that Rembrandt attended his lectures, as he was very much interested in anatomy, although he evidently derived little benefit from them. The light on the corpse is wonderful, but its arm hardly reaches to its hip bone.

It was in 1632 that Rembrandt painted the first of his many portraits of Lieven van Coppenol, a literary gentleman of Amsterdam who was fond of seeing portraits of himself. Coppenol was a personal friend of the artist's, and was doubt-

less often accommodating enough to sit for a model.

Saskia Ulenburgh was a beauty from Friesland who visited Amsterdam about this time, and came to have her portrait painted. Rembrandt fell in love with her before the sittings were over, and married her. She was far above him in social station—young, beautiful, and in every way attractive. It was often wondered why she should marry a young painter of no family, not handsome, and without any of the polish of the men she knew in



JOHANN SOBIESKI, OR THE BOYAR.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rembrandt.

her own station; but it was evidently a love match on both sides, for they were very happy together. She brought him not only an alliance with a leading Dutch family, but a considerable fortune.

The year of Rembrandt's wedding was prolific in work, particularly in great compositions. One of these was the large "Descent From the Cross," which first hung in his own house, then at Malmaison, and finally in St. Petersburg. One of the fine portraits of this year was that of the blacksmith poet, Jan Hermans Krul, the author of "The World in Paper," which was illustrated by one of Rembrandt's pupils. The portrait of Dr. Tulp, owned by Mr. Havemeyer, also belongs to this year.

All sorts of legends are current concerning Rembrandt. One says that he once secreted himself for a time, and had it given out that he was dead, in order to increase the price of his pictures, but there is probably no truth in the story.

In 1636 the artist was at work on his three passion pictures—"The Resurrection," "The Entombment," and "The Ascension." While painting these he was often the companion of that remarkable Jew, Manasseh Ben Israel, who was famous for his knowledge of medicine, philosophy, science, and Jewish theology. Ben Israel was associated with the famous Dutch scholar, Hugo Grotius, in establishing the Hebrew printing press at Amsterdam; and it was he who was sent by the Jews as an envoy to Cromwell. It has been said that Rembrandt fell greatly under the influence of this powerful intellect, which was yet dominated by the most extraordinary superstitions; for Ben Israel was a believer in astrology, necromancy, and alchemy. With an imaginative man like Rembrandt, he had a good soil to work upon, and most of the disasters of the artist's later life are said to have been due to his devotion to the study of the black arts.

It is certain that after the death of his wife, who lived only ten years, Rembrandt went far afield in many ways; so far that for two years at a time he would do no work. He lost his fortune, and his great collection of bric-à-brac, his house and furniture, were all sold to satisfy his creditors. During his declining years he

still had pupils, one of them Godfrey Kneller; and from 1666 to 1668 he painted several pictures, but the critics said little about them. In October of the latter year he died, in his sixty third year, having become an old man, with curious antiquarian tastes and in the decadence of his genius.

Nevertheless, Rembrandt unquestionably stands at the head of the Dutch school of painting. As an exponent of his time and country no artist has surpassed him. He was original, full of fancy, of that nameless fire of ideality which we call genius when it is united with the skill to produce. He was full, too, of knowledge of human nature. He knew how to go below the surface and picture the universal traits, even in his portraits. He painted the very life of men. He stood alone in a time when religious art was all a matter of ideality, of form and color. Somebody has said that his religious pictures are the pictures of an iconoclast; that his apostles are mendicants, his Christ the Christ of ragamuffins. But it may be remembered that the apostles were poor men, peasants, living by the sweat of the brow, not noble, toga draped philosophers.

He can hardly be called a great colorist. With him everything was subordinated to light and shade. No painter has ever shown us such transparent shadows, such soft blending, such an art in hiding details in shadow.

Rembrandt was not a man of the world. He had none of the manners which might have graced a court. His friends were all among the great middle class, and these were the people he usually painted. He never did anything to advance his position. He might have done so at any time—at least, during the lifetime of his wife—but to the last he remained a simple son of a miller. When kings and queens came to Holland, other artists were chosen to paint their portraits. We must always regret that he did not leave us a portrait of Marie de Medicis, who visited Amsterdam at the height of his fame. In all great commissions by the state he was quite ignored, proving again that even with great genius there must be an attractive personality to give a man the benefit of the best of his time.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

XXXVIII.

MARIA CAROLINA was not exactly insane, but she was entirely unbalanced, and seemed to have no sane judgment in ordinary matters. Her first outbursts of grief had subsided into a profound religious melancholy, and she insisted upon being taken to a convent in which she might end her days in peace. She seemed utterly regardless of the fact that her daughter would be left alone until her surviving brother came back, if he ever returned at all, and that such a man, even as she knew him, was no fit guardian for a young girl. The doctors said that in all probability, if she were not allowed to do what she wished, she would really go mad, in her present state. They suggested that she should retire to one of the convents where ladies were received who wished to go into a religious retreat, and that one of the Sisters of the Bon Secours should obtain permission to live with Vittoria for a few days until her brother arrived.

Vittoria, worn out with anxiety and sorrow, did not know how to face this new difficulty. Miss Lizzie Slayback insisted that she should come and stay with her and her aunt at the hotel. After a little hesitation, she accepted, for it seemed the only solution of the difficulty. The American girl had become sincerely attached to her Italian friend, and felt herself drawn to Vittoria for the sake of having been on the point of marrying Tebaldo, a state of

mind which is natural to some characters and utterly unnatural to others. It was a generous impulse, at all events.

Vittoria went with her mother to the convent and helped her to install herself, and on the same afternoon she moved with her maid to the Hotel Bristol. She was like a lovely shadow.

"I am so tired," she said, when she sat down at last beside Miss Lizzie.

"Rest, dear, rest," answered the American girl, drawing the weary head down to her shoulder.

As the hours went by, and she felt the freedom of not being obliged to go back to the sadness of her mother's society, Vittoria revived a little. But her life was almost more than she could bear. The papers had been full of the capture of Mauro's band, and of her brother's share in it, for the story had spread like wild fire over Sicily. Even the Roman papers made scathing allusions to Tebaldo's possible relations with the brigands, and while congratulating the government on its victory, made sarcastic inquiries into the state of the betrayer's conscience. It was indeed hard for Vittoria to bear. She had no news of Tebaldo himself, who seemed to have disappeared mysteriously. Her mother had practically abandoned her in her selfish and half insane sorrow. She felt herself utterly alone in the world.

Orsino gravely read the articles in the papers, and wished that he could silence them for Vittoria's sake. Had there ever

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been so much as a mention of her name, or even of her mother's, he would have taken active measures to do so. But the editors were careful never to allude to Tebaldo's family, and it was out of the question to hinder them from speaking of him as they chose. So far as Orsino knew, the man was quite able to defend himself.

Sant' Ilario read the accounts aloud to his father and to Corona. Sometimes Ippolito listened, but Orsino always made an excuse for leaving the room, preferring to read the news for himself.

There was a perpetual subdued anxiety in the great household, on Ippolito's account, with an eager expectation that in the course of the present events the mystery of Francesco's death would be cleared up. Their friends looked upon the affair very much as though it had taken place in Africa or the South Seas, for Sicily seems very remote to Roman society. They laughed at the idea that Ippolito could really ever be brought to trial. Even the minister of justice, who was a friend of Sant' Ilario's, smiled and said that the law had means of putting off the trial for a long time in order that satisfactory evidence might be obtained. But no such evidence was forthcoming. The judge who had heard the case in Messina had been to Santa Vittoria, but had met with the most complete substantiation of Tebaldo's own story. He had not even thought of causing the grating under the altar to be opened. Nothing new transpired, and Ippolito resolutely held his tongue. In order to avoid being questioned by his many acquaintances, he saw as few people as he could, and spent much time over his music in Orsino's room. The two brothers were as fond of each other as ever, but when they were together they were much more silent than formerly. The secret preoccupation of each conflicted with that of the other, and the peace between them depended upon silence for its security.

Nor did any one in the household know that Orsino had seen Vittoria several times at Mrs. Slayback's, still less that the American lady and her niece always managed to leave the two alone together for a while on such occasions. Orsino was determined that nothing should

come between him and Vittoria, but at the present juncture it was impossible for him to insist upon his family's consent to his marriage.

Vittoria, on her side, had given up all hope, though her love gained upon her sorrows in the struggle for her soul. She was too lonely not to love her love for its companionship, too weary not to love Orsino for his strength, and yet too desolate to believe that happiness could wait for her while the cruel hours and days crawled slowly on.

It had seemed easy long ago—a month or a little more, at most—when Orsino had first gone to Sicily. It had seemed possible when he had come back that first time, even though he had killed her own brother in self defense. But there was no more possibility now. She felt that this was the end of her race. Some fearful thing must happen to Tebaldo, and she would be left alone, the last of the long and evil line of the Corleone. It would be better for her, too, to go back to the convent, to the dear old nuns who knew her and had loved her and would take her back as a sister now, to end her days in peace and innocence and devotion. Her name would be forgotten, and while she lived she could pray that the evil of it might be forgiven and the remembrance of it blotted out among men.

Once or twice she had spoken in this way to Orsino, but he had stopped her suddenly and almost roughly. Come what might, he meant to marry her, and he would. That was all he said, but he meant it, and she had moments of belief when she heard the words and saw his face.

He admitted, when she pressed him, that neither his father nor his mother would at present give their consent, and that there was little to choose between them, and that they were people whose minds, being once made up, would not easily change. And Vittoria sadly answered that they were right, and that she would feel and act as Corona did, were she in Corona's place. Yet still Orsino smiled gravely and said that they should not hinder him at the last, for that he, too, had made up his mind, and that he was their son and like them, and could be as stubborn as they. Vittoria could

not say that Orsino had once wavered in his determination since that night when he had kissed her on the bridge outside the ballroom. He was always the same, and it was small wonder that her weariness should find rest in his strength. But when he was gone her courage sank again.

She was seated alone one afternoon in Mrs. Slayback's drawing room. The two ladies were out, but Vittoria would not drive with them in their big open carriage, to meet her old acquaintances and to feel that she was pointed out as the sister of Tebaldo Pagliuca, who had betrayed Mauro and his band. She went for little walks in the morning with Miss Lizzie, before it was hot, and sometimes in the afternoon she took a closed cab and drove to the convent to see her mother. Today she was at home, and she had come into the drawing room and established herself in the corner of a sofa, with a book, trying to read. But she could not care for what the book said, and the volume dropped upon her lap, while her head fell back and the low sunlight filtered through the blinds and gilded her brown hair, leaving her sad young face all in the shadow.

Suddenly the door opened wide, and one of the servants of the hotel announced a visitor, in a pompous tone.

"The Signorina Basili!" he said, waited for Aliandra to enter, and closed the door.

Aliandra came in swiftly and stood before Vittoria, who half rose from her seat, startled by the singer's sudden appearance. Aliandra held something in her hand. She had never seen Vittoria, and the sunlight made the girl's hair look fair. She had ordered the servant to show her to Miss Slayback's drawing room without announcing her, and she naturally took Vittoria for Miss Lizzie. Her handsome face was faintly flushed with anger and excitement, and her dark eyes gleamed.

"I have brought you this," she said, holding out the Moscio's parcel, "from the man who has deceived us both, who wished to marry you and ruin me, who has come back to marry you now——"

"Who? What?" asked Vittoria, half frightened, but mechanically taking the parcel.

"Tebaldo Pagliuca," answered Aliandra, too much excited to notice that Vittoria spoke in Italian with an Italian's accent. "Tebaldo Pagliuca, who betrayed his friends the outlaws to death; Tebaldo Pagliuca, who is trying to marry you for your fortune; Tebaldo Pagliuca, who killed his own brother Francesco on the steps of the altar with the knife that is in that package——"

"Merciful God!" The young girl's voice rang breaking through the room, as she sank back.

"Tebaldo Pagliuca, who confessed the crime to the priest," continued Aliandra, working herself into a fury, "who accused the priest of the murder, knowing that he would die with the secret rather than betray a confession—Tebaldo Pagliuca, the traitor, the betrayer, the false accuser, the murderer! The story is there, with the knife, in the paper—read it, and give him his answer when he comes today to kiss your hands!"

"Mercy of Heaven! Mercy of God!" moaned Vittoria, still too strong to faint or not to hear and understand every word.

Aliandra believed that she had done what she had come to do. She had foiled Tebaldo effectually and forever in any attempt he might make to marry the American heiress. With a glance at the girl's bent head, and at the soft brown hair that looked so fair in the flecks of sunshine, she turned and left the room as quickly as she had entered it.

Vittoria started as she heard the door close, looked up, and then glanced at the package in her hand. She did not quite remember what she did after that, till she found herself locked into her own room, breaking the violet seals from the brown paper, cutting the string with her nail scissors, tearing the stout paper to pieces with her little hands, her heart beating with horror and her eyes already frightened by the expectation of the knife they were to see. She saw it, a moment later, and then her heart stood still, for she had seen it many times in Tebaldo's room, during that winter, and once she had borrowed it of him to cut a strong cord from a parcel.

Then came the letter, and the long and painful reading of the hideous tale. She

spent a terrible half hour, and then she sat still for a long time, and her face was almost restful. At last she rose, quite calm and decided, and began to dress herself to go out. In a quarter of an hour she was ready, and she went down stairs alone and told the porter to get her a cab.

"Palazzo Saracinesca," she said to the cabman, "and drive under the gate!"

She went up the great staircase and asked for Corona. The footman hesitated to say whether the princess would receive her or not. Vittoria fixed her eyes on him and spoke quietly in a tone he understood.

"Be good enough to take me to the princess' room," she said. "The matter is urgent."

She followed the man through the long succession of state drawing rooms till he knocked at a side door, and immediately opened it inwards.

Corona was at her table, writing a note. She looked up quickly, bending her brows, and rose rather formally. She had always liked Vittoria for herself, but she had good cause to hate her name, and she had avoided the possibility of meeting the lonely girl of late. Vittoria went forward and spoke first.

"I should not have come to you for a small matter," she said. "But I have come to make a reparation."

"There is none to make," answered Corona. "You have done nothing——" She paused, not understanding.

"You shall see. Will you sit down? It may take some time to explain—or, rather, to read. There is only one question which I must ask you first. Has Don Ippolito been acquitted or not?"

Corona's face darkened.

"He has not," she answered. "He is at liberty on San Giacinto's security."

"Here are the proofs of his innocence," said Vittoria simply, as she produced her package, and laid it on Corona's lap.

Corona opened her eyes in surprise, and her expression changed.

"My brother Tebaldo did it," continued Vittoria. "He forced your son, as a priest, to hear his confession, because Don Ippolito surprised him in the church. Then he accused him of the murder, knowing that he would keep the secret."

Corona stared, realized what the girl

meant, and suddenly grasped her wrist, looking into her face. She saw the truth there, but Vittoria understood the doubt.

"When you have read, you will understand better," said the young girl, pointing to the package.

Corona said nothing, but her fingers were quick to find the letter. Vittoria rose softly and went to the window and looked out. Her hands rested on the cold stone sill and twitched nervously from time to time, but she would not turn round. She knew that what was shame and horror to her, was the joy of heaven to the mother of the accused man. Corona read in silence, intently, quickly, almost desperately.

She was a generous woman. When she had finished, and the weight had fallen from her heart at last, she rose and went to Vittoria. The girl heard her step and turned. Corona was holding out both hands.

"What shall I do to make you know how grateful I am?" she asked.

"What should you do?" asked Vittoria sadly. "It was justice, so I came at once. The great singer—the Basili—came into the room an hour ago. I was alone. She took me for Miss Slayback, with whom I am staying, and before I could speak she had told the truth and given me the package and was gone. So I brought it to you. I trust you to spare my poor brother if you can. Keep the secret, if you can, now that you know the truth. Perhaps something else may prove Don Ippolito innocent, long before the trial. But if nothing else will do—why, then you have his innocence in your hands."

"Where is he?" asked Corona. "Where is your brother?"

"I do not know. It is several days since he has telegraphed. He never writes. The Basili spoke as though he were in Rome, but I do not think he is. I will go home, please. I am a little tired. You will keep the secret, if you can, will you not?"

"Yes. No one shall know it unless it is necessary. But you, child——"

She put her arm round Vittoria, for the girl looked shadowy and faint as she leaned against the table by the window. Vittoria straightened herself, and opened

and shut her eyes once or twice, as though waking.

"There is nothing the matter," she said rather proudly. "I am very well. I am glad that you are happy."

"You have given me back my life," answered Corona. "Some day—but there are no thanks for such things."

Vittoria began to go towards the door. She wanted no thanks, yet somehow she had hoped that Corona would speak differently, remembering how she had once been left by her with Orsino in that very room. The princess walked with her to the hall.

"I shall not forget this, my dear," she said, almost solemnly, as she pressed the passive little hand. "I shall come and see you soon."

As Vittoria drove back to the Piazza Barberini, she felt as though the very desolation of loneliness were beside her in the shabby little cab. But Corona had never been a woman of many words, and she meant more than she said when she told Vittoria that she should not forget.

XXXIX.

CORONA regretted the promise of secrecy which Vittoria had obtained from her, as soon as she found herself alone and able to think over the situation calmly. She had no secrets from her husband, and few of any kind, and it was hard to keep silence when Giovanni discussed Ippolito's position and the possibilities of obtaining the evidence necessary to clear Ippolito. She had, indeed, the sort of satisfaction which a woman feels all the more keenly when she feels it alone, with the certainty that every one else will soon know what she knows, for she saw that Ippolito had behaved with almost heroic constancy. But she would soon begin to long for the moment when others should see that he was a hero.

Being naturally a calm woman, and somewhat reserved, even with her own family, her face did not betray her at first. Yet she hardly dared to look at Ippolito that evening, lest her happiness should break like light from her eyes.

Her difficulty was a considerable one, however, and puzzled her at first. In

her own room she read and reread the Moscio's letter, and her maturer judgment told her what neither Aliandra nor Vittoria had understood in their impetuosity. The law would look upon this so called evidence as a piece of vengeance on the part of a brigand, and would attach little value to it. Why, the law would ask, since the brigand professed to hold proofs that could ruin his enemy, had he not sent them to the carabinieri? The answer must take the very unsatisfactory form of a dissertation on Sicilian character in general, and on that of the Moscio in particular; whereas, while he was still at large, his character could be but an unknown quantity. It might be proved, of course, that the knife had belonged to Tebaldo. But it would be hard to show how the Moscio had come by it. To demonstrate Ippolito's innocence, something more was necessary.

Corona made up her mind that she would see Tebaldo himself and force him to a confession of his crime. It did not occur to her to fear such a meeting, or even to hesitate, after she had once made up her mind. The difficulty lay in finding the man immediately. She did not believe that Vittoria had deceived her in saying that she did not know where her brother might be, but she supposed that he would soon come to Rome, and decided to wait for him. She sent frequently to inquire at the house where the Corleone had lived. The servants knew nothing. She wrote a note to Vittoria at Mrs. Slayback's, but Vittoria had no news.

Corona wrote to the minister of justice. She knew him very well, and told him that in the matter of the accusation against her son she wished to communicate with Don Tebaldo Pagliuca, but could not find out where he was. To her surprise the minister's answer gave her the information she wished. Tebaldo, said the note, was dangerously ill in Messina at a certain hotel. Owing to the strong feeling which existed against him in Sicily, it had been thought necessary to protect him, and the government was, therefore, kept constantly apprised of his condition through the office of the prefect of Messina. He was very ill indeed, and was not expected to recover.

The information was clear, but the

thought that Tebaldo might die without having cleared Ippolito was anything but reassuring. Corona's instinct was to start at once, but she remembered her promise to Vittoria, and did not see how she could make such a journey without informing her husband and giving some explanation of her conduct. She went to his room as soon as she knew what she must do.

"Giovanni," she said, "I wish you to go to Sicily with me at once. I must go to Messina."

Giovanni looked at her in surprise.

"Are you ill, my dear?" he inquired. "Is it for a change? Is anything the matter?"

Corona laughed, for she had never been ill in her life. The mere idea seemed ludicrous to her.

"Can you imagine me ill?" she asked.

"No. I will tell you what I can. Some one has told me something, making me promise not to tell any one else——"

"Your informant is a woman, dear," observed Giovanni, smiling.

"Never mind who it was. But from what was told me I know that if I can go to Messina I can get evidence which will clear Ippolito completely. So I came to you."

"Are you positively sure?" asked Sant' Ilario. "It is a long journey."

"We shall travel together," answered Corona, as though that answered every objection.

"I should like it very much. Do you wish to start today?"

"Yes. The man is said to be dying at a hotel in Messina."

It amused them both to make a mystery of going away together, though it was not the first time that they had done such a thing, and Sant' Ilario's presence lightened the anxiety which Corona still felt as to the result of the journey.

They reached Messina at evening and drove to the wretched hotel where Tebaldo lay dying, for there was no other in the city in which they could have lodged at all.

Half an hour later Corona entered the sick man's room. The sister who was nursing him rose in surprise as the princess entered, and laid her finger on her lips. Tebaldo appeared to be asleep.

"Is he better?" whispered Corona.

But the sister shook her head and pointed to his face. It was like a yellow shadow on the white pillow, in the soft light of the single candle, before which the nurse had set a book upright on the table, as a shade.

Corona stood still by the side of the bed and looked down at what remained of the man who had done such terrible deeds during the last month. The colorless lips were parted and displayed the sharp white teeth, and the half grown beard gave something wolfish to the face. The lids were not quite closed and showed the whites of the eyes. Corona felt suddenly that he was going to die in his unconsciousness without speaking. Even if he revived for a moment he might not understand her. The candle flickered, and she thought the lids quivered.

"He is dying," she said, in a low voice. "But he must speak to me before he dies."

"Are you his mother, madam?" asked the sister, in a whisper.

"No!" Corona's great eyes blazed upon the nun's face. Then she spoke gently again. "I am the mother of the priest he falsely accused. Before he dies he must tell the truth."

A faint smile moved the wasted lips, and the lids slowly opened. Then he spoke, almost naturally.

"You have come to see me die. I understand."

"No," said Corona, speaking clearly and distinctly. "I have come to hear the truth about my son, from your own lips, as I know it from others——"

The yellow face shivered and the eyes stared. There was a convulsive effort of the head to rise from the pillow.

"Who told you?" The question gurgled in the throat.

"Your sister told me——"

"I have no sister." The head fell back again, and the twisting smile took possession of the lips.

"Vittoria is your sister. You are Tebaldo Pagliuca." Corona bent down towards him anxiously, for she feared that he was wandering, and that the truth must escape her at last.

"Oh, no! Vittoria is not my sister. I remember when she was brought to

Camaldoli by the outlaws when I was a boy."

Corona bent lower still and stared into the open eyes. Their expression was quite natural and quiet, though the voice was faint now.

"It is better that some one should know," it said. "I know, because I saw her brought. The brigands stole her from her nurse's arms. Vittoria is the daughter of Fornasco. They frightened my father and mother—they brought the child at night—in trying to get a ransom they were all taken, but none of them would tell—there is a paper of my father's, sealed—in Rome, among my things. He always said that we might be accused, though they managed to make people believe it was my mother's child for fear of the brigands—I cannot tell you all that. You will find it in the papers."

The eyelids closed again, but the lips still moved. Corona bent down.

"Water," said the parched whisper.

They gave him drink quickly, but he could hardly swallow it. He was going fast.

"Call the doctor," said Corona to the nurse. "He is dying. Has he seen a priest? Call my husband!"

"I have sent for a priest," answered the nurse, leaving the room hastily.

For many minutes Tebaldo gasped painfully for breath. In his suffering Corona raised the pillow with his head upon it, tenderly and carefully.

"You are dying," she said softly. "Commend your soul—pray for forgiveness!"

It was horrible to her belief to see him dying unconfessed in his many sins.

"Quickly—lose no time!" she urged. "Think of God—think of one prayer! It may be too late in a moment——"

"Too late?" he cried suddenly, with a revival of strength. "Too late? But I shall catch him on the hill! Gallop, mare, gallop—there, there! So! We shall do it yet. I am lighter than old Basili! One more stretch! There he is! Gallop, mare, gallop, for I shall catch him on the hill!"

One hand grasped the sheet like a bridle, the other patted it encouragingly. Corona stared and listened breathlessly, half in horror, half in expectation. She

did not hear the door open, as some one came in. The dying man raved on.

"What? Down? He has killed his horse? It shied at the woman in black! He will try the church door—on, mare, gallop! We shall catch him there!"

A hideous glare of rage and hatred was in the burning eyes. The twisted and discolored lips set themselves like blue steel. The right hand struck out wildly. Then the eyes fixed themselves upon the young priest who stood beside Corona, and whom she had not seen till then.

Tebaldo sat up as though raised by a spring, suddenly. He grasped the priest's ready hands and looked up into his face, seeing only him, though the doctor and the nurse were close by.

"I confess to Almighty God," he began—

And word for word, as he had confessed to Ippolito alone in the little church, he went through the whole confession, quickly, clearly, in a loud voice, holding the priest's hands.

Who should say that it was not a true confession now? That at the last, the dream of terror did not change to the reality of remorse? The priest's voice spoke the words of forgiveness, and he bent down above Corona's kneeling figure, that the dying man might hear.

But before the last merciful word was spoken, the last of the Corleone lay stone dead on his pillow. He was buried beside his two brothers in the little cemetery of Santa Vittoria, for the sister had promised him that when he knew that he was dying.

And outside the gate, when it was all over, a figure in black came and knelt down upon the rough, broken stones, and two white hands grasped the painted iron rails, and a low voice came from beneath the little black shawl:

"Mother of God, three black crosses! Mother of God, three black crosses!"

And there were three black crosses, side by side.

XL.

It might have been a long and difficult matter to establish Vittoria's identity, if Maria Carolina had been really insane, as it had been feared that she might be. She

was beyond further suffering, perhaps, when the third of her sons was dead, but her mind was clear enough under the intense religious melancholy that had settled upon her in her grief. The fact of her having been willing and anxious to leave Vittoria at such a time now explained itself. The girl was not her daughter, and in the intensity of her sorrow the bereaved mother felt that she was a stranger, if not a burden. Yet she kept the secret, out of a sort of fear that even after eighteen years the revelation of it might bring about some unimaginably dreadful consequence to herself, and as though the Duca di Fornasco could still accuse her of having helped to steal his child, by receiving her from the brigands.

The fact was that the outlaws had terrified the Corleone at the time, threatening them with total destruction if they refused to conceal the infant. They were poor and lived in an isolated neighborhood, more or less in fear of their lives, at a time when brigandage was the rule, and when the many bands that existed in the island were under the general direction of the terrible Leone. They had yielded and had kept the secret with Sicilian reticence. Tebaldo alone had been old enough to partly understand the truth, but his father had told him the whole story before dying, and had left him a clearly written account of it, in case of any future difficulty. But Maria Carolina was alive still, and sane, and she told the truth clearly and connectedly to a lawyer, for she was glad to sever her last tie with the world, and glad, perhaps, that the stolen child should go back to her own people after all. Among her possessions were the clothes and tiny ornaments the infant had worn.

Vittoria's first sensation when she knew the truth was that of a captive led into the open air after years of confinement in a poisonous air.

She had been the daughter of a race of ill fame, fatherless, and all but motherless. Her three brothers had come to evil ends, one by one. She had been left alone in the world, the last representative of what so many called "the worst blood in Italy." She had been divided from the man she loved by a twofold bloodshed, and by all the horror of her last

surviving brother's crimes. Many and many a time she had stared into her mirror for an hour at night, not pleased by her own delicate loveliness, but asking herself, with heart broken wonder, how it was possible that she could be the daughter of such a mother, the sister of such brothers, the grandchild of traitors and betrayers to generations of wickedness, back into the dim past. She had never been like them, nor felt like them, nor acted as they did, yet it had seemed mad, if not wicked, to doubt that she was one of them. And each morning, meeting them all again and living with them, there had come the shock of opposition between her inheritance of honor and their inborn disposition to treachery and crime.

And now, it was not true. There was not one drop of their blood in her veins. There was not in her one taint of all that line of wickedness. It had all been a mistake and a dream and an illusion of fate, and she awoke in the morning and was free—free to face the world, to face Corona Saracinesca, to marry Orsino, without so much as a day of mourning for those who had been called her brothers.

The fresh young blood came blushing back to the delicate cheeks, and the radiance of life's spring played on the fair young head.

"How beautiful you are!" exclaimed Miss Lizzie, throwing her arms round her.

And Vittoria blushed again, and her eyes glistened with sheer, unbounded happiness.

"But I shall never know what to call you," laughed Miss Lizzie.

"I am Vittoria still," answered the other. "But I am Vittoria Spinelli—and I come of very respectable people!" She laughed happily. "I am related to all kinds of respectable people! There is my father, first. He is on his way to see me—and I have a brother—a real brother, to be proud of. And I am the cousin of Taquisara of Guardia—but I am Vittoria still!"

Rome went half mad over the story, for the Romans had all been inclined to like Vittoria for her own sake while distrusting those who had composed her family. The instinct of an old and conservative

society is very rarely wrong in such matters. The happy ending of the tragedy of the Corleone was a sincere relief to every one; and many who had known the Duca di Fornasco in the days when his infant daughter had been carried off and had seen how his whole life had been saddened during eighteen years by the cruel loss, rejoiced in the vast joy of his later years. For he had many friends, and was a man honored and loved by those who knew him.

"I have always believed that I should find you, my dear child," he said, when his eyes had cleared and he could see Vittoria through the dazzling happiness of the first meeting. "But I have often feared to find you, and I never dared to hope that I should find you what you are."

It seemed to her that the very tone of his voice was like her own, as his brown eyes were like hers.

And later, he took Orsino's hand and laid it in his daughter's and pressed the two together.

"You loved more wisely than you knew," he said. "But I know how bravely you loved, when you would not give her up, nor yield to any one. Your

father will not refuse to take my daughter from my hands, I think."

"He will be as proud to take her as I am," said Orsino.

"Or as I am to give her to such a man as you."

So Orsino was married at last, and this tale comes to its happy end. For he was happy, and his people took his wife to themselves as one of them, and loved her for her own sake as well as for his; and they loved her, too, for the many troubles she had so bravely borne, under the disgrace of a name not her own. But neither were her sorrows hers any more.

"Such things can only happen in Italy," said Mrs. Slayback, after the wedding.

"I am glad that nothing worse happened," answered her niece thoughtfully.

"To think that I might have married that man! To think that I cared for him! But I always felt that Vittoria was not his sister. If I ever marry, I shall marry an American."

She laughed, though there was a little ache left in her heart. But she knew that it was not at all likely to last long, for she had never been very desperately in earnest, after all.

THE END.



THROUGH THE MIST.

WHETHER it be the misting rain
Has woven a veil o'er the marshland drear,
Or a mist in the eyes, that's akin to pain,
Has dimmed the vision I see from here—
I only know that a gloomy gray,
As I idly gaze, has filled my view,
And this day is lost in that sad last day,
And again in my heart I speak to you.

Was it that something was left unsaid?
Or had it been better if lips were dumb?
Or was it that fate had snapped the thread
Where a tangled skein in life had come?
Oh, could the moorlands give some sign,
And let their mists for a moment rise,
To show me in vision your face benign,
And read me the answer from out your eyes!

James King Duffy.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY HERNANDO DE SOTO MONEY,

United States Senator from Mississippi.

How the map of the world may be changed by a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific—The tremendous commercial and political possibilities of an isthmian canal, viewed from the standpoint of American interests.

FROM remote times, the control of the commerce of India has enriched its successive possessors, and has built great cities, the seats of civilization, upon barren rocks and forbidding marshes. To find a waterway to India, Columbus sailed west over unknown seas, and found a new world blocking the route. Contemporaneously, the high souled Da Gama had found a path around the Cape of Good Hope, and for centuries the wealth of the two Indies increased the opulence and importance of Spain and Portugal.

From the time of the earliest Spanish discoverers to the Scotchman Paterson, half way between Columbus and our own day, English, French, Spanish, and American adventurers and schemers have dreamed of piercing the American isthmus. No man today, with a knowledge of the world's commerce, can look at a map of the Americas without feeling a desire to break the narrow link that binds them, and allow the waters of the two oceans to intermingle.

While the scheme of an interoceanic canal through the American isthmus has not, perhaps, at any time for four hundred years, been without friends and advocates, yet the general interest in it has only been occasional.

The completion of the Suez Canal, giving the shortest route for European commerce to India and China, the Straits, and Australia, in a great measure reduced the commercial interest in the American canal. However, De Lesseps, glorified by his African success, was able to induce the French people to invest in his undertaking at Panama with an uncalculating liberality which reminded us of the South

Sea Bubble and the Mississippi scheme of John Law.

The temporary failure at Panama, whether through dishonesty or incapacity, was exceedingly discouraging to capitalists who had been invited to subscribe to other schemes. The word temporary is used, because it is understood that a reorganized French company is now at work, on a smaller scale of expenditure, but with great energy and under good management, on the Panama Canal, and it may be that its efforts will be crowned with success, while other projects are only being talked about.

Just now, however, the public mind is being excited in favor of a canal by the Nicaraguan route. It appears that this interest is the result, mainly, of the activity of the agents and friends of the Maritime Canal Company, exerted on Congress, in political conventions, and through the press. Certainly the project has been ably advocated, and the efforts of its friends have been persistent. In all the controversies on the subject in Congress and the press, the desirability of the canal seems to have been conceded. Now and then, however, some one has ventured to point out its possible disadvantages, looking at it from an American point of view.

A secretary of state, on the 8th of May, 1882, wrote to our minister at the court of St. James :

A canal across the isthmus for vessels of all dimensions and every character, under possible conditions hereinafter referred to, would affect this republic in its trade and commerce ; would expose our western coast to attack ; destroy our isolation, oblige us to improve our defenses, and to increase our navy ; and possibly compel us,

contrary to our traditions, to take an active interest in the affairs of European nations. The United States, with their large and increasing population and wealth, cannot be uninterested in a change in the physical conformation of this hemisphere which may injuriously affect the material or political interests of the republic, and naturally seek that the severance of the isthmus connecting the continents shall be effected in harmony with those interests.

There is pith in these suggestions of the secretary, but the letter must have been written in his pessimistic mood, for we know that he was, about this time, engaged in negotiating a treaty with Nicaragua, by the terms of which the United States bound itself not only to furnish the funds necessary to build the canal, but to make a cash payment to Nicaragua to enable her to make certain internal improvements, and to defend not only the canal, but also her own territory. If Mr. Frelinghuysen had succeeded in securing the ratification of the treaty, there is no doubt that some of the consequences which he deprecated in his letter to Mr. Lowell would have come to pass.

The first question to consider is the feasibility, in an engineering and financial sense, of making the canal, for this has been gravely doubted by statesmen, engineers, and capitalists. De Lesseps examined the Nicaragua route and pronounced against it. According to a report made October 31, 1895, by a distinguished commission appointed by Mr. Cleveland, it is as yet far from decided that any plan is practicable; nor, in the judgment of this commission, has any survey been made on which anything like an exact calculation can be based as to the difficulties or the cost of the enterprise. The former surveys have been especially defective in geologic and hydraulic exploration.

This country has received notice through Senor Rodriguez, on behalf of Nicaragua, that the concession given to the Maritime Canal Company was deemed by that government to have been forfeited because of the company's failure to observe its conditions, the work having been abandoned three years ago. It may, therefore, be concluded that this particular corporation, with its claims, is fairly out of the way of any attempt of

our government, or of individuals, to build a canal.

There is a very strong feeling in favor of the United States government, as such—under proper conditions, to be arranged by negotiation—building and controlling the canal. If this should develop into an organized purpose, there is a preliminary work that seems to be necessary. Something must be done with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Presidents and secretaries of state have declared it obsolete, voidable at the pleasure of the United States, and already void because of the failure of consideration; but, nevertheless, it stands upon the books a regularly ratified treaty with Great Britain, unabrogated and unmodified by any subsequent agreement. The United States has insisted that the continued possession by Great Britain of her settlements in Honduras, in contradiction of the treaty, made it voidable, and there was also some pretense that the refusal of British capital to invest in the company proposing to build the canal, at the time when the negotiations were in progress, was sufficient failure of consideration to void the treaty. This was gravely urged by high officials in diplomatic correspondence, although there is no hint anywhere in the text of the document that subscription of British capital was being considered—the reason of the treaty, as set forth in that instrument, being distinctly placed on higher grounds.

That the treaty exists in binding force has been admitted by secretaries of state and by committees of Congress, while at the same time there have been contradictory statements from the same sources. The Senate committee on foreign relations, when it reported its first bill for the construction of the canal, during the Fifty First Congress, declared the Clayton-Bulwer agreement obsolete; and yet this same committee, in the Fifty Second Congress, in its report on the canal bill, admits the active existence of the treaty by claiming that its provisions are not intrenched on by the bill. A House committee has since made a report in favor of abrogating the treaty.

There was trouble about the Clayton-Bulwer agreement from the first; indeed, there was a complete misunderstanding

about one of its principal provisions. The United States understood the clause referring to occupation and possession in Central America by Great Britain, and her political influence there, to be present in its meaning. England contended that it was prospective, and that it did not at all interfere with the possession of territory which she then held, nor with her protectorate over the Mosquito Coast, although the latter included the eastern entrance to the proposed canal. Senators and secretaries of state have declared that the treaty would never have been ratified had the Senate so understood it.

The British case was, to some extent, supported by notes exchanged between Mr. Clayton and Sir Henry Bulwer, accepting the British view. England three times proposed to submit the meaning of the treaty to arbitration. The United States declined, for the reason that she could not allow another power to say what she meant. Failing to secure arbitration, Great Britain proposed to abrogate the agreement. The United States again refused, because an English commissioner was then negotiating treaties with the several states of Central America, and our government feared that, if released from the Clayton-Bulwer agreement, Great Britain would aggrandize her territorial possessions, her commercial interests, and her political influence in that part of the world.

Whatever views may be expressed concerning the binding force of the famous treaty, no steps have been taken by either government to abrogate it. It was never popular here, because it was a distinct waiver or violation of the so called Monroe Doctrine—not, perhaps, of that doctrine as understood by Mr. Adams or Mr. Monroe, but of the subsequent and present idea represented by the name. It was not only a waiver as to Great Britain, but as to other friendly nations who might accept the invitation to join in defending the neutrality of the canal.

Since that time, Presidents, secretaries, and Senators, supported by the press, have declared the canal an American question, to be controlled by America; and when the French began work at Panama, there were frequent official assertions that, by whomsoever made, an in-

ter-oceanic canal would be considered a part of the coast line of the United States.

Negotiations should at once be commenced with Great Britain to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, in express terms. England should be allowed no excuse for any interference or partnership in control or protectorate of the canal or adjacent territory. British interest in the undertaking has been greatly lessened since the making of the treaty: first, by the relinquishment of some of her pretensions to territory and influence in Central America, as effected by treaties with the Central American states; secondly, by the opening of the Suez Canal, giving the shortest water route from England to the orient; and thirdly, by the renaissance of the Monroe Doctrine, and by the overwhelming importance of American interests, caused by the rapid settlement of the Pacific States. It is believed that a friendly disposition of the matter could be made with little trouble.

The next step would be to negotiate treaties with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, by which, under suitable concessions from those states, the United States, as a government would undertake to complete, maintain, and control the canal. Whether a chartered company could be made useful in the enterprise—that is, in the construction of the canal—is another question which it is not necessary to consider now; but it may be said that care should be taken not to give such encouragement to corporations as might cause them to attempt to delay Congressional action by pressing their own schemes. How far the United States can enter into an arrangement with these small nations to defend the canal, or to maintain their independence, without departing from Washington's policy of avoiding "entangling alliances," would be a consideration of delicacy and difficulty. There is no doubt but that such an agreement would require an enlargement of our navy, and, although to a less degree, of our army. It would also make necessary the acquisition of Cuba and the Corn islands, or of territory on the mainland that would command the commerce on the Caribbean Sea, and be an effective base of military operations if the canal should ever be attacked.

This is, however, preparing for the worst; but even with our peaceful history and policy war is an inevitable, and often an unexpected, tragedy in the life of every nation. In this connection, it may be mentioned that some of the greatest of our public men of today, while they object to the annexation of Cuba and Hawaii, because they believe it would lessen the safety of our continental position, are the most strenuous advocates of the Nicaraguan canal. Yet it seems evident that the disadvantages which they assert would accompany the acquisition of island dependencies would as certainly follow the building and control of the canal.

We do not apprehend any difficulties in the negotiation of such treaties as a result of the recent union of Nicaragua with her neighbors in the Greater Central American Republic. Her own interest in the canal has not been diminished, and a larger population and territory have become interested.

In 1825, Nicaragua invited the United States to consider the project of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In 1847, we were invited again to interfere because of an attempt by Great Britain to control the canal route. In consequence, a treaty was negotiated, but never ratified. This document had influence on the making of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Nicaragua has also shown her anxiety concerning the canal by frequent concessions to individuals of different nationalities, as well as by overtures to this government. As the commerce of the world develops, she realizes more fully its importance to her growth and prosperity. It would swing her out of a dead eddy into the full current of international trade. The day of the completion of the canal would be to her the dawn of a new life.

While the diplomat is pursuing his labors, the engineer should be at work. A board of competent engineers, drawn from the army, navy, and civil life, with ample funds and unlimited as to time, should thoroughly survey all the proposed routes in Nicaragua, and on its report it could be determined whether the canal would justify the cost.

It is confidently believed, in advance

of such an exhaustive survey, that private capital cannot be induced to invest in the enterprise. The United States must decide whether, if there were no dividends, or even a pecuniary loss, our political and commercial interests would warrant us in assuming the burden. The commission of 1895, which was ordered to report on the "feasibility, permanence, and cost of the construction and completion of the canal" was unable, because of inadequate data, to draw definite conclusions, and recommended a more complete survey. The facts given by the Maritime Company's engineers were found insufficient to settle any one of the points under examination. In truth, that commission left the disagreeable impression that unless a future survey should develop conditions more favorable than those disclosed up to that time, the decision as to the whole project must be adverse.

A commission of survey, such as indicated above, would have no inducement to suppress unpleasant truths or exaggerate advantages, in order to attract private capital or secure government aid. At any rate, the survey is absolutely indispensable to any final decision.

The question whether the canal would be a paying investment is now to be considered. Taking as a basis the disinterested report of the late commission, we assume that the cost will not be less than \$133,000,000. It will probably be much larger than this, as the obstacles cannot all be foreseen. The Suez Canal, presenting no great engineering difficulties, was estimated to cost \$40,000,000, but before it was finished \$115,000,000 had been expended. The Manchester Ship Canal, thirty six miles long, after a thorough survey by the best engineers, cost, when completed, double the estimated sum.

The cost of maintaining and operating the canal can hardly be even approximated. It cannot be compared with the Suez Canal, for the reason that the latter has no locks, no great main or lateral embankments, and no torrential rainfall. In addition, there is the danger, though possibly remote, of destruction or impairment by seismic or volcanic disturbance. The maintenance of a harbor—after one is

made—at San Juan will cost more trouble, and probably as much money annually, as does the Suez Canal.

As to the revenue, there is an immense difference of opinion. The champions of the undertaking have claimed that much of the trade of England and western Europe with China, India, Japan, and other eastern countries would be diverted from its present routes because of the dangers of Cape Horn, of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the Red Sea. It is conceded that the traffic between eastern and western American ports will go by the Nicaraguan route. It may as well be conceded, also, that the English, German, and French trade with India and the east will continue to go *via* Suez. Great Britain's commerce with her Australian possessions will go by Nicaragua or Suez, as business at intermediate points may determine. The trade of New York to India and China will still largely follow the Suez route, at great saving in other respects beside time.

While not undertaking to go minutely into the estimate of the amount of tonnage from different sources which has been represented as tributary to the canal, it is safe to say that the account has been too rose colored. It is impossible to determine what proportion of vessels, steam and sailing, would not prefer to double the two stormy capes, in going from Liverpool, London, or New York to India, China, or Australia, rather than pay the tolls, either at Nicaragua or Suez. It is quite evident, also, from the reluctance of capital to invest in the Nicaragua Canal, that there is little hope of profit. This is a day of larger accumulations of capital and of lower interest than ever before. There is a stronger tendency to invest in gigantic enterprises, in preference to smaller ones, even at reduced returns. It is a day of vast engineering operations, and the most daring schemes find aiders and abettors. Yet the Nicaragua Canal remains without subscribers.

Dismissing all idea of profit from it, it is to be considered whether, as a public undertaking, there are reasons sufficient to commit our government to its construction.

Before the above suggested diplomatic and engineering work is begun, how-

ever, we should have a definite idea as to the outcome of the French operations at Panama. If they have then shown a reasonable prospect of success, and a determined purpose, the Nicaragua Canal will no longer be thought of. We shall then, doubtless, be occupying ourselves in negotiating for, and asserting our intention to exercise control over, the Panama route; and the American sailor will be a familiar feature of Panama life.

While the operation of the Nicaragua Canal may be at a constant loss, nevertheless the advantage to American commerce may be so great, and our wealth be so increased, that the expense may be amply compensated. The grain, lumber, fruit, wine, and ore production of the Pacific Coast would be stimulated and greatly enlarged. The manufacturers of the East would find a cheaper route to their consumers, and could expect larger orders. The lumber and iron trade of the South would find new markets, and New Orleans be put into a position to compete successfully for a business she has not heretofore enjoyed. Among other benefits would be a lowering of through rates on transcontinental railways, and the pools which now control those charges would be broken.

A distinguished Senator from Florida, Mr. Pasco, a clear, accurate, and fair minded man, who has given much study to this question, has said that a concession of territory sufficient for a canal and its purposes would put it in the same class with works of internal improvement under the charge of the United States. Judging from our recent official deliverances, and the expressions of public sentiment through the usual channels, any isthmian canal must be under American control. We can hardly believe that any dispute with foreign nations as to such control would go further than diplomatic correspondence. Perhaps there might be emphatic protests and denunciations, but these would result in a peaceful accommodation.

Admitting, however, the possibility of an appeal to arms, the outcome would doubtless be a considerable change of frontier line, and the United States would find itself taking a new position in the world's politics. It is immaterial how

many nations might guarantee the neutrality of a canal, or on what agreed terms any single nation might control it. The necessities of war would recognize neither treaties nor rights, and the canal would go to the strongest.

It has been claimed that our west coast would be more easily defended by the ready transfer of our war ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but it should be remembered that the fleets of Great Britain, Germany, and France could be as readily transferred by the same means, so that the attack would be as much facilitated as the defense. It is disputable, therefore, whether our security would be more assured without a considerable increase of our navy. But whatever the cost of such an increase might be to the United States, it would be preferable to the control of the canal by any foreign

nation, or even a partnership with us in the control. The first would minimize American prestige in the Central and South American states, and the second would be a virtual surrender of the Monroe Doctrine, which this government cannot afford, and would not make.

The subject has a strong hold on the American imagination. Notwithstanding the difficulties, the dangers, and the cost, there is something inspiring in the thought of a great highway for commerce connecting the two chief oceans of the globe, on which, in the west, the east and the farther east may meet. The brief space allowed will not permit more than this contour sketch of the salient points of a great question, but it is hoped that what has been said may be suggestive enough to encourage the reader to a fuller examination.

H. D. Money.

MY IDEAL.

HER voice is sweeter than the wind
Through whispering trees,
Her eyes the azure that we find
On stormless seas.

Her hair is brighter than the gleam
Of golden sheaves,
And softer than the flickering beam
Of light on leaves.

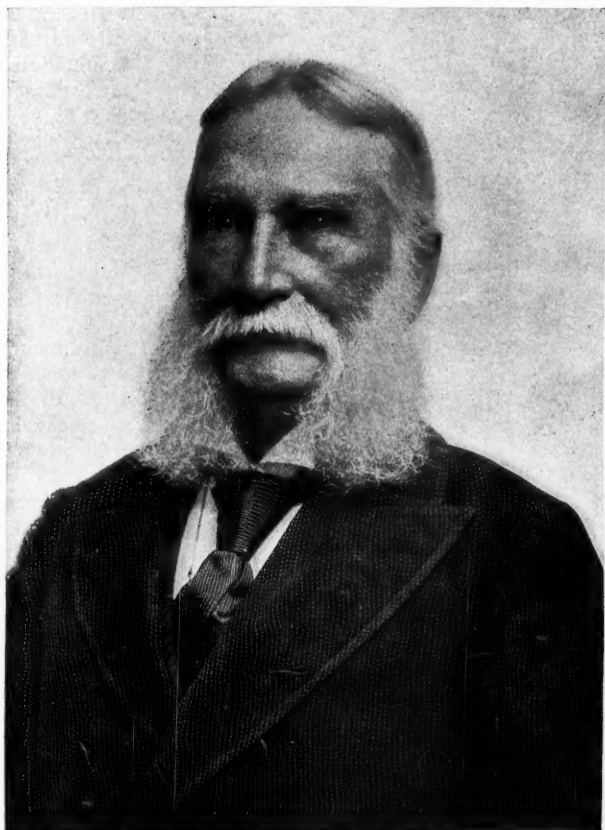
Her lips are lovelier than a bud
Of early spring,
When joy is at its vernal flood,
And thrushes sing.

Her pensive mood is like the blue
Of some far hill,
And gentler than the fall of dew
When winds are still.

Her mirth is like a flawless day
Free from all blight,
Or like a fountain's silver spray
That leaps in light.

Her heart is purer than the tide
That sweeps the shore,
And here my deep love shall abide
Forevermore.

William Hamilton Hayne.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, THE RANKING OFFICER OF
THE SURVIVING VETERANS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

From a photograph by White, Gainesville, Georgia.

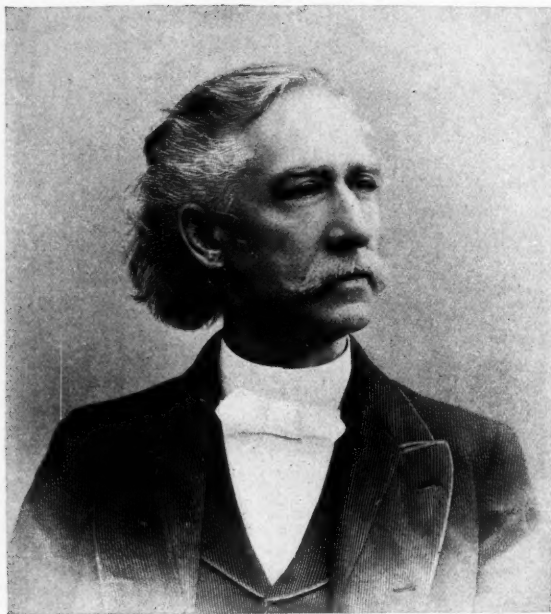
VETERANS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Living men who wore the gray and led the Southern battalions in the civil war, and the high places they have since held in the service of their States and the nation.

EVERY age has its heroes. In those of long ago we feel unceasing pride, while for the men of modern days our pride is mingled with a feeling of tenderness. The North and the South unite in paying tribute to the warriors of the republic's earlier wars, but the heart of the Southland beats with far greater affection for the heroes of the Confederacy. We have no thought of old issues, now passed away, when we say that to us there is no inspiration like that furnished by the men who wore the gray—an inspiration which will last through all the time to come.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has said that a child's education begins a hundred years before its birth. Many of the best soldiers on both sides in the civil war were descendants of men who fought bravely in the Revolution; and especially is this true of the South.

A fact which stands forward preëminently in the history of the Confederacy is the lofty character of the men who upheld its cause. The same men who proved their bravery on every field from Manassas to Appomattox, and who bear scars that attest their gallantry, showed them-



GOVERNOR O'FERRALL OF VIRGINIA.

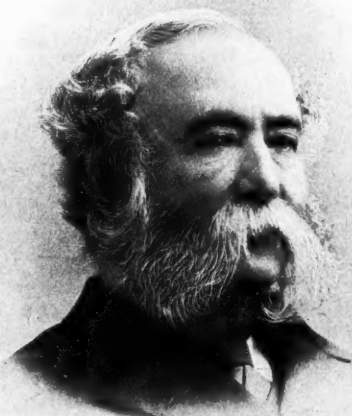
From a photograph by Foster, Richmond.

selves, when the war was over, active and efficient in promoting their country's welfare. Many of these men are now dead, for others the "shadows are lengthening and the sun is going down," but some of them are yet in the full vigor of their powers, and are useful and prominent in the affairs of the nation.

Of the Southern lieutenant generals, there are left but seven. The ranking Confederate officer now living is General James Longstreet. He entered the civil war under a halo of distinction won in Mexico, and more than fulfilled the promise he had there given. From the beginning to the close of hostilities, this great corps commander was constantly in action. At the Battle of the Wilderness he was so far forward that he was wounded by the fire of his own men—many of whom cherished for him a devotion equal to that of the Old Guard for Napoleon.

General Longstreet lives in Gainesville, Georgia. His hair and flowing beard are snow white, but his dark eyes retain much of the brightness of youth. He has a distinctly martial bearing, and the air of a leader of men. He has held several political positions, among them that of minister to Turkey.

One of the general's war reminiscences tells how he was mistaken for General J. E. B. Stuart, the famous cavalry commander. "Governor William Smith of Virginia," he says, "sometimes mistook me for General Stuart, though the resemblance between us, if any existed, was slight. On one occasion he came up to me, and, after ordinary salutations, remarked: 'I don't know how it is, general, that I

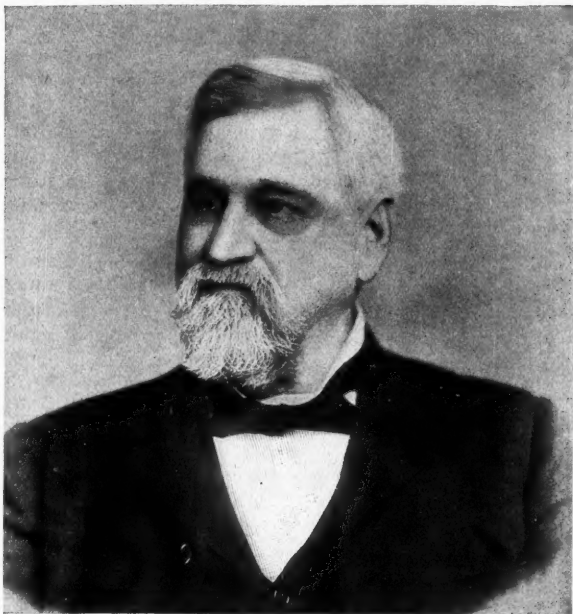


LIEUTENANT GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

sometimes take you for Longstreet. You are a *much* better looking man than he.' I said, 'My most intimate friends take me for Longstreet, Governor, so I don't feel at all offended when so addressed.' "

At the Confederate reunion held in Richmond a year ago last July, General John B. Gordon was chosen commander of the United Confederate Veteran Association. He rode near the head of the long procession as it wound its way through the streets of the historic city, and his soldierly air and the scars on his strong face rendered him a conspicuous figure. General Gordon served throughout the war, and



LIEUTENANT GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE, OF MISSISSIPPI.

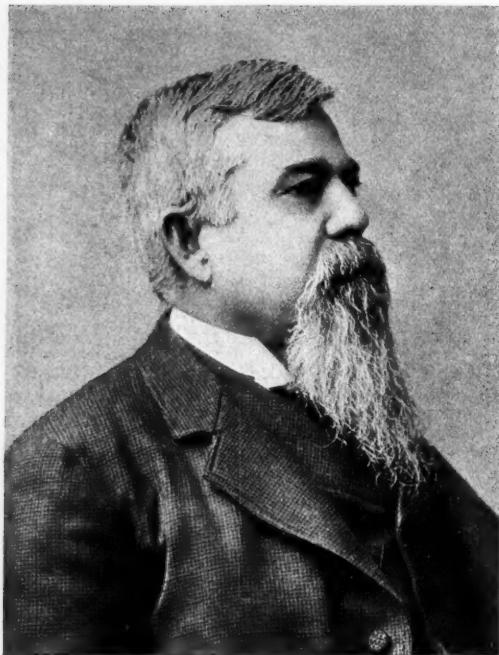
From a photograph by Barnes, Meridian.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL ALEXANDER P. STEWART.

From a photograph by Schmedding, Chattanooga.

won a high reputation for valor upon the battlefield—a quality that was his natural heritage, as his great grandfather was one of seven brothers who fought bravely in the Revolution; and his ancestors were the Scottish family that battled "for God and the queen" in the struggle between the sixth James of Scotland and his hapless mother. When the civil war broke out, John B. Gordon, who had graduated from the University of Georgia nine years before, and who was then engaged in opening Southern coal mines, at once volunteered for service. He rose to the rank of lieutenant general, and to the command of a wing of Lee's army. He received several serious wounds; at one battle, that of Sharpsburg—called Antietam in the North—he



SENATOR CAFFERY OF LOUISIANA.

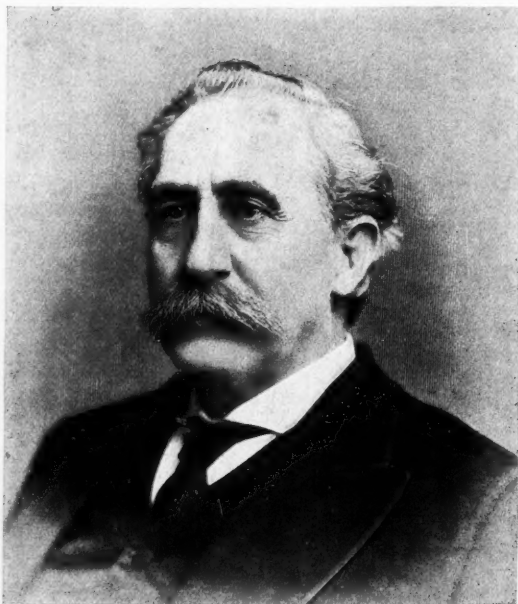
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

was, shot five times. Only the care and attention of his devoted wife, who followed him throughout the war, saved his life. He led the last charge at Appomattox, and in that hour of disaster he was victorious, taking the Federal breastworks and capturing their artillery. After the surrender he made a speech to his shattered command, in which he earnestly urged them "to bear the trial, obey the laws, rebuild their homes, and work for the weal and harmony of the country."

Since the war, Gordon has been almost constantly in public life, having been twice elected Governor and thrice to the United States Senate. As a Senator he exerted powerful influence in behalf of the Southern people. It was he who secured the

removal of the Federal troops from South Carolina—an action that called from Wade Hampton, then Governor, the memorable telegram: "South Carolina thanks you!" The grateful women of the State presented him with a service of silver, on each piece of which was embossed, in gold, the palmetto tree of South Carolina. To his daughter they sent a silver urn, on which the Governor's message again appeared. A portrait of General Gordon was given in *MUNSEY'S* about a year ago (December, 1896).

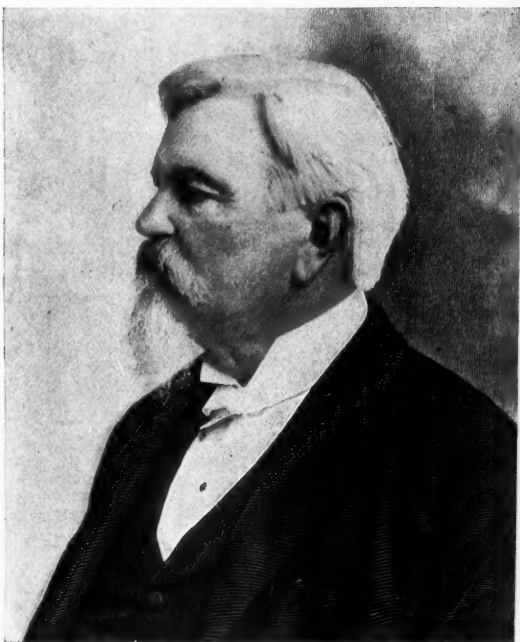
On the first day of the reunion in Richmond, just mentioned, thousands of old soldiers from all sections of the South assembled in the Confederate Auditorium. The Governor of Virginia, himself a distinguished Confederate veteran, was delivering an address of welcome, when the door opened and General Wade Hampton, the dashing



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM B. BATE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

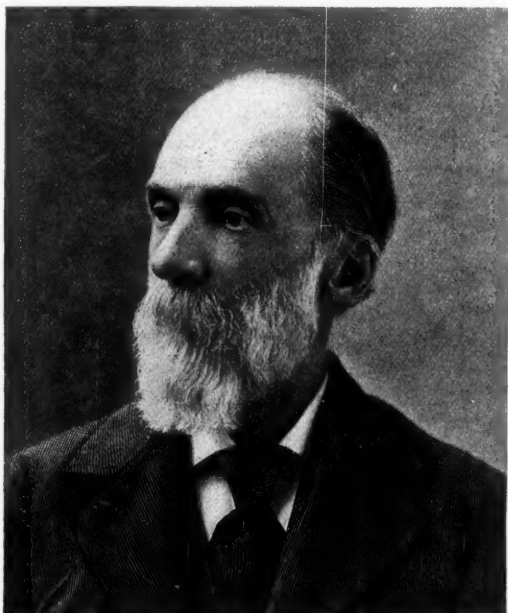
From a photograph by Calvert & Taylor, Nashville.

cavalry leader and *beau sabreur* of the Army of Northern Virginia, walked slowly down the long aisle of the building. His appearance caused an ovation which brought tears to his eyes and to those of every spectator. Many of the men present had served under him, and such was their delight at the sight of their old chief that Governor O'Ferrall was compelled to desist from speaking, while Hampton came forward and said a few words. The Governor then resumed his address, but at its conclusion the cries of "Hampton, God bless him!" were so vigorous and prolonged that once more the South Carolina general was forced to address the excited throng. The next day a touching scene took place, when he gathered the remnant of Hampton's Legion about him and grasped each by the hand.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER, OF KENTUCKY.

From a photograph by Klauber, Louisville.

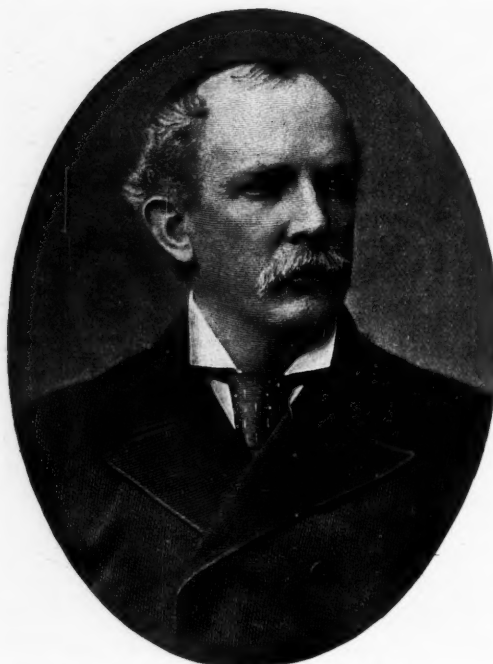


LIEUTENANT GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM ALABAMA.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

General Hampton has served his State in time of peace as well as in war, and his influence in South Carolina is great. He was Governor in 1878, and afterwards a United States Senator. He is a Southerner of the old school, with polished manners and courtly address. He is noted for his horsemanship, and in former days was an ardent sportsman. Soon after the war, when asked what course he intended to pursue in regard to the negroes on his plantation, he said: "As slaves, they were faithful to me; as free men, I will continue to be their friend."

Lieutenant General Stephen D. Lee is also a South Carolinian by birth, though he has passed the greater part of his life in Mississippi. His grandfather, William Lee, was one of Carolina's Revolutionary heroes. Stephen Lee was an officer in the United States army, but



MAJOR GENERAL MATTHEW C. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

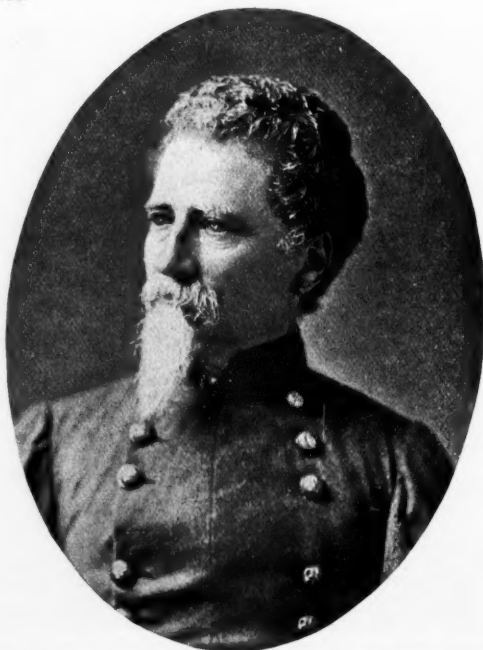
doffed the blue to assume the gray of the Confederacy. His record as a soldier is without a blemish, and he was several times complimented by his namesake, General Robert E. Lee, for gallantry. General Dabney Maury, who was one of his instructors at West Point, says of him that "through life he has always been greater than his opportunities."

After the war, General Lee settled down on his plantation, and lived the quiet life of a country gentleman until 1880, when the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi was founded, and he became its president. He has intellectual gifts of a high order, and is a finished speaker.

Another lieutenant general who is associated with a Mississippi university is Alexander P. Stewart, a native of Tennessee, and a distinguished West Point graduate. During the greater part of his life

he has been connected with educational institutions, having been, in ante bellum days, an instructor at West Point and a professor at Cumberland and Nashville Universities. He is now chancellor of the University of Mississippi. In the war he first served as major of artillery, but rapidly received promotion. Seven years ago he was chosen one of the commissioners appointed by the government to convert the battlefield of Chickamauga into a national park.

Chickamauga was the battle in which Joseph Wheeler, who ranked high as a cavalry leader in war days, won his brightest laurels. Upon the death of J. E. B. Stuart, General Wheeler became senior cavalry general of the Confederate forces, and two months before hostilities closed he received the rank of lieutenant general. Since the war, he has been a cotton planter, and has served several terms in Congress.



MAJOR GENERAL DABNEY H. MAURY, OF VIRGINIA.

From a photograph by Cook, Richmond.

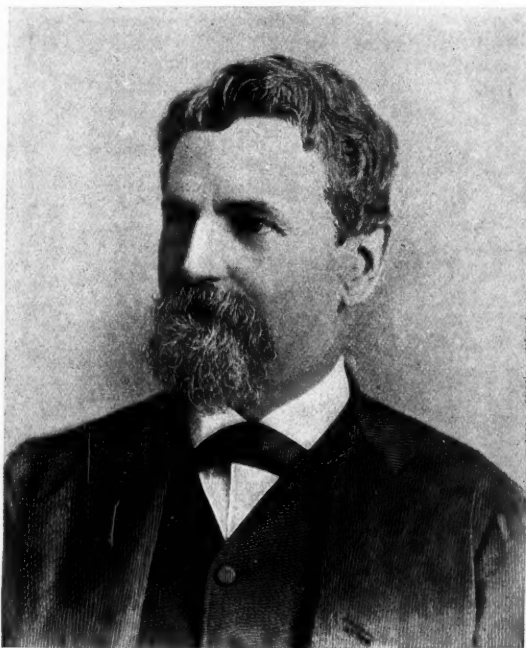
A gallant ex Confederate, who has taken a prominent part in politics, is General Simon Bolivar Buckner. He entered the army as a West Point graduate, and won his first promotion in the Mexican war, where he was brevetted first lieutenant for brave conduct at the battles of Churubusco and Contreras, and at Molino del Rey was promoted to a captaincy. In 1855 Buckner resigned from the army. Six years later, when hostilities began, vigorous efforts were made by the Federal authorities to secure his services, and a general's commission was offered him, but he cast his lot with the South.

A pretty incident in the grim setting of war occurred at Fort Donelson, where Buckner surrendered to General Grant. They had been



SENATOR LINDSAY, OF KENTUCKY.

From a photograph by Klaber, Louisville.

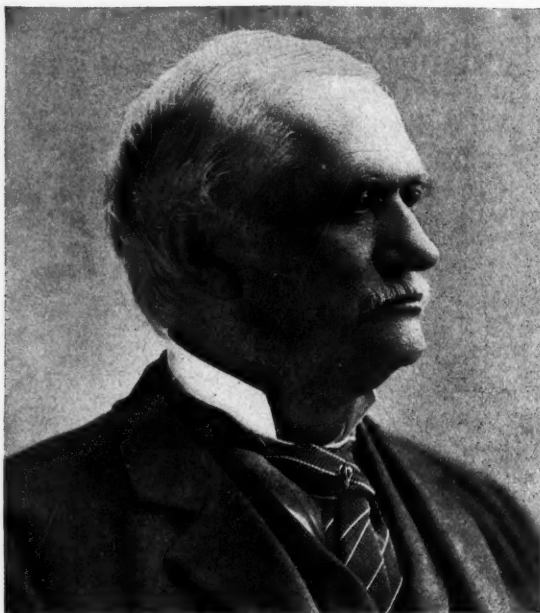


BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS, OF LOUISIANA.

From a photograph by Moses, New Orleans.

great friends when cadets together at West Point, and though Grant demanded unconditional surrender, he treated his old classmate with marked consideration. Long years afterwards, a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune placed Grant in straitened circumstances, and Buckner at once hastened to him with offers of assistance.

At the close of the civil war, General Buckner engaged in journalism, and edited newspapers in New Orleans and in Louisville. In 1883 he was elected Governor of Kentucky. Few who attended the State balls given at Frankfort during his term of office will forget the impression made on them by the heroic veteran of two great wars and his lovely



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN T. MORGAN, UNITED STATES
SENATOR FROM ALABAMA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

young wife. The latter, as Delia Claiborne, of Richmond, was a noted Southern belle.

General Buckner's name came prominently before the public during the Presidential campaign of 1896, when he was nominated for the Vice Presidency by Democrats who refused to accept Mr. Bryan's coinage theories. In the intervals of his busy life, he lives quietly at the country home, Glen Lily, in which he was born seventy six years ago. His popularity is very great throughout Kentucky and among his old soldiers.

General Dabney H. Maury is another veteran of the Mexican war who aided in the struggle of the Confederacy. He is descended from French Huguenots, and from old

English families who received large grants of land from Charles II and Queen Anne. The celebrated Commodore Matthew Maury was his uncle, and had charge of him from early boyhood. He was sent to the University of Virginia, and then to West Point, where, his not being a nature attuned to severe discipline, he says that he spent "the only unhappy years of a most happy life." At that time McClellan, Jackson, Grant, A. P. Hill, Burnside, and others who were destined soon to be brought into prominence, were in the corps of cadets.

In Mexico Maury acquitted himself valorously, and rapidly won both promotion in rank and the admiration of his fellow citizens in quiet old Fredericksburg, who united with the Legislature



MAJOR GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT
HAVANA.

From a photograph by Cohn, Havana.

of Virginia in presenting him with a sword, which today is one of his most cherished possessions. Later, he returned to West Point as an instructor.

General Maury married Miss Mason, of King George County, Virginia. The wedding, which took place at Cleveland, her father's country home, was one of the good old fashioned sort, with festivities lasting for a week. Burnside and others of Maury's brother officers—soon to be arrayed against one another in a great war—acted as his groomsmen, and dazzled the eyes of the Virginia maidens with the glitter of their brass buttons and gold lace. Three of Mrs. Maury's sisters and three of her first cousins married army officers, and General Sherman is said to have exclaimed, "Are there any more of them? These Mason girls will break up the army!"

When Virginia seceded, Maury, then adjutant general of the Department of New Mexico, hastened to resign his commission and follow her fortunes. He entered the Confederate army as colonel, and rose to the rank of major general. Soon after the war he founded the Southern Historical Society. During Cleveland's first term he served as minister to the United States of Colombia. He is the author of a delightful volume entitled, "The Recollections of a Virginian," and of a history of Virginia. In these peaceful days he makes his home in Richmond, and a stranger dropping in at the Westmoreland Club is likely to meet him—a genial, courteous old gentleman, with a fund of interesting anecdote.

Senator Matthew C. Butler is one of a family of distinguished men. His grandfather, General William Butler, was a gallant Revolutionary officer, whose three sons also became prominent. One of them was Governor Pierce Butler, another United States Senator A. P. Butler, and a third Dr. William Butler, a surgeon in the navy and Member of Congress. The latter married a sister of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, and Senator Matthew Butler is their son.

Senator Butler began his public career very young, being elected to the South Carolina Legislature when barely twenty four. He resigned his office to enter the Confederate army, and was promoted through

the various grades until he became major general. At the battle of Brandy Station he received a wound which lamed him for life, but which was the occasion of a touching occurrence. The same ball that struck Butler and killed his horse carried death to a young officer named Farley. Some South Carolinians rushed to Butler's assistance, but in the midst of his own sufferings he thought only of the poor fellow who lay dying beside him, and said: "Go to Farley, gentlemen; he needs you more than I do."

After the surrender, Butler found himself minus one leg, and with a capital of precisely a dollar and seventy five cents. As he had a wife and three children to support, the situation was not bright; but he straightway betook himself to the practice of law, and in the course of time prospered. In 1876 he was elected United States Senator, and was twice unanimously reelected.

General Fitzhugh Lee, popularly known as "Fitz," whose genial presence and ready wit have always made him a social favorite, was one of the most dashing of cavalry officers. When a youth in the United States army, he saw service on the frontier against the Indians, and both then and in the civil war was noted for daring and courage. At Winchester he had three horses shot under him and was badly wounded. Of late years General Lee has entered politics. In 1885 he was elected Governor of Virginia, an office which his grandfather, "Light Horse Harry" Lee, had held before him. He is now consul general at Havana.

While Governor, he once went to the Ponce de Leon Hotel, at St. Augustine, and upon his arrival was conducted with much éclat to a magnificent suite of rooms, which he found elaborately decorated with flowers. He had purposed spending a week at the hostelry, but happened to observe a placard on the wall, bearing the price of his rooms. For once in his life the jovial soldier and statesman looked serious. Early the next morning he repaired in haste to the office, where he called for his bill, and informed the clerk that business affairs required his immediate presence elsewhere. General Lee says that no words can describe the state of his feelings on being

told—too late—that there was no bill for the Governor of Virginia; that he was the guest of the hotel as long as he honored it with his presence.

One of the hardest fights in the career of General Francis T. Nicholls was waged long after the ending of the civil war. It was a few years ago, when as Governor of Louisiana he vetoed the bill granting a new charter to the notorious Louisiana lottery, and defied the power of a corporation which had boasted that it owned the State. Governor Nicholls is a native born Louisianian, a son of Judge Thomas Nicholls. As a West Point graduate he saw service against the Seminole Indians, but forsook the pursuit of arms for that of law. He speedily returned to the former, however, when his State seceded, joining the Confederate army as captain in a Louisiana regiment, and rising to the rank of brigadier general.

General Nicholls lost an arm at Winchester and a leg at Chancellorsville. Beshinking himself of his boyish ambition to become a judge, like his father, he is said to have exclaimed: "I can never make a just judge now—I am too one sided!" His people seem to have thought differently, however, as he is today chief justice of the supreme court of Louisiana. When he retired from the Governorship he was presented with a silver service, the salver bearing the words in which he vetoed the lottery bill: "At no time and under no circumstances will I permit one of my hands to aid in degrading what the other was lost in seeking to uphold—the honor of my native State. Were I to affix my signature to this bill, I would indeed be ashamed to let my left hand know what my right hand had done. I place the honor of my State above money."

An Ohio man once said that he had expected the Southerners, when they came back to Congress after the war, to slink quietly in by the back door and meekly pray to be forgiven like the prodigal son; instead of which they stalked boldly in at front, took prominent seats, and didn't wait for the fatted calf to be killed, but called for veal at once!

Among the occupants of these "prominent seats" is John T. Morgan of Ala-

bama, who is now serving his fourth term in the Senate. Morgan aided in the equipment of the Fifty First Alabama, and for a time was one of its officers. When the colonel of this regiment was killed in battle, he delighted his old comrades by resigning a higher rank to return to them.

One of the Senate's orators is John W. Daniel of Virginia. During the war he served in the Stonewall Brigade, and was crippled while adjutant of Early's division. Major Daniel delivered the oration when the recumbent figure of Lee was unveiled in Lexington, and his eloquence was never more thrilling than when he pronounced his eulogium over the marble figure of his dead chief.

Senator Daniel is an ardent advocate of the silver standard, and during the last Presidential campaign was an active supporter of Mr. Bryan, to whom he bears a personal resemblance. On the other hand, two very prominent advocates of the gold standard are Donelson Caffery of Louisiana and William Lindsay of Kentucky. The former served during the war on the staff of General W. W. Walker. Before that time he had owned a large sugar plantation, which the war swept from him. Today, when not occupied with his Senatorial duties, he engages in his former pursuit. Senator Lindsay, who served continuously through the war, has held important positions in Kentucky, having been judge of the court of appeals, chief justice, State Senator, and United States Senator.

A colleague of these Senators is William B. Bate of Tennessee, who served in the Mexican war and in the Confederate army. Enlisting as a private soldier, he passed through every grade of promotion until finally he received a major general's commission.

In the House of Representatives, among other ex Confederates is Joseph Sayers of Texas, who commanded the famous Val Verde Battery and was made captain by an order commenting on his distinguished gallantry. Many other wearers of the gray are no less prominent, both in and out of public life, and should be mentioned here did space permit.

Mary Lyons Mayo.

Louise Allan Mayo.

ANTONIO'S ALIBI.

BY WARREN McVEIGH.

A comedy of real life in the metropolis—How the diplomatic Antonio triumphed in law and in love, winning both Julia and her red shawl.

MICHAEL TIALO called on Julia Petronelli, and gave her a beautiful red shawl and a pair of large glass earrings. Julia put them on and admired herself. Then Michael seasoned the egg with the salt.

"Julia," he said, "I love you."

"Ah," said she, "you make your hay too fast!"

He pressed her for an answer. She would give him none.

"I will kill myself!" he cried.

"When?"

"This very night."

"All right," replied the girl. "But, Michael!"

"Yes?"

"Do not forget to come to see me tomorrow. Maybe I will tell you something then."

She smiled and half closed her eyes and looked at him sleepily through her eyelashes. Michael was radiantly happy. He seized her hand and kissed it passionately.

"Then I may hope?" he cried.

"Hope," she repeated, "hope! This is a land where they have many laws, but I know of none against hoping. Yes, Michael, you may hope."

Michael left her, and slept but little that night.

As soon as he was gone Julia went into the next room. There sat her mother, darning little Tonio's trousers. The little boy was asleep in his bed in the corner near the stove. Julia sat down near her mother, and looked at herself again in the window pane. The reflection was not perfect, but she could see the sparkle of the earrings, and she was happy.

Her mother looked up once or twice from her work.

"Julia," she said, after a while.

"Yes, mamma."

"I have been sewing many thoughts into your little brother's pantaloons. Ah me, if they would but do a little good!"

"What are they, mamma?"

"I was young once, Julia, and a young man brought me a red shawl and a pair of diamond earrings. When I married him, my dear, I found out that the diamonds were glass, and that the shawl kept me from getting too cold when I had to go out and work for my husband and myself. Who is Michael?"

"He has a very good stand."

"I thought so. A bootblack never shines his own shoes. Do you love him?"

"Ah, mamma, I do not know."

"Then you do not. There is Antonio!"

"I do know about him."

"You do. Then you had best let him know."

"How?"

"Nonsense! When I was a girl I did not ask my mother to tell me how to make a young man like me."

"I will try," said the girl.

"That is right. Antonio is a smart man. He is no plodder, like Michael. With him you will be rich and happy. You are too pretty to waste yourself on Michael. Aim at the sun, my child; perhaps you may hit a star."

Julia went to bed. Early the next morning she put on her red shawl and her earrings and went out to show herself to Antonio. This young man had a hundred irons in the fire, and among other things he was a fortune teller. He had five little parrots, and a box of red and green slips of paper with fortunes printed on them. The red papers told the fortunes of young men; the green papers

told the fortunes of young women. Two of the parrots were trained to pick up the red papers in their bills, the others to pick up the green papers; so that when a young man paid five cents for his fortune, Antonio had but to call upon one of those who dealt in futures for young men to do his duty; and when he had a young woman for a customer, he had but to call upon one of the others.

Julia found him at the corner of the street.

"Good morning, Antonio," she cried. "Will you not let one of your little birds tell my fortune for me?"

"Certainly."

He picked up one of the little parrots, and put its bill down among the green papers. The parrot selected one, and Antonio handed it to the girl. She read it, and then burst out laughing.

"Your parrot is a fraud," she cried.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Why, last week you told me my fortune, and today you give me the same fortune."

"What would you have?" cried he. "My birds are honest! If they had given you different fortunes, why, then you might have complained. As it is——"

"Hey, hey!" cried an old woman at this moment.

She dashed up behind Julia and seized her by the shoulders. She shook her roughly.

"Ah, you thief," cried the old woman, "where did you steal my shawl? Take it off, you thief! Police, police!"

Julia was terribly frightened. She did not know what to say or what to do; so she burst into tears. Antonio cast his eyes around. The old woman continued to cry for the police, and a crowd was gathering. In a moment he had made up his mind.

"Here," he suddenly cried, "you stop that!"

"What have you to do with it?" exclaimed the old woman. Antonio looked at her so fiercely, though, that she stopped shaking the girl.

"Run," whispered Antonio.

Julia took to her heels. The old woman and a great crowd followed her. Antonio turned his parrots over to a friend, and joined the procession.

Julia reached her home, and dashed up stairs to her room, and locked herself in. A few moments later the crowd knocked loudly at the door. Julia's mother came out of the kitchen.

"What's the matter?" she asked the girl.

"I do not know, only do not open the door until Antonio comes," replied the girl.

"Oh, it's Antonio, eh?" said the shrewd old mother.

"Open," cried a voice from without. "It is Antonio!"

The mother opened the door, and the young man sprang in.

"Now will you tell me what this means?" asked the mother.

"Later on," replied Antonio. "I have no time now. Give me the shawl," he said, turning to the girl. She gave it to him. "Now throw open your door," he cried, and a moment later the old woman who had been robbed, and the crowd, headed by a policeman, came in.

"Here," cried the policeman, "give up the shawl!"

"No speak English," said Antonio, wagging his head foolishly.

"The old dame says you stole it from her. Give it up or I'll arrest you."

"No speak English," repeated Antonio, holding on to the shawl, however.

Julia was in tears. She looked around at the crowd, and saw Michael skulking near the door.

"Ah, you——" she cried, but Antonio stopped her.

"Be quiet," he said; "leave this to me."

"Are you going to give it up?" cried the policeman, becoming impatient.

"No speak English," said the young man again, and the policeman caught him by the arm and led him off to the station house, the crowd and Julia and her mother following. From the station house they took him to the police court. When they got there many other prisoners were ahead of them, waiting to have their cases disposed of, so Antonio had time to say to Julia, who sat near where he stood:

"You send for my boss, Mr. Robson. I'll prove an alibi."

"An alibi!" cried the girl. "Oh, don't, don't!"

"And why not?"

"Oh, such a terrible thing! They might hang you for it!"

Antonio laughed.

"You don't know what an alibi is. It's American. You send for my boss."

Julia sent a friend for Mr. Robson, and in a little while he reached the court room. He was an influential man, and the magistrate knew him. At his request the case was called at once.

The old woman said that her shawl had been stolen from her. Antonio had the shawl, therefore he must be the thief, she declared. The magistrate nodded his head. He asked her when it was stolen.

"Yesterday morning, when I was away from home," she said.

"What time?"

"Nine o'clock."

"I'll prove an alibi," said Antonio.

Julia shuddered.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate.

"Alibi," replied Antonio.

"Alibi?" repeated the magistrate. "How?"

"My boss," said Antonio.

"Indeed!" replied the magistrate.

"What do you know about this, Mr. Robson?"

"The lad is right," replied Robson. "He was with me all the morning. I did not lose sight of him all day long, in

fact, for he was doing a lot of work for me."

The magistrate looked at the old woman who had accused Antonio. He looked at her for such a long time that she felt sure that he could see through her, and knew everything that she had done. The longer he looked, the greater became her discomfort. Her only thought was to get away from the court room and those awful spectacles.

"Well," thundered the magistrate, "what do you mean by——"

But she waited for no more. With a loud cry she gathered up her skirts and ran from the court room as if her life depended on it.

"Discharged," said the magistrate, and Robson shook hands with him and then with Antonio. Antonio took Julia and the red shawl back to Mulberry Street.

That night Michael came for his answer.

"You stole that shawl," exclaimed Julia angrily, when she saw him.

"I did it for you," he cried. "I would die for you!"

"Then, do so," exclaimed the girl.

"Here, get out!" thundered a voice behind Michael, and Antonio entered the room.

The next day Antonio took Julia and the red shawl down to the City Hall, and the alderman kissed the bride.

MY LADY MONOGRAM.

I WONDER if she'd sell her soul to decorate a fan!

My Lady Monogram is my despair.

She gathers crests and letterheads in every place she can.

Many forbidden fields for her I dare.

I hasten to the great hotels where never I was guest,

Even the flunkies at the door I brave;

And there the costliest letterheads I glean at her behest,

That she may have a monogram to save.

I gather spoil from every club where I've a friend enrolled;

My titled chum regards me as a pest;

Heraldic signs and rarest coats of arms in blue and gold

My Lady Monogram considers best.

I'd delve the wide world o'er and o'er to deck this fan of thine

If at the end thou would'st accept of me,

The letters three which make this humble monogram of mine,

And may one seal suffice for me and thee.

John Walker Harrington.

STORIETTES

MISS UNKNOWN.

FROM time to time during the session, Congress had been wrestling with a bill concerning the irrigation of certain government lands in Colorado. A syndicate was endeavoring to get the privilege of watering these lands on the condition that alternate sections be deeded to it. No one seemed to understand the bill very thoroughly, but that was the gist of it. The members from the East paid little attention to the measure; but every time the bill came up Lorimor from Colorado made a speech against it, and in some mysterious way succeeded in getting it shelved. The bill came to be the butt of jokes, and whenever it was brought up cries of "Lorimor!" greeted it. Lorimor was always ready to make an indefinite little speech, hinting that there was something wrong about the bill, and juggling with words in such a way that he was successful in staving it off. It kept coming up so frequently, however, that it was evident that persistent lobbying was going on. Then the newspapers took it up, and Lorimor became famous as the antagonist of a bill that was supposed to be "off color" in some way. Rumors of all sorts went the rounds of the press, and reporters besieged Lorimor, but without success. He fairly barricaded his apartments, and those newspaper men who got past the fortifications found him absolutely interview proof. When it was rumored that Lorimor had managed to delay the bill for two weeks longer, and had left for Colorado to investigate the matter, public curiosity was goaded to the highest pitch.

On his way back to Washington, Lorimor sat in a Pullman car, and gazed out on the snow covered Iowa cornfields. Here and there a cornstalk held a few withered leaves above the snow, but the view was much the same in all directions—prairies covered with snow and dotted with occasional farm buildings. The extreme cold caused the wheels to creak annoyingly. He tried to read, but the cars swayed so that his eyes tired; then his thoughts wandered back to Washington, and he smiled grimly as he contemplated the surprise he had in store for certain Congressmen. But he would have nothing but bills and debates and discussions when he got to Washington; and he felt bound to turn his mind to something else. He felt that he would like to talk to some one, yet there was

not another person in the car, not even a porter. His thoughts ran back to his Eastern home, his college days, the friends he had left to go West, his law practice, and finally brought him face to face with his present condition—a successful politician, with scarcely a person in the world he could call a friend.

The train pulled into a little station, and Lorimor looked eagerly out of the window in the hope of seeing some passenger who would share the empty car with him. His hope was realized. The porter brought a woman into the car—a young woman. She sat opposite Lorimor, where he could see her plainly. One look was enough to banish his feeling of loneliness. She was a tall, fine looking girl with a peculiarly sympathetic face and an air of independence that was charming. Lorimor had paid no attention to women's clothes for years, but there was something about the fur trimmed hat and the fur boa which this woman wore that reminded him of a girl he had taken to a Junior Promenade years ago; and, although he tried not to think of it, he remembered that he had almost loved that girl. Fifteen years vanished in a moment; all of Lorimor's later life was wiped out, and as a boy of twenty he raised his cap and sat down in the seat facing Miss Unknown.

He begged her to excuse his forwardness and explained how deserted the car had been for two days, whereat Miss Unknown blushed slightly and made a remark about the monotony of travel in such weather that set them at ease. Presently the conversation turned to books, and Lorimor found that his tastes and Miss Unknown's were almost exactly the same. A girl who doted on Thackeray and Balzac was a little unusual, but he reasoned that girls had changed since his school days.

After an inquiring glance at Lorimor Miss Unknown began speaking:

"Perhaps you may think it queer of me to ask such a question, but I have not seen a paper for two days, and I should like to know what has come of the Colorado land bill that Lorimor was opposing?"

"Nothing more has been done with it, but I believe that it is to come up before the session is over," Lorimor replied, with an affected air of indifference.

"All my friends laugh at me for taking such an interest in legislative measures, but my father knows all about such things, and I

see no reason why I shouldn't. This bill has interested me particularly, because I have felt all along that Lorimor will unearth some boodling scheme—you know he is out West now investigating the matter. I have conjectured as to the outcome, and expect to hear that the syndicate was trying to get a large grant of mineral lands by merely pretending that it would water them. Does this seem reasonable to you?"

Lorimor hesitated for a moment.

"No, I scarcely think that is the scheme. A friend who is well posted in the matter confided in me, and I imagine that he has hit upon the syndicate's plan. He thinks that they are buying the bill through Congress, and if the bill succeeds it will be found that men who are agents for the syndicate have preempted all the irrigable country adjoining the lands in question. In this way the syndicate will obtain many thousand acres of valuable land for almost nothing, and will gain control of all the available water. Of course it all hinges on the passage of the bill."

"Well," Miss Unknown began, "the scheme certainly is plausible. Another of those plans to defraud the government of its lands."

Just then the brakeman called "Des Moines," and Miss Unknown began pulling on her gloves in preparation for leaving the train. Lorimor helped her off the car and into a cab. As the cab disappeared through a side street he turned to his train, full of regret that this interesting girl had stopped so soon. He wished that he knew her name, and felt sorry that he had not introduced himself. As the train left Des Moines he looked out longingly at the lights that were springing into brightness one by one. Every lighted window would welcome somebody home that night, but nowhere in the world was there anybody preparing to welcome him. Then he pictured Miss Unknown presiding over a cheerful home, and he promised himself that he would soon retire from public life, and, together with a woman like the one he had just left, make a home where love should supplant ambition. He fell asleep picturing the girl whom he had taken to the Junior Promenade, and no knotty political problems disturbed his rest. When he awakened in the morning his first thoughts were of this sweetheart of long ago.

As the train neared Chicago a newsboy came through the car crying his papers:

"Lorimor speaks! The truth about the land swindle in Congress!"

Lorimor smiled when he heard the boy. "Some fake interview," he mused; but he bought a paper and glanced at the headlines:

"Lorimor at last gives up the secret. Investigation unearths a proposed steal. Syndicate has preempted thousands of acres adjoining the tract it asks from Congress, and the passage of the bill would grant it a great body of irrigable land almost without cost."

He dropped the paper. The world had the story two days before he intended to explode the bomb in Congress. "Well done, any way, and quick too," he reflected. "Only took her an hour to find out all she wanted to know. Well, I'm glad she was good looking."

Charles S. Smith.

A POINT OF HONOR.

ONE dark, stormy night in early March, two revenue officers suddenly tore aside the blackberry vines which concealed the mouth of a small cave in the side of the mist swathed Hog Mountain, revealing a "wild cat" still in full operation. Silhouetted against the gray, firelit granite of the cave wall were the tall figures and bronzed, bearded faces of the owners of this rude contrivance for outwitting Uncle Sam—Lem and Watt Collins. Their first impulse was to spring upon the intruders, but the muzzles of two revolvers, held within some twenty inches of their heads, soon convinced them of the futility of resistance. Their guns were leaning against the wall near the entrance, and well out of reach, so they sullenly submitted to having the handcuffs clapped on their brawny wrists, and watched the destruction of the "worm and mash" and the other appurtenances of the still in grim silence. Not until they were ordered to "move on and step lively" did they speak; then the elder asked that they be allowed to say good by to their families—a request which was curtly refused.

They were marched down the mountain side in short order, and a few hours later they were aboard a train bound for Atlanta. Here they were placed in jail, with a number of other men awaiting trial for similar offenses.

Accustomed as they were to the freedom and fresh air of their beloved mountains, the brothers did not take kindly to prison life, and they grieved for a sight of the faces of the wives and children they had been forced to leave in the lonely little log cabins. So summarily deprived of their natural protectors, how were they faring? It was a long time before any news of home reached the moonshiners, but one day a dusty, perspiring old mountaineer walked into the prison office, and asked jailer Poole if he might see "his boys," Lem and Watt Collins.

The elder Collins was greatly distressed at the sight of his sons' pallid faces and sunken

eyes, but before he returned to Hog Mountain he succeeded in obtaining a yard bond for them.

This is not an unusual privilege to be extended to a "moonshiner" in a Southern jail. Considerable sympathy—though perhaps unacknowledged—is felt for these queer, shy mountaineers, who persist in following in the footsteps of their forefathers, in trying to help out their scanty means of living by turning a portion of their corn crop into whisky. Understanding nothing about the restraints of law, and drawing in the sense of individual freedom with every breath of wild mountain air, it is impossible to persuade these men that they have not a right to do what they please with the contents of their little log corn cribs, which represents a season's labor on sterile, rocky land. A sense of wrong, of persecution, has been handed down to them, and they have been taught to believe that every man's hand is against them, and to look upon all strangers as probable spies or revenue officers in disguise. Most of them are densely ignorant, and very few can read and write, or have ever heard a sermon, or know anything of God except as a name to swear by! And yet these men have a high standard of honor in one respect—they never break their word; and knowing this characteristic of the rough men they have in charge, knowing, too, the absolute necessity of some outdoor life, the prison officials accord the privilege of a yard bond.

A yard bond, in the Atlanta jail, gives the breaker of revenue laws, providing his character is otherwise good, the freedom not only to stroll about the walled prison yard, but to extend his walk out upon the street the length of the jail inclosure, where he can lounge on the wooden steps of Thompson's grocery next door, or, squatted on the ground in a circle of congenial spirits, play "mumble the peg" with a rusty jack knife.

Mrs. Holden, the jail "angel," who visited the prison twice a week to distribute tracts and newspapers, along with sympathetic and encouraging words, had been attracted from the first to Lem Collins, the elder of the brothers. There was a wistful appeal, which she divined rather than saw, in his faded blue eyes and sallow face. It was only after many attempts to win his confidence that she succeeded in getting him to speak of himself, and his wife and child, a little girl four years old; and at the mention of "my baby Callie," his eyes brightened and into the rough voice there crept a softness that told his listener that the child was the joy and the pride of her father's heart.

One day, Mrs. Holden found jailer Poole

in a state of great excitement. His bristly red hair stood up even more aggressively than was its wont, and his flabby cheeks showed a choleric increase in color. Mrs. Holden paused beside his desk. "I hope nothing is wrong, Mr. Poole," she said, in her gentle tones.

"Yes, ma'am; wrong enough," he answered, as he threw his pen on the desk and shuffled to his feet. "That perticler pet of yourn, Lem Collins, skipped his bond yis-tiddy. 'Tain't likely, nuther, you'll ever see hair nor hide uv the yellow hound ag'in. He's the fust moonshiner who ever bolted since I kerried the keys ter this jail—and that's been many a year."

"Lem Collins broken his bond? There must have been a reason for his running away, Mr. Poole," Mrs. Holden said, with a look of much concern.

"Yes, ma'am; you are right there. He got a letter from the doctor what's tendin' his kid. She's been sick a long spell with the fever, and the doctor wrote there weren't no chance fer her ter git well, and ef Lem wanted ter see her alive he hadn't no time to lose gettin' home. I read the letter to him myself, and it's upshot me ever since, rememberin' how Lem looked when I read out about the baby callin' fer him all the time. He didn't drop narry tear nor word, but he—he jist *looked*! I telephoned to Judge Claxton an' Lawyer Hull about lettin' Lem go home, and tried ter give it to 'em straight 'bout his dyin' child, but it weren't no use; both uv em said that ef they let Lem go home, all the other moonshiners would be gittin' friends to send for 'em to see their dyin' folks; and I reckon mebber they wus right. But I tell you I did hate ter tell Lem he couldn't go. He took it quieter than a mouse, an' didn't say nothin', but when I went ter lock up at six o'clock he was gone, an' not a man would say what time he wus seed last. His brother wus lyin' down on his cot all day with the toothache, an' pretended not ter know nothin' about him. I telephoned ter perlice headquarters that he had run away, an' they have been a huntin' fer him ever since, but they hain't got no tracks uv him yit."

A week later, when Mrs. Holden got off the street car in front of the prison, she saw Lem Collins sitting in the sun on the jail step. Watt sat beside him, the fingers of one hand closed around his brother's shirt sleeved arm, expressive of a wordless sympathy. ●

Mrs. Holden went up to them quickly and held out her hand to Lem. "I hope your little daughter was not so sick as the doctor thought, Mr. Collins," she said kindly.

Lem looked at her with a dull misery in his

lusterless eyes, and replied, as he extended his hand to meet hers: "She was 'bout gone when I got ter her. It's mor'n forty mile from 'Lanta, an' I had ter walk 'most uv ther way, but she knowed me—my 'baby Callie knowed me, an' she died in my arms a smilin' an' a tryin' ter call 'pap.'" He stopped, and his eyes wandered to where the sun was slowly dropping out of sight behind the tops of the tall houses.

Mrs. Holden laid her soft palm over the moonshiner's rough brown hand; she could not trust her voice to speak. Then Lem's eyes came back to her face.

"You uns hev been powerful good ter me an' Bud," he said laboredly. "I reckon you uns took me fer a ornery cuss when I runned off, but I didn't 'low to stay long. I jes' had ter go, and when we uns put little Callie in her grave alongside uv t'other three, I put right out from ther buryin' groun' an' walked night an' day. I got back here las' night."

Marguerite Hoffmann.

HIS EXPERIMENT.

"No!" said Babette. The little word snapped like a torpedo. Gray blinked down on her thoughtfully, but there was a hint of amusement in the twist of his mouth.

"No, thank you," he corrected, with gentle gravity.

Babette bit her lips in helpless, silent anger. She felt that she had appeared like a ruffled canary before whose bars he had passed a teasing finger, and her vanity was on fire, scorching her intolerably.

He had asked her, gravely and without worship, to marry him, and she, hailing a chance to be revengeful for a thousand tiny wounds, had drawn herself up like a novel heroine, with lips and eyes following the printed directions of romance, and had refused him with chilly hauteur.

Gray's glance, keen, quiet, not adoring, had shattered the soap bubble glory of the moment, and reduced her from a queen of fiction to a petulant little girl caught in the act of posing. He could have soothed her in a second by a touch of ardor, a hint of pleading; but he only argued a little, in grave, reasonable fashion, and asked her if she would not better reconsider her answer. She quivered under her anger, and the knowledge that it was small and petty doubled the exasperation. Her "No!" stood for what, in a lower civilization, would have been a blow.

They sat silent for a little while, she with an inward tumult that showed itself in proud rigidity, he outwardly impassive, though the mocking look had left his face.

"Well, I have failed," he began slowly. "Perhaps it was my fault, perhaps yours; or it may be that the thing itself is impossible."

Babette did not betray a flicker of interest, but he went on:

"I think I could have made you fall in love with my love of you, but I vowed I wouldn't. I wanted you to care for me myself, as a man, or not at all. I wanted you to like me first and then love me—but I seem to have failed in both."

She started to speak, then checked herself, and began working a nervous finger into a tiny hole in the silk pillow she leaned on.

"I'm not a man who can spend his life on his knees, ministering to a woman's love of admiration." If I had won you in that attitude, you would have been unhappy when I went back to my normal position. You would have loved the posture, not the man himself. I wanted our relation to be an honest one from the start. I thought you were broad enough to appreciate it. Sincerity is a higher compliment than adoration, Babette."

"You don't love me—not in the least," she broke out. "You're cold and critical, and—oh, I—" She stopped abruptly.

"Yes, you hate me," he said, a little bitterly. "If it were for what I am, I shouldn't have a word to say. But it is just for my attitude towards you—that is all you think of. This everlasting feminine vanity!"

Babette's self control was in tatters, but she drew it desperately around her. His face changed as he looked at her, and he came and stood beside her chair.

"My dearest girl, I know I've hurt you brutally a thousand times," he said; "but you have hurt me more. I did want you to understand the real value of things, to prove yourself above the little personal standpoint that most girls take. And yet, all the time"—he bent down till his forehead almost touched her hair—"I wanted to go down on my knees just like any other fool!"

Something happened on the top of her head, but she had not time to realize what it was before the door closed and she was alone.

Babette's spirit crawled into its hole and lay there for many days, bruised and bleeding. When the wounds began to heal, she felt as if years had passed over her.

"Oh, for the good old days, when women were not expected to be anything but little toy angels!" she said, with a long sigh, as she crept out into the world once more.

It was nearly two years before Babette saw Gray again. Change and chance took him completely away from her outer life. Then, one night, she found herself trembling with

the knowledge that she was not two feet from him, in the crowded audience of an amateur play. He was directly in front of her, sitting with his elbow on the back of his chair and talking to Mrs. Collier, a pretty, affected little widow, delicately feminine.

"It's just my gown," she was saying. "Isn't it a triumph? Why, if you saw it on a wax lady in a shop window, your pulse would act in exactly the same way."

"But you didn't have it on last night," he argued. The chairs were so close together that Babette could hear every word. "Nor the night before, nor every time I've seen you. Besides, I never have time to look at your gowns. You send me away before I'm half through with your——"

"The curtain is going up," interposed Mrs. Collier.

"Do I have to look at the stage?" he asked, in a forlorn whisper.

Babette, under pretense of a draft, changed her seat, and fixed her eyes on the stage, dimly conscious that something was going on there. When, later, Gray recognized her and came across to shake hands, she met him with frank cordiality.

"It is good of you to speak to me at all," he said, dropping down beside her.

Her eyes questioned him.

"Surely you haven't forgotten how I took it on myself to read you a lecture, back in our buried pasts?" he explained. "I wake up and blush over it in the night even yet. I was very rude and very priggish, I remember. What a solemn chump you must have thought me!"

"It was about being broad minded," said Babette slowly; "about seeing things as they really were, and not just as they affected one personally."

"I'm afraid so," he admitted. "I made war on women in general and you in particular, and wanted you to give up all your most adorable traits. Wasn't I green?"

"What if I had taken you seriously, had gone to work and made myself over to fit your standards?" she asked, with a laugh.

"Then I suppose I'd have been to blame for the spoiling of a very charming person," he answered. "I'm so glad you didn't. It's your blessed little femininities that make you what you are."

"What are we?" Her voice was heavy with something he did not try to understand.

"A thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed," he laughed. "The one redeeming feature of an ugly, stupid world."

"What has changed you so?" she asked. Her face was smiling, but she kept her eyes from him.

"Oh, time, and common sense, and experi-

ence, I suppose, and——" His voice had grown absent. Babette looked up in time to see Mrs. Collier fling a little smile at him across the room.

"Well, I'll see you again," said Gray, rising. "It's good of you to have forgiven me."

"I don't know that I have," said Babette, still smiling.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

AT HIGH NOON.

MISS DABNEY sat in her sanctum, looking wearily at the huge pile of unread manuscripts before her on the desk—stories rolled, stories tied with a blue ribbon, stories written in pencil—nearly all of them without one redeeming feature. She was so tired of it all. Only a busy editor could know how wearing were even the trivial details on nerves and temper.

Had Miss Dabney been a man, she would probably have lighted a cigar and consigned the accumulated work to an unmentionable locality; but, being a woman, she pressed one hand against her hot head and, closing her eyes, longed for rest. Yet she had been glad to obtain a position on the staff of the *Times*, because the small salary she received helped a young sister, who was an invalid; glad, too, because it was an opening in her chosen field, and she had sacrificed so much for it. But today the hours dragged. The clock in old Trinity's steeple had just tolled the half hour of eleven. Could it be that less than half the day had gone?

She picked up a manuscript lying near, and glanced at the title—"Love and Honor; a Tale of Cuban Bloodshed," and smiled a little even while she sighed. It was signed Eleanor Musgrave, and the letter that accompanied it stated that the author would call on the seventeenth for a reply—she did hope it would be a favorable one.

"She has rather a pretty name, poor child," thought Miss Dabney, looking at her calendar, half unconsciously. "Why, today is the seventeenth. This must have been here three weeks. Well, I might as well save her another trip;" and Miss Dabney settled herself more comfortably and opened the manuscript. She read attentively for a few minutes; then laid the story down with a gesture full of pity.

"Utterly hopeless," she said, half aloud.

Why she did not toss the story into the great rejection drawer near by, why the letter that accompanied this particular manuscript appealed to her so strangely, she never could tell. Thousands of a like nature passed through her hands every month; yet this

tiny violet scented note contained so much longing, was so fraught with hope and suspense, that it seemed to recall to her her own youthful struggles, like the memory of a half forgotten dream. She was not very old now—only six and twenty—but sometimes she felt old—so old.

There was a knock on the door, and Jim, the office factotum, poked in his head.

"Copy, Miss Dabney?" he asked laconically.

"Not just yet, Jim," Miss Dabney replied, looking up. "Tell Mr. Davis I've been too busy this morning to finish the Hungarian article. He shall have it by tonight."

"All right, miss." Then Jim moved nearer and spoke in a mysterious whisper, while he nodded significantly toward the door. "There's a young lady out there that wants to see you."

"I'm too busy to be bothered. Who is she, and what does she want?" Miss Dabney replied brusquely.

"She says she wants to see the gentleman wot reads the stories;" and Jim grinned.

Miss Dabney smiled in spite of herself.

"Find out," she told him, turning in her revolving chair to her desk. Jim departed.

"It's Eleanor Musgrave," Jim announced in a disrespectful whisper a moment later.

Miss Dabney started, then did a very remarkable thing. Instead of handing Jim the manuscript to take to the author, she said briefly:

"Show her in."

A slender, sweet faced girl entered and looked about the room. Seeing no one but Miss Dabney she went up to her and asked:

"Will you tell me where I can find the gentleman who reads the stories?"

"Well, no; I'm afraid I cannot, unless you care to call me a 'gentleman.' I am the manuscript editor—Miss Dabney;" and she smiled kindly.

The girl flushed a little.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

There was a pause.

"Might I steal a few minutes of your time?" she said timidly. "I know it's a great deal to ask, but—"

Miss Dabney drew up a chair with a strange throbbing at her heart. This girl was so like what she was once, before she had tried her wings to fly alone.

"I left a story here a few weeks ago," the girl went on. "It was called 'Love and Honor.' Have you found time to read it yet?"

"Yes," Miss Dabney answered briefly.

"And—"

The girl paused.

"I am afraid it's unavailable," said Miss Dabney.

"I'm so sorry," said the girl.

"I am sorry, too," Miss Dabney said, pushing back her chair as if to signify that the interview was over. But the girl leaned forward eagerly.

"I know it's unusual, but—but won't you kindly tell me what the trouble is? I'll be so grateful. 'Unavailable' is a very convenient word for you editors, but it's very hard and vague to us." She laughed mirthlessly.

Miss Dabney toyed with her paperweight.

"It *is* unusual," she admitted.

"I know I've no claim on you for this, but if you would only be quite candid—"

"Do you really mean that?" Miss Dabney questioned sharply. "People sometimes say that, and then resent the criticism that follows. It is almost always harsh."

"But I do, I do. This means so much to me—more than you can know. My family laugh at me, and—and—my friends." She paused a moment. "Some such *dear* friends," she added, in a whisper.

Miss Dabney turned her eyes toward the window and looked out across the house tops, gleaming in the sun. The light must have hurt her eyes, for she winked hard. Then she rose and picked up the manuscript.

"This story," she said, looking at the girl, "is irrational and utterly devoid of point. Shall I go on?"

The girl nodded. She could not speak. She had asked for this; but did the cold woman who sat before her, passing judgment, realize that every word was a knife thrust to her life's ambition?

"It is sentimental, the incidents are irrelevant and inconsequential," Miss Dabney went on; then paused.

The girl's tense voice broke the stillness. "Tell me, do you think I could ever write? Of course, I don't mean right away," she added hastily, "but perhaps after years and years of work. Oh, I would work so hard!"

Miss Dabney hesitated. The girl was so pitifully young and inexperienced. If she did not disillusion her, perhaps no one would. The surgeon's task always seems cruel, and yet how merciful to the needy sufferer! Then, too, she recalled the girl's flushed face when she had half whispered, "Some such *dear* friends." The years rolled back. Perhaps if *she* had had some one to point out to her the way, to help her to listen and to heed her woman's heart cry, which she had in her blind ignorance stifled, she might have been far happier—who knows? She had a certain amount of talent, at least, to compensate her for her sacrifice; but this girl might go on striving vainly all her life, and miss both success and love.

"Do you think that all those weary years you speak of would compensate you for—some other things?" Miss Dabney asked.

"Yes—oh, yes! Do you think there is any chance for me? Tell me, and I will abide by your decision."

Miss Dabney smiled sadly.

"I am not infallible," she said.

"But you are so clever," answered the girl. "As soon as you mentioned your name, I remembered your stories and sketches."

Miss Dabney leaned forward a little with the manuscript still in her hand.

"Judging from this, I really don't believe writing is your forte," she said.

The girl flinched, but she said never a word. Miss Dabney liked that. She admired "grit."

"My child," Miss Dabney went on, "don't waste your time on writing. There is so much more and better work you can do in the world—work that will yield a better harvest. The road to fame in any profession is long and very hard. Of the many who traverse it, but few are chosen." She paused a moment and then went on rapidly: "There is so much that is dearer in life. The glamour of success soon wears off, but friendship, love, are lasting."

The girl glanced at the speaker curiously. Was this seemingly cold editor a *woman* after all? What was she saying? Her family and her lover had said the same thing many times before, but she had told herself they could not understand; but this woman was different—*she* knew.

"I had a friend once," Miss Dabney said, "who was young and very ambitious—like you." She smiled. "She sacrificed her heart's happiness for this dream. She worked and worked for years, while her first youth melted away, and she attained a little success—as the world judges it. But now, when it is too late, she realizes that Stevensons and Kiplings are not born every day, and, after all, she has missed the best in a woman's life. I tell you this, because I feel sorry for her—because it may help you."

In the girl's face was a strange, new light.

"Jerome was right, after all," she said.

"Jerome?" Miss Dabney repeated eagerly.

The girl flushed.

"I beg your pardon—yes, Jerome Whiting—he—he's the one."

The objects in the room swam before Miss Dabney's eyes, and her visitor's voice sounded far off and indistinct. Then she had saved this girl for him! Her long, hard years of business training now stood her in good stead, and she recovered herself immediately.

"I should not have questioned you," she

explained apologetically, "except that the sound of the rather unusual name attracted my attention. A very long while ago I knew a Jerome Whiting. Tell me, is this—this friend of yours from Mobile, and the son of Governor Whiting?"

"Why, to be sure he is. What a small place this world is, after all! But I can't recall his ever having mentioned your name. Did you know him very well?"

"We knew each other as children," Miss Dabney answered. "We used to be very intimate before—before I came North. Then we lost track of each other." Miss Dabney did not add, "after I refused him."

There was a pause.

"I have never seen him since. Till today I have scarcely heard of him. He is well?"

"Very well," said the girl, adding shyly, "and he *says* very happy."

"I am glad," Miss Dabney said.

"His father died recently, and that was a great grief to Jerome," the girl went on, not noticing how Miss Dabney winced at her familiar mention of the name. "The old place has gone to him, and he is getting it ready for me. You must come and visit us."

"Thank you," said Miss Dabney, "but I am such a busy woman, I have little leisure for long journeys. I wonder if the great magnolia by the gate is standing still. Dear me, when I remember the mud pies we used to make in its shade, and—and—" Miss Dabney had forgotten her companion.

"I do not know," said the girl, laughing happily. "I have never been there. I might have known," she added irrelevantly, "that there was some bond between us. I felt it as soon as I saw you today and heard your voice."

Miss Dabney did not seem to hear.

"Will you take him a message from me?" she asked; then, not waiting for a reply, she went on hurriedly. "Tell him who it was who persuaded you to do this, who it was who thought less of literature than love, and ask him if he remembers Helen Dabney. Will you do this?"

"Indeed, I will," answered the girl heartily, "and he will thank you then, as I thank you now. Good by."

After she had left the dingy little room for the glory of the noontide sun, Miss Dabney stood still for a moment where they had parted. Then she went back to her desk, but she did not work. She picked up the rejected story the girl had forgotten, and laid her flushed cheek against it, while she turned dim, unseeing eyes toward the window. Old Trinity's clock rang out the hour. It was noon and the time for rest—and day dreams.

Maud Howard Peterson.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

WAGNER IN PARIS.

The triumph of Wagnerian opera has overwhelmed Paris.

It appears incredible that the opposition of the mob could keep a great composer from being heard before the most fashionable, critical, and cultivated musical audiences in the world; but so it was. Wagner himself had the great mortification of seeing one of his operas derided in the Paris Opéra. It was not until 1891 that he was heard there with any success, and then "*Lohengrin*" scored a notable triumph. "*Die Walküre*" and "*Tannhäuser*" followed. This year "*Die Meistersinger*" was given, and the performance was so magnificent that people went from all over Europe to hear it. It has been pronounced one of the greatest successes ever achieved in the history of opera.

The director of the Opéra had been preparing for the production for some time. It may interest some people here to know that Paris has not listened to Jean de Reszke for years, and that when a good tenor is wanted for a great performance his name is not thought of. Alvarez sang the part of *Walther*, Delmas was *Hans Sachs*, and Breval, *Eva*. A new translation of the libretto was made. Here, we take our German opera in German, and our French opera in French; but in other countries they have a respect for their own language.

Grand opera as it is given in Paris is one of the delights of an artistic pilgrimage. The management of the Opéra seldom brings together the great stars that are demanded by London and New York audiences, but they have such an ensemble as we never see. There is no dwarfing of one part by another, nor is a young and inexperienced singer allowed to give her own interpretation of a part, however beautiful her voice may be. In an old rôle, the classical model must always be followed; a new one is carefully studied out by some singer of experience and authority.

One of the best features of the Paris Opéra is the chorus, which can not only sing, but also act. Not long ago, when some Greek tragedies were given at the Comédie Française, the regular staff of the Opéra was loaned to the sister institution, to form that very important element in every classical play, the chorus. The effect of the production was greatly heightened by this arrangement—one that illustrates the good points of

a governmental control of the national headquarters of opera and drama.

When the curtain of the Opéra is raised, no one, not even the president of the French republic, is allowed to enter the house. It is no respecter of persons in its maintenance of the dignity of art.

"EUGEN ONEGIN."

Tschaikowsky's fame continues to grow, and at last, in the city where Dr. Hanslick once characterized his music as "putrid," and by that unpleasant adjective banished it from even the concert halls, his opera "*Eugen Onegin*" has been magnificently produced.

Mahler, of the Vienna Opera House, is one of the most enthusiastic men in the world, and music lovers owe him a debt for the production of many works which would not otherwise have been given. He is continually looking for something novel. "*Eugen Onegin*" was written years ago, and it is founded upon a poem by Pushkin which is as well known in Russia as "*Evangeline*" in America. The librettist who adapted it for the musician's use did his work very poorly, so poorly that he was almost able to destroy the work for audiences in other countries.

Tschaikowsky was a very modest man, and he gratefully appreciated every bit of praise that came to him in his lifetime. It is creditable to America that she was among the first to understand his genius. He was popular here before his great "*Symphonie Pathétique*" took the world literally by storm. When it was played by the Philharmonic Society in Vienna, three years ago, the ban was removed from his works, and now at great expense Director Mahler has placed his opera on the stage and has given it a great vogue in the Austrian capital.

One great reason why the poem "*Eugen Onegin*" is so popular in Russia is because it is a prophecy of what actually befell the author. Pushkin was the most beloved poet of Russia, and is so today. It was he who voiced the unheard heart cry of the Russian people. In "*Eugen Onegin*," as produced in Vienna, some of his characteristics were given to the leading character by the singer who impersonated it.

The poem has a place among the classics of the world. In the story, the poet *Lenski* is engaged to the younger of two sisters, the daughters of *Mme. Larina*. This elder sister, *Tatiana*, is destined for *Onegin*, whose

friend, the poet, introduces him to her. But while she loves him, he does not care for her, and he coldly bids her renounce his love. To make her think less of him he begins a flirtation with her younger sister. At a ball this comes to a climax that causes the poet and *Onegin* to fight a duel, in which *Lenski* falls. *Onegin* comes back, after years, to find *Tatiana* another man's wife, and to discover that he loves her—hopelessly, as she soon tells him.

The curious part of the story is that years after this poem was written Pushkin lost his own life under exactly similar circumstances, Baron Heckeren being the *Onegin* of the story. It was as though he had had a vision of the great incident of his own life long before it came about.

MANCINELLI'S OPERA.

The man who writes a new opera nowadays has some trouble to have it produced as he considers that it should be. Naturally he desires to see it in the greatest opera houses, sung by the highest priced singers. The high price appears to be insisted upon more than voice, for it has been learned that that illusive thing called fame follows the approval of the people who pay high prices to artists for any purpose.

The new opera "Hero and Leander," by Mancinelli, is a case in point. Its composer is well known here as a favorite conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, who was much lamented when he did not come with the usual company. His opera was well thought of by all the critics who heard portions of it. A year ago it was sung in England as an oratorio. Mr. Graa promised to give it at Covent Garden last spring, but the powers that be in London decided that they did not want it.

It had been given in Madrid, this winter, with great success. It remains to be seen whether it is a really good, unhackneyed opera that is desired by the high paying audiences of England and America, or whether they prefer old ones whose music is so familiar that it matters not whether they listen to it or not.

THE KAISER AND LEONCAVALLO.

The Emperor William is a most remarkable person. There are people who find in him some of the "stigmata" which distinguished Ludwig of Bavaria, and they are pointing out his new interest in opera writing as one of them. But the Kaiser has no Wagner. It may be that he never would have understood him if he had. He has taken up Leoncavallo.

Nobody knows whether or not the Kaiser

suggested the subject of "Roland of Berlin," which the young Italian composer is writing for an early production in the Berlin Opera House. It is to be the first of what Leoncavallo has designed to be a trilogy of the Renaissance set to music. We are told it will be built after the plan Wagner had set down, but will be Italian instead of German. For years its author carried the idea, then for years more he has carried the opera.

Leoncavallo says himself of his trilogy: "To get the necessary inspiration, I wanted living subjects with flesh and bones like myself, who should feel and think like men and women, who should suffer from the same passions that sway our hearts and senses. I decided, therefore, to take my epic from history. I sought in the contemporary chronicles for the characters, the passions, the weaknesses, and the crimes of heroes as they really existed. To bring to life a whole epoch; to multiply the miracle of Lazarus, and command the tombs to give up their dead; to seek for the philosophical link subsisting between events which seem unconnected, but are in reality the logical productions of one scheme of life and politics—all this tempted me, and I said to myself: 'So much the worse for you if the burden is too heavy for your back, but at least you will die honorably.'"

It is remarkable that after this lofty explanation of his purpose, the composer levied upon Wagner, Verdi, Schumann, and Meyerbeer for his themes. The opera is anything but original, but we understand that it pleases the Kaiser.

THE ORIGIN OF "THE LOST CHORD."

Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has a beautiful home in London, is one of the features of the great city's life. In talking about young women in music, the other day, he expressed astonishment that while so many women are gifted in music there are so few composers among them.

"They compose music," he said, "just as the average man writes an intelligent letter. You would hardly call him a literary man on that account. The faculty of composition in women appears to imply little more. Yet they are splendid executants, both as singers and as players."

Sullivan will always be best known in America as co-author with Gilbert of the popular "Pinafore," and plays of like caliber; but in England it is by his songs, notably "The Lost Chord," that he will be best remembered, when he is but a memory.

The story of that song is most pathetic. The composer's brother, Frederick Sullivan, was very ill, and Sir Arthur had been by his

bedside constantly for three weeks. One night when his brother had fallen into a sleep which he knew might change to death, he took up a book at his hand. It was a volume of Adelaide Procter's poems, and as he read, the melody seemed to flow through them. He wrote the music then and there. It has been one of the most successful pieces of modern times.

MR. HUSS AND HIS CONCERTO.

Henry Holden Huss' piano concerto is being heard this year with the Seidl Society, and with Mr. Huss himself as a soloist.

This concerto is still in manuscript form, but it has been performed until it is fairly well known to the musicians of the United States. It was first heard from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and was received with enthusiasm. Joseffy considers it one of the best things written for the piano, and it has gone into the repertoire of Aus der Ohe for use in Germany.

Huss is by no means a new man. He is a pianist of genuine ability, and is making a reputation as a writer. The musicians who are his friends have seen his work, but he has preferred to keep most of it in manuscript form. Mr. Chapman has given his "Ave Maria" for female voices, and his "Sanctus" and "Benedictus." The first was given also by Thomas in Chicago and Lang in Boston. Another of his compositions for the violin, a "Romawza and Polonaise," was given in New York by Maud Powell, and in Hamburg and Paris by well known musicians. But he has kept his most ambitious work for himself in the Seidl Society.

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER ABROAD.

Theresa Carreño, who has always been a great favorite here, is in Europe this season. She has discovered Professor E. A. MacDowell, of Columbia, for Berlin audiences. The German critics first heard his second pianoforte concerto from her, and they have made it the motive of some brilliant articles. The concerto made such a popular success that Mme. Carreño was obliged to repeat it, and musical people in Berlin have expressed surprise that MacDowell's works have not been heard there before.

Mr. MacDowell has just issued a book called "Woodland Sketches." It is his last work for the piano. It consists of ten short pieces, connected to a certain extent, and united in the last number in a most artistic manner. They are probably the best work of this sort ever issued in America, and put Mr. MacDowell in the place which students of his work have been claiming for him during the past few years. They are

full of dreaminess, of tenderness, of poetry. One, "The Deserted Farm," is as beautiful as anything that can be devised for the piano.

Mr. MacDowell's book of "Eight Songs" is very popular. Every year more and more of his work is taken up by the musical societies and orchestras. It is characteristically American, and appeals strongly to our audiences. Every nation is set to its own key, and its distinctive music must belong there.

Whenever anything new comes up in the way of a musical organization for the presentation of some particular class of work, it is fashionable to call it a "new Bayreuth."

Georges Bertrand, a Parisian painter and amateur musician, wants to turn Versailles into a "French Bayreuth." Charles Lamoureux is (in the plan) to have charge of the music. The theater of Louis XV is to be used, and new works by new people are to be put on. In other words, it is to be a sort of independent musical theater. A commission is now considering the subject.

Lamoureux is one of the best of the French directors, and without doubt he could carry such a project through most successfully.

In Germany music forms an integral part of the life of the people. Each little town has its *stadt* band, which alternates with the military band in giving concerts at prices which are so small that we should consider them ridiculous. Then, at the theaters, grand and comic opera have equal prominence with drama.

The seats are subscribed for, the price for twelve performances, four a week, being only about three dollars and a half. The patrons come in as children to their desks in school, hanging their hats and wraps on hooks provided in the corridors.

The Bagby concerts, so far from suffering from the competition of the other musical performances given in the Waldorf-Astoria, have never been so well attended by fashionable New York as this year. In fact, they are too well attended for comfort.

The acoustic properties of the ballroom in which they are given are not good. Indeed, they are so bad that those in the back seats are not able to hear any except the very strongest voices.

One of the novelties this year was the introduction of one act operas. One of these, "Adelaide," was adapted by David Bispham and Hugo Müller. Mr. Bispham acted the part of *Beethoven*, and Julie Opp was *Adelaide*. We would suggest that Miss Opp should confine herself to the dramatic stage.

THE STAGE

ELSIE DE WOLFE'S VERSATILITY.

Although the words "First play" on the house bill at the opening of Mr. Drew's season at the Empire indicated that "A Marriage of Convenience" was not considered to be his strongest card, the public has decreed otherwise, and this dainty concoction of repartee, flavored with sauce piquante of Louis XV vintage, will hold the fort against Mr. Jones' "Liars," which was booked to replace it.

Our portrait of Elsie de Wolfe shows her in the sort of gown which audiences have come to expect her to wear. The maid's part of *Marion* in "A Marriage of Convenience" calls for very different sartorial effects, but Miss de Wolfe descends to the occasion with ready acquiescence, glad for once to be something other than the "clothes horse" of the piece, as she herself once expressed it. For the rest, *Marion*, albeit but the maid, has a good deal to do, and this Miss de Wolfe does with rare acumen, escaping the pitfall of flippancy into which so many might fall. Her instructions to her mistress in the art of flirting are capitally put.

This character was created in the London Haymarket production by Adrienne Dairolles, the actress with the French accent who, it will be remembered, was in New York with "The Fatal Card" and "A Woman's Silence."

"A WARD OF FRANCE."

It is a well known fact that many comedians, at one time or another in their career, are overpowered with the conviction that they can excel in tragedy; and nowadays it is growing almost as common for theatrical critics to try their hand at manufacturing drama for other folks to criticise. Franklin Fyles, not content to rest on the laurels justly won by "The Girl I Left Behind Me," has broken out again, this time with two plays in one season. "Cumberland '61" was noticed in our December issue. "A Ward of France" is his latest offense to reach the metropolis. It was written some time ago, under the name of its heroine, *Flower Moyne*. Whether its production was delayed by the disinclination of managers to risk their money on it, deponent saith not, but that it should have eventually seen the footlights speaks ill for the judgment of the gentlemen who are supposed to know what is good and bad in the play market.

"A Ward of France" is a melodrama of the cheapest Bowery type. Its episodes are all wrought up to effect, not out of reason. The villains are villains simply because the play needs them, not from any force of logic that can justify them being such. The sound of "Yankee Doodle" in the distance insures wild enthusiasm from the gallery at the close of the third act, but the merest tyro knows the cheap and common trick of dragging in the American flag.

Mr. Fyles' connection with one of the leading dailies of the metropolis is doubtless responsible for the admission of his play (written in collaboration with a well known realizer) to a Broadway theater. This daily, it may be added, was energetic and persistent in praising the piece and in grasping at every opportunity of mentioning its name.

VIOLA ALLEN'S PREFERENCES.

Is it true that we do best the thing in which we do not take the most interest? Authors assert that stories on which they have built high hopes fall flat, while others, which they considered mere "pot boilers," editors snapped up eagerly. Last winter Viola Allen, leading woman of the Empire stock, was asked to write her "confessions" for a metropolitan daily, and in the course of them she declared that she is fondest of parts calling for the expression of pathos, and yet had often been praised for light comedy rôles with which she had little sympathy. Favorite plays with Miss Allen are "Sowing the Wind" and "Liberty Hall," and two for which she cared little were "John-a-Dreams" and "Bohemia."

The actress Miss Allen most admires is Ellen Terry, and the period of her life she characterizes as the "sweetest and dearest" was when she was with John McCullough and the elder Salvini, and played Shakspeare every night. Her ambition is to enact *Juliet* again, and her pet project a grand revival of Shaksperian drama.

Meanwhile Miss Allen is prime favorite in her present environment. She possesses the power of merging her own personality into the characters she portrays, and while they always embody the dramatist's idea, they do it with a grace and sweetness imparted by the artist who interprets, not by the author who creates them. When Beerbohm Tree witnessed the Empire's presentation of "The Masqueraders," he said that it was infinitely superior to



ELSIE DE WOLFE.

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, San Francisco.

the London production at the St. James, and added that Viola Allen was the best leading woman he had ever seen.

"The Conquerors," by Paul Potter, who dramatized "Trilby," underlined for the open-

Since she first appeared as a star, three years ago, her plays have steadily decreased in intrinsic merit, while her audiences have kept on filling the house to the standing room only limit. Miss Irwin's abounding good nature,



VIOLA ALLEN.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

ing of the Empire's new stock season, will be the first American play to be presented by this organization since the failure of "The Younger Son," some four years ago.

THE QUEEN OF MIRTH.

May Irwin is about the only member of the profession who can afford to ignore *Hamlet's* dictum, "The play's the thing."

the irresistible roll of her r's, her entire originality and ignoring of conventional methods of fun creating—these are the traits that have gained for her a following which nothing, apparently, can shake off.

In "The Swell Miss Fitzwell" she is a fashionable dressmaker, and, as was the case in "The Widow Jones," the first act is the best. There is more singing than in either



MAY IRWIN.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

of the other two plays, and this feature alone would insure success. There is no more certain means of forgetting Wall Street worries or household cares than to listen to May Irwin's negro melodies, knowing that she enjoys singing them as much as you enjoy the listening.

Miss Irwin is not a Westerner, as one might imagine from her accent, but a Canadian, and she and her sister Flo (now the *Widow Jones*) used to sing in a church choir. Their first appearance on the stage was at Detroit in 1873, and Irwin is only a stage name.

Although May Irwin's art appears to be the essence of spontaneity, she is a great sufferer from stage fright. She once confessed to a reporter that first nights and first times of new songs are positive tortures to her. However, she consoles herself with the reflection that those who aren't nervous seldom do such good work, so she is willing to pay the price of success. She is extremely fond of colored people. The pickanniny represented on her posters, although not in the play, is a real personage. It is the three year old son of her maid, who having been brought on one occasion to the house, tried to imitate her singing,

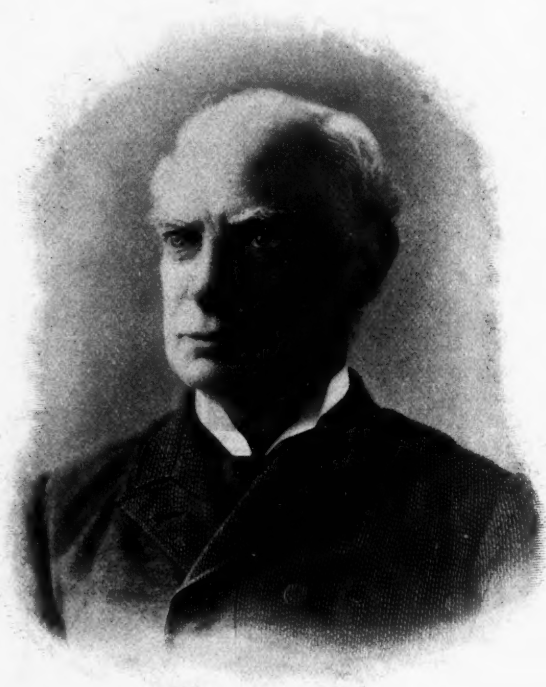
with such droll results that Miss Irwin has often had him produced for the entertainment of her friends.

A CLERGYMAN'S NOVEL ON THE STAGE.

Cupid is having a great inning at the theaters. In "The Little Minister" love dances merrily throughout the piece. "The Princess and the Butterfly" boldly flaunts its motto on the house bill: "Those who love deep never

the stage. But the work lagged, as it generally does with novices at the business, and then came the hit of "The Little Minister," which extended to the stage the ascendancy that Scotland has lately held in literature.

Mr. MacArthur straightway called in, as a collaborator, Tom Hall, who has had considerable to do with the theater, and whose poems and stories have made his name familiar to the readers of MUNSEY'S. The play was



J. H. STODDART.

From his latest photograph by the Élite Studio, San Francisco.

grow old;" and now we are to have another play whose *motif* is summed up in the words "Love knows neither rank nor creeds." "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" is a distinct novelty, in that it is based on three books by Ian Maclaren, "Kate Carnegie" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" being drawn upon, in addition to the well known one supplying the title.

The idea of making such a dramatization occurred to James MacArthur, editor of *The Bookman*, two years ago, after witnessing a performance of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. MacArthur is a Scotchman himself, and a personal friend of Dr. Watson, who has given his sanction to the use of his stories on

finished, and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" is to be brought out in New York during this month of February, under the management of Frank L. Perley and Fred M. Ranken.

J. H. Stoddart, that sterling old actor who has now been so long without a congenial part, is to play the leading rôle, *Lachlan Campbell*, the stern Presbyterian elder who blots his daughter's name out of the family Bible. *Flora* is to be Miss Chapman, a new actress, who at this writing is also impersonating a daughter to Mr. Stoddart in "The Sporting Duchess." Mr. Stoddart, who is Scotch by birth, is enthusiastic over his new part, which will afford him an opportunity eminently suited to his ability.

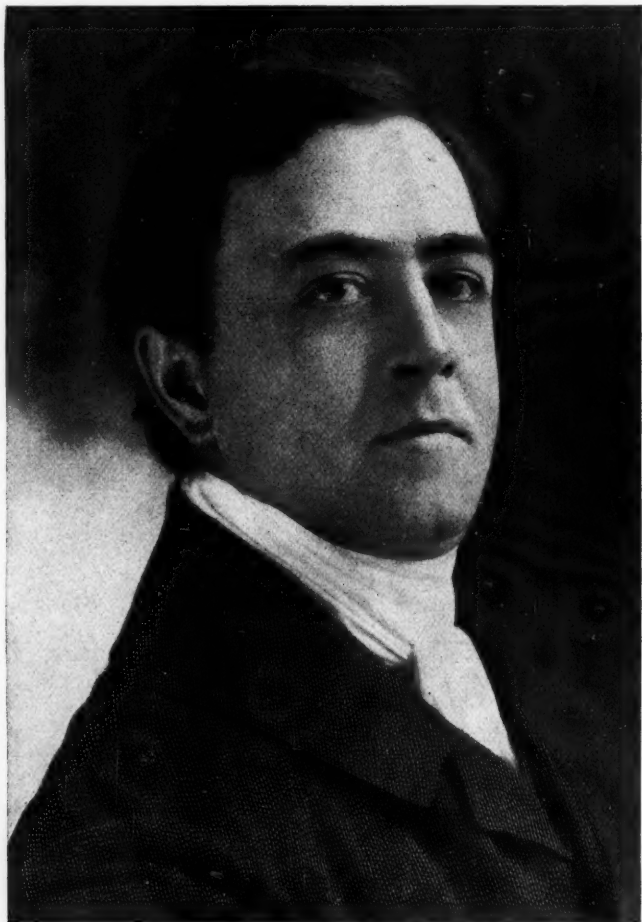


MARGARET REID AS "MARGUERITE" IN "FAUST."

From her latest photograph.

The play contains some Scotch songs and not a little comedy, but the public need not fear an avalanche of "Hoot mon" dialect. Only three characters speak the broad Scotch, the rest being Highlanders, whose peculiarity is simply a softening of the "s."

the winter of 1893-'94, a notable feature of the season was the singing of Margaret Reid in the title rôle of "The Maid of Plymouth." And well might the public felicitate itself on hearing such clear, bird-like notes, rendered in such perfect method on the comic opera



ROBERT EDESON AS "GAVIN DISHART" IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Should "The Bonnie Brier Bush" "catch on," the chasm between church and stage will be narrowed perceptibly—from the church's standpoint. Whether the stage will make a reciprocal advance towards taking greater interest in the church is not so foregone a conclusion.

MARGARET REID.

During the long engagement of the Bostonians at the Broadway Theater, New York, in

stage, for Miss Reid, it was soon recalled, had appeared successfully in grand opera at the Metropolitan some few months before, and but for the burning of the opera house might never have come to sing in other environment.

Miss Reid, although born in Kentucky, was brought up in Indianapolis, a city which is justly proud of her. She left the Bostonians at the end of her first season with them, and went to Europe, where she has since remained.



MARY C. MACKENZIE.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

studying further with the best teachers, and appearing, two years ago, in grand opera at Covent Garden, London, where her *Nedda*, in "Pagliacci," found instant approval. The following winter she sang at Cannes as *Marguerite* and *Juliet*, and last summer she was again heard at Covent Garden, this time making her hit as *Micaela* in "Carmen." She is reëngaged there for the season beginning in May. In August she is to sing *Zerlina*, *Marguerite*, and *Mignon* at Dieppe. One French critic declares that her *Marguerite* is that of the poet, and adds that she is also that rarity in the part—a perfect actress.

America stands ready to extend a warm welcome to Miss Reid when she decides to bring her undoubted gifts once more before a home audience.

A CLEVER COMPOSER'S DAUGHTER.

The distinction of being one of the three persons in the London production of "The

Little Minister" who speak the best Scottish dialect rests with Mary Mackenzie, who plays the part of *Jean*, the manse servant. It is not strange that she should be gifted in this direction, having been born in Edinburgh, the daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Sir Alexander is, perhaps, next to Sullivan, the most popular composer in England; he is especially clever at writing ballads and part songs. The incidental music for the Haymarket presentation of the Barrie drama is from his pen.

Most of Miss Mackenzie's childhood was spent in Italy, then she studied elocution at the Royal Academy of Music, and two years ago went on the stage with a touring company, beginning with the smallest parts. Later she was intrusted with *Dacia* in "The Sign of the Cross," and has also played *Princess Flavia* in a road company presenting "The Prisoner of Zenda."

It goes almost without saying, when one



HILDA CLARK IN "THE HIGHWAYMAN."
From a photograph by Bellsmith & Power, Buffalo.

recalls her early environment, that she is a good linguist and a capable musician.

"THE HIGHWAYMAN."

The first element in the popularity of De Koven and Smith's new opera is its picturesqueness. It is put on the stage with a substantial completeness that leaves no loose ends to annoy the spectator by their incongruity. The York mail is a veritable coach, and comes upon the stage at a gallop behind its four really mettlesome steeds. The "holding up" is done most realistically, in full view of the audience. The scenery and costumes are both fitting and fair to look upon, and the new organization known as the Broadway Theater Opera Company has certainly made a splendid beginning so far as its share in the production goes.

All this sounds as if we were about to stop praise here and proceed to castigate the makers of "Robin Hood" for daring to suppose they could deceive the public into thinking that they had duplicated their famous hit by simply using a similar locale for their story. But we are going to do nothing of the sort. The music of "The Highwayman" is a delightful accompaniment to a libretto that is far above the average in clever conception and skilled working out. Horse play is reduced to a minimum, and one can laugh without afterwards blushing for it. In brief, "The Highwayman" is that extreme rarity—a much heralded concoction that realizes the expectations of the discreet.

Joseph O'Mara easily bears off the honors accruing from the name part. Jerome Sykes, who was with "An American Beauty" and "A Round of Pleasure," is a capital comedian with some new twists to his fun, and Van Rensselaer Wheeler, of "Geisha" memory, is manly and tuneful as a naval lover.

We present a portrait of Hilda Clark, the prima donna, as she appears in her disguise in the second act.

"THE ROYAL BOX."

Charles Coghlan has done for himself what Sydney Grundy did for John Drew—dug up an old play of Dumas', and, by rewriting, breathed into it new life. The result has in each case been so successful that we may expect to see our playwrights give up cudgeling their brains for fresh plots for a while, and take to ransacking the past for old ones susceptible of polish.

Mr. Coghlan's piece is founded on "Kean," which was revived in this country some four or five seasons ago without finding any particular favor. But some sweeping changes have been made in the old scheme, and now as "The Royal Box" it commanded

the admiration of all the metropolitan critics on its production at the Fifth Avenue in Christmas week. Starting lamely, with a very brief first act, the interest deepens steadily up to the very climax of the fifth. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the story is far from convincing, and several of the characters appear to lack sufficient motive for certain of their doings. It is the simple directness with which the action moves forward that lends the play its peculiar charm.

The *scene de résistance*, of course, is that of the fourth act, where the hero, *Clarence*, interrupts himself in the balcony passage from "Romeo and Juliet" to denounce the Prince of Wales, seated in a proscenium box with the woman whom they both love. But almost equally effective is the ending of Act III, which involves *Clarence's* scathing arraignment of *Lord Bassett*, whom the actor has caught forging his name.

Mr. Coghlan's rendition of *Clarence* well deserves the praise it has called forth. Without tricks or mannerisms, and lacking those graces of person which the unthinking sometimes mistake for ability, he captures his audience by the sheer power of his acting.

THE CASTLE SQUARE COMPANY.

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," Strauss' melodious opera, was the work with which the Castle Square Company inaugurated its occupancy of New York's American Theater at the Christmas matinée. The occasion was a notable one. Reports of the exceeding popularity of the Castle Square organization had come to Manhattan Island from Boston and Philadelphia, and many inducements had been offered the proprietor to give a New York season, but they were declined; and for four years the Castle Square Company was to untraveled Gothamites nothing more than a name coupled with a reputation. Now it has been demonstrated that this reputation is founded on something more substantial than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Happily the report that the highest priced seats were to be one dollar in New York proved erroneous. Seventy five cents is the maximum charge, which covers all the lower floor, with fifty cents for the first balcony, and twenty five for the second. These rates are all scaled down for matinées, and at the Wednesday afternoon performance every seat in the house is reserved at twenty five cents. These are popular prices in the real meaning of the term. The next question is, what does one get for them?

For leading soloists there are Grace Golden,

who last season was *Erina* in "Brian Boru"; Lizzie Macnichol, well remembered from her association with "Rob Roy"; Joseph Sheehan, the Boston post office clerk who developed into one of the best tenors the Bostonians ever had, and Montegriffo, well known from his connection with Covent Garden and the Hinrichs Company. The supporting cast is efficient, and the chorus large and well trained, with voices its members are not afraid to use, because they know how to do it. The costumes and scenery, if not elaborate, are satisfactory, and the orchestra is especially fine. In brief, these performances of the Castle Square Company, given at half the rates charged in other theaters, are real treats to music lovers, and the favor already accorded to the enterprise speaks well for the taste of the city it has avoided so long.

The idea is to change the bill weekly. "Trovatore" was the second opera given, and the troupe has a repertoire of more than fifty on which to draw.

The title rôle in "The Little Minister" is by far the most difficult one in the play. He who enacts it is required to be so much in the passive voice—to be a good listener. But Robert Edeson, who is the *Gavin* to Maude Adams' *Babbie*, has made good our prophecy in the November issue, having toned his characterization to the proper key. We present herewith a portrait of him as the hero of the most talked of play of the season.

Julia Marlowe is preëminently the winsome *Rosalind*. Other impersonators of this favorite Shakspeare heroine may show a keener insight into the poet's mind, may put a more dramatic fervor into those passages that call for emotional work, but as the *Rosalind* masquerading in the Arden forest as *Ganymede*, whose charm is the beauty and vivacity of youth, Miss Marlowe is amply satisfying.

What a farce these first nights are! No one with any experience in theater going pretends that they afford any indication of the value of the piece. There is invariably frantic applause after the penultimate act, with the sole purpose of bringing the author into view in order to see what he looks like, which means getting so much more for the one price of admission. Whether the play be good or bad, the same thing takes place, transforming the theater, for the time being, into a dime museum, with the dramatist for the star freak.

The critics to the contrary notwithstanding, there are some good things in "The

Ballet Girl." The Dutch atmosphere of the first act is rather refreshing, and the rehearsal scene affords scope for a good deal of fun. Cut down the prominence of the aged beau, and cut off the salary of the perfectly needless character of the ballet music's composer, and "The Ballet Girl" would be no mean companion to "The French Maid." In any event, it has introduced to New York a fine baritone in the person of David Lythgoe, a Bostonian, who has been abroad studying for several years. He formerly sang with the Boston Symphony Society, and his good voice is backed by a pleasing presence and spirited acting.

"The Conquerors," up to a certain point, is the strongest play the Empire stock company has ever produced. Towards the end, Mr. Potter has sacrificed logic to theatric effect, postponing *Yvonne's* knowledge that *Eric* is her rescuer rather than betrayer, so that he may use the revelation for a climax to his last act. A great ado has been raised by the critics over the morals of the scene in the cabaret. This is beside the issue, in judging of a drama as an artistic work; viewed through the eyes of a clear minded censor, this much discussed episode carries with it a lesson that should touch men on their most susceptible point—that of honor.

For the rest, "The Conquerors" has won by the superabundance of dash and go it contains, by its splendid cast, and by the prominence given to music and color in its presentation at the house which is Charles Frohman's headquarters.

With Hammerstein's closed and Koster & Bial's resorting to tricks of advertising, which would seem to indicate a desperate condition of affairs, Weber & Fields' is about the only music hall in New York to be depended upon for pursuing the even tenor of its way. That way has been successward from its opening a year and a half ago, and the reason thereof has been the policy, steadily adhered to from the first, of presenting an olio bill of not more than three or four numbers, followed by a clever burlesque, introducing skits on current metropolitan plays.

It matters not what the name of the piece may be, New Yorkers have come to trust the judgment of Weber & Fields; and these men, in their turn, are astute enough to cater exclusively to a Gotham audience, with never a thought of "the road." Consequently their cozy little hall always reflects the very latest fads of the metropolis, shaded to merry hue by the apt brains of a clever corps of fun makers.

LITERARY CHAT

BOOK WRITING AS THE ULTIMATE GOAL.

Time was when a thing accomplished was valued for itself; now it is valued in proportion as it makes good material for a book that will sell. Our great soldiers have been set to waging their battles wearisomely over on paper; our prize fighters have been inveigled into the literary ring, to wrestle painfully with the queen's English. Our men of science are conscripted, and paid so much per word. If a Frenchman produces a successful periodical, and becomes famous, he is sent over here to lecture, and many a European author has weighted his treasury by showing American audiences how poorly he could read. Our explorers hazard their lives in quest of unknown lands, only to come home and win greater laurels with pen and paper than they ever did with chart and compass.

This is all perfectly legitimate, of course, and generals, wrestlers, and inventors may say as much on paper as they like; but the popular clamor, for which all these constitute the supply, suggests a sort of literary dyspepsia—a craving that calls for more while it needs less.

THE AUTHOR OF "CORLEONE."

Mr. Marion Crawford, whose latest book, published serially in this magazine, is one of his most successful, has gone into the lecture field. He came to America this winter with several lectures upon Italian subjects—"The Early Italian Artists," "Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages," "Leo XIII in the Vatican," and "The Italy of Horace."

No man is better fitted to go upon the lecture platform than Mr. Crawford. He has an intimate acquaintance with his subjects, and is one of the men who not only eliminate the tiresome, the unessential details from all their work, but he has a personality that charms. The "personal equation" has more to do with success in the lecture field than anything else. If it is charming to hear a man talk, if he has magnetism and temperament, he will be successful as a reader or speaker; otherwise he will not. Dr. Conan Doyle is a case in point. He read to pitifully poor audiences. On the other hand, Anthony Hope is able to command good ones everywhere. He is not a particularly good reader, and his hearers are quite familiar with his matter, but he pleases them personally.

Mr. Crawford has fresh matter, and he is

charming as a man. He was born in Italy forty three years ago. He has studied in America, in England, and in Italy, and has done journalistic work in three continents, so that he has the point of view of all countries. He is a Roman Catholic, and was at a college in Rome when he became interested in Sanskrit and determined to go to India to study that language more thoroughly. It was there, while acting as editor of the *Indian Herald*, at Allahabad, that he gathered the material for his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs."

ROSES AND JAILS.

An amusing paragraph in the *London Telegraph* says very gravely that "one great virtue in Octave Thanet's 'Missionary Sheriff' will be found to consist in the sidelights which it throws upon the customs and practices of American gaols." And then it further quotes from the book itself: "Window gardens brightened the grim walls all the summer, and chrysanthemums and roses blazoned the black bars in winter."

Miss French (Octave Thanet) almost always writes a good story. Sometimes a new reader might have doubts of her, but one who has read her work all these years would no more question her ability to keep up the interest than he would doubt the power of an old familiar friend to be entertaining. It is not so much what Miss French says as her manner of saying it, and the characters she creates. She has the power to write about an imaginary character as if he were a reality, to make clever remarks concerning his personality, to let you into his little goodnesses and badnesses—which are very seldom very good or very bad, and for that reason are all the more real.

As a chronicler of some American types, she stands by the side of Mr. A. B. Frost, who has illustrated so much of her work; but we do protest against her giving other nations the idea that we bar in our common thieves with rose lattices. We have stood a good deal in the way of foreign comment upon what is supposed to be our national practice of sending cut flowers to murderers. Miss French should remember that she is too good for one nation to absorb her, and that she is sure to be read on the other side of the world. She should be a little more explicit, and not allow our English cousins to picture the "customs and practices of American gaols" as consisting in supplying the prisoners with roses and

standard literature, as came to pass under the the rule of the *Missionary Sheriff*.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS."

John Oliver Hobbes is a clever woman. We all know that she is an American, Mrs. Pearl Craigie, who married an Englishman. In reading her latest book, "The School for Saints," we come across this epigrammatic sentence:

Parflete ought never to have married; but marriage, when a crime, is a crime which it is criminal to repent of.

Those who know the story of Mrs. Craigie's married life, and the dissolution of her unhappy matrimonial tie, wonder if this means that she has repented the step she took. But these bits of snappiness, which she sows broadcast through her pages, are not always sincere. She appears to have taken George Meredith for her model, though she scarcely possesses his genius. She is more modern, perhaps, and strikes nearer to the fashionable modes of thought; but at the best her philosophy is a sort of fairy gold. It shines and glitters, but melts away at a touch of reality.

She makes Disraeli one of the characters of her latest book, and it must be confessed that she does it very well indeed. His talk is probably a little more brilliant than it ever was in real life. Mrs. Craigie has had time to think out all the clever things he would have said had he known what the topics of conversation were going to be. The "wit of the staircase" is the sort one cannot put into books.

It is delightful to hear Disraeli saying the things Mrs. Craigie makes him say:

"At eight and twenty," said Disraeli, "I, too, thought that compromises were nearly always immoral as well as dangerous; but unless I am mistaken, you will find that the best ordered life is that which shows the largest record of compromises."

OMAR, FITZGERALD, AND LE GALLIENNE.

There are some pieces of audacity so extraordinary that they seem to have been designed humorously.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has always taken himself a trifle more seriously than he has been taken by anybody else. He lately wrote a book modestly entitled, "If I Were God." His opinion of himself has had a fresh light thrown upon it by his "new version" of the Rubaiyat, which has already been mentioned in this department. The next thing we expect from him is an "improvement" upon the Psalms or the Book of Common Prayer.

In a speech at the Omar Khayyam Club in

London, the other day, Colonel John Hay said: "Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the Rubaiyat has taken its place as a classic." He added that "Omar sang to a half barbarous province, Fitzgerald to a world."

The poem, as we know it, is so entirely Fitzgerald's property that for years there were doubts concerning its authorship, many people believing that Fitzgerald had given a poet of the eleventh century the credit of his own great thoughts. The Omar Khayyam Club in London is a monument to Fitzgerald. It is eight years old, and to be a member is to be distinguished in the English literary field. Thomas Hardy and George Meredith have made their only after dinner speeches before it. The philosophy of the Persian poet, illuminated by the insight of Mr. Fitzgerald, appeals to men like these.

Fitzgerald began the study of Persian in 1853. In 1857 he was making "sketches" and translations in Latin and English of the Rubaiyat. In 1859 he printed the book which made him famous, and which is one of the treasures of every thinking man and woman of any literary taste. It is not all Omar. Many of the quatrains are Mr. Fitzgerald's own. Of course we could not expect Mr. Le Gallienne to know that, for he does not understand Persian; so he calmly rewrites Mr. Fitzgerald's own lines as he thinks they should be written.

It may not be so amazing that Mr. Le Gallienne is egoist enough to attempt to better—

Awake, for morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to
flight;

And lo, the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of light—

but it is strange that any publisher should have lent himself to the impertinence.

"WHAT MAISIE KNEW."

In "What Maisie Knew," Mr. James has written a novel which is as unpleasant as it is possible for a novel to be. Why it should be considered art to bring together a number of intensely disagreeable people, and show them off rather smartly, is beyond the ken of the Philistine. And we—we who read books—we have the Philistine quality of wishing that stories ostensibly written to amuse us should perform that office. Mr. James and his friends will probably tell us that *Maisie* is a lily growing in the slimy mud of a moral bog. Very well. But we do not desire to carry the bog and the slime and the general uncleanness into our houses when we take the lily. It appears to be as sensible to care for the cleanliness of our minds as our houses.

We soon discover that *Maisie* knew too much. The book opens with the story of the recent divorce of her father and mother. They were both blackened, and had there been some "presentable friend," *Maisie* would undoubtedly have been given into her hands. "Apparently, however, the circle of the *Faranges* had been scanned in vain for any such ornament." Finally it was arranged that the child should spend half the year with each parent.

It was clear to any spectator that the only link binding her to either parent was the lamentable fact of her being a ready vessel for bitterness, a deep little porcelain cup in which biting acids could be mixed. They had wanted her, not for any good they could do her, but for the harm they could, with her unconscious aid, do each other.

The description of *Maisie's* mother is one of the cleverest things in this most unpleasantly clever book.

Poor Ida! She had run through everything, and had nothing now but her carriage and her paralyzed uncle.

There is a lightness of touch about Mr. James' sentences which may leave an impression of great originality with English readers, but it is only the French trick well transplanted.

We have *Mrs. Farange* marrying again, and her divorced husband marrying *Maisie's* governess, and then *Maisie*, innocent little soul, "bringing together" her stepfather and her stepmother in one of those friendships which we try to pretend exist only on Gallic soil. But Mr. James lives in England, and he ought to know.

FACT VERSUS FICTION IN HUMOR.

In all fiction, and especially in humorous fiction, the imagination plays a very important part. Indeed, it is very seldom that an actual event of real life can be described precisely as it happened so as to become a humorous story. The facts may be used as a basis, but unless they are charged with a certain amount of fiction, just as a siphon of mineral water is charged with carbonic acid gas, the story usually turns out flat and pointless.

The comic writers of an older day, when humor was not studied as a science, frequently labeled their *Punch* stories and jokes, "A Fact." This was supposed not only to add to their humor, but to disarm all criticism; for if any one made any adverse comments, the retort, "Well, this is a thing that actually happened, because I saw it myself," was regarded as a sufficient answer to all objections. Nowadays, although it is possible that our humor is not to be compared with that of the

classic English and American writers of forty years ago, at least we know enough not to try to win sympathy for a flat or disabled joke by proving its historical accuracy.

The reason for this is not hard to find, though it is doubtful if many persons have ever taken the trouble to hunt for it. A humorous story should be largely a work of construction, like a drama, and everything in it should lead up to its funny dénouement. It is, therefore, in every essential a work of art, and of a sort of art of which surprisingly little is known, despite the fact that ninety per cent of the American people are more or less addicted to the telling and inventing of funny stories, or what pass as such.

Every theater goer knows that a play dealing with actual facts, or founded on the career of some historical personage, must of necessity be invested with an imaginative quality, or it will not be interesting. Even the life of the great Napoleon, filled as it was with the most dramatic incidents that the human mind can conceive, is inadequate for stage purposes unless complemented by the imagination of the playwright. And as it is with the drama, so it is with a humorous story, which is, after all, merely a vest pocket edition of a comedy.

Funny things do happen in real life, but they very rarely happen in so effective a sequence as that which a clever story teller can devise out of his own brain. In fact, the chances of having a thing happen in precisely the way best suited to the purposes of the funny story writer are about equal to the chances of receiving a "straight flush" direct from the hands of the dealer in a game of draw poker—which occurs far more frequently in fiction than in real life.

The reader who doubts these statements should make a careful analysis of some story that is going the rounds as an actual happening, and the result will show that it depends largely for its humor on the imaginative quality with which it has been charged by the man who first told it.

THE BOOKS THAT ARE POPULAR.

They say in publishing offices that one of the hardest things in the world to determine is what books are destined to become popular. They say the same thing, however, in the houses that print music, and the theater managers raise a similar cry.

Undoubtedly there are publishers who want to print the "best books." They will take the works of men whose books are much talked about, but not largely sold. They probably think they do this out of a love of good book making, and a desire to give humanity a chance to elevate itself; but they deceive themselves. People publish books

for the same purpose as that for which they go into any other business—to make money; and when they can, they are going to publish the popular book. It looks easy, but it is ten thousand times more difficult than picking the diamonds out of the blue clay.

Take the popular books of the past year. "Quo Vadis," "The Christian," and "The Choir Invisible" are probably those of which the greatest number have been sold. Add to these the most remarkable successes of former years. The mind instantly recalls "Ben Hur" and "Trilby," not to go back to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There is another book which everybody has read, but of which one sees little mention—"Titus, a Comrade of the Cross"; and it has sold better than any of those mentioned, except perhaps Mrs. Stowe's famous novel.

Look at the list. Three are stories of the early Christians. "The Christian" deals with the problem of living the life of Christ in the surroundings of today. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written with a moral purpose, and the core of "Trilby" was the supernatural. We say Rudyard Kipling is popular, that J. M. Barrie is popular, that Robert Louis Stevenson is popular. So they are, with the people who write reviews, but the circulation of their books is as a drop in the bucket compared to the sales of these others. Stevenson's one really popular book was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which also had the supernatural for its foundation.

We call this a realistic, workaday world, and yet the books which the people—not the critics—read, and which are sold by the tens of thousands, are those that deal seriously with the unseen, with the powers and forces which move souls and not bodies. In this day, when the cynic and skeptic say that we are coming nearer to an age of reason, the food on which the people feed their minds is literature that deals with things outside the bounds of reason. People may not make any profession of belief. They may agree with some of the theological teachers that the miracles were but allegories, but they like to read of something beyond the material world.

It is doubtful if any American short story writer of the present day, Bret Harte alone excepted, is better known or more popular in England than Frank R. Stockton, whose "Rudder Grange" is accepted everywhere as a fine specimen of the very best sort of American humor, and one that can be readily understood by even the most primitive British mind. This book, like many another famous one, has a certain foundation in fact, and was written while its author was a resident of a New Jersey suburb, on the Passaic River.

It is said that the remains of the old canal boat which suggested the story may still be seen upon the bank of that rather dirty river. The character of the *Boarder* was taken from a gentleman who shared Mr. Stockton's home at that time, and whose name was Boardman, and the flat in which the latter afterwards lived in New York is accurately described in one of Mr. Stockton's most humorous chapters.

* * * *

Robert Barr has lived in England for the past ten or twelve years without losing any of those characteristics of mind, manner, or speech which are usually termed "Americanisms." He lives in a comfortable country house, which he built a year or more ago, from the profits of his novels; and he is one of the few men who can walk the streets of London in a high hat and sack coat without losing the confidence and respect of his friends. His books enjoy a wide sale in England, and Mr. Barr himself is something of a figure in the literary life of the British capital.

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Mr. Zangwill lost the manuscript of a story on the street not long ago, and afterwards, contrary to all probabilities, had it returned to him. The recovery, in this case, was fortunate—but would the accident were a commoner one!

* * * *

Bill Nye is dead, and the once flourishing school of American humor of which he was, at the moment of his death, the acknowledged leader, no longer enjoys any great popularity in this country; but it has taken a deep root in England, where a vast number of inferior writers are perpetuating it in work which is at best but a feeble reflection of the departed Nye. With the exception of "Stageland," the writings of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome are strongly flavored with a dilution of our famous humorist.

* * * *

An English writer who deserves to be better known in this country than she is now is Lucas Malet, the author of "Colonel Enderby's Wife," "A Counsel of Perfection," "The Wages of Sin," and "The Carissima." Lucas Malet is known in private life as Mrs. Mary Harrison, and until the death of her husband, about a year ago, she lived in Clovelly, Devonshire, one of the most picturesque villages on the English coast, where Mr. Harrison was stationed for many years as rector of an exquisite little old time church that stands just within the park gates of Clovelly Court. She is a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley.

Many claim for Mrs. Harrison that she is

the most brilliant novelist of her sex who writes in the English language. Her best book is "The Wages of Sin," which is remarkable not only for its wonderful character drawing and vivid pictures of certain phases of artistic life in London, but also for its cynical wit. Its author, who now lives in Kensington, is busy upon a new story, which she considers the best work of her life.

* * * *

Paris is the home of art, but there are some doubts expressed concerning the "preciousness" of the new statue to Maupassant lately erected in the Parc Monceau. It suggests the style of the well known Watteau statue, near the Luxembourg, which consists of a gray stone balustrade on each side of a pedestal supporting a bronze bust of the famous painter. A white marble girl, in the style of Watteau's creations, life size, puts a bunch of marble roses at the base of the bust. The idea is charming and delicate, and artistically beautiful.

The statue to Maupassant consists of a bust on a pedestal, and below there reclines a woman, a Parisienne, reading one of the author's books. Of the bust, Dr. Max Nordau says: "The likeness is almost terrifying. It has the low forehead, the short, fleshy nose, the bristling mustache, the vulgar, coarsely sensual mouth, and the general expression of a soldier on his Sunday out, bent on gay adventures."

* * * *

There is shortly to appear a new French paper, which shows that the tide of feminine initiative is still rising; for every line of it will be the work of women. The mechanical as well as the intellectual part will be of feminine origin, and already some dethroned angels are clamoring for positions as "devils."

The paper expects to sell on merit, not on chivalry or curiosity, and has some excellent people on its staff; among them Mme. Augusta Holmès, the composer, as musical critic, and Mme. Marguerite Durand as editor.

* * * *

Jules Verne must be a painstaking author, whatever the literary quality of his weird tales. He said, not long ago, that he had a new novel well under way, dealing with the United States, adding that the book would not be completed for two years.

Our aspiring young novelists may not be disposed to adopt the literary methods of the noted Frenchman, but they would do well to consider the moral of this anecdote, and put two years, instead of two months, between the dates of their literary offspring. Before

this happy day comes, however, we expect to see a "trade union" of writers with such consequent advance in the average rates of payment as will make one book in two years answer for bread and butter—and perhaps sauce, too.

* * * *

Count Tolstoy is about to bring out a new book on art. He regards "art for art's sake" as ethically dangerous, and would restrict painting and music, as well as literature, to the teaching of morals.

His theory is not new. Plato, the pagan, Schopenhauer, the pessimist, and our own Pilgrim Fathers, all had much the same notion.

* * * *

Rudyard Kipling, when appealed to for advice by a struggling young writer, wrote back as follows: "No man's advice is of the least benefit in our business (and I am a very busy man). Keep on trying till you either fail or succeed."

Charles Dudley Warner evidently thinks otherwise; for, in his plea for a literary institute, he says: "It [the institute] will furnish a methodical system by which the producing mind shall have some idea whether it is worth while to go on." It would be interesting to hear these two men argue the matter out.

* * * *

Current interest in the Hawaiian Islands has helped to bring once more to the surface an almost forgotten American author, Herman Melville, whose "Omoo" and "Typee" are among the most charming and romantic books of fiction ever inspired by the South Seas. Their scenes are laid in the Marquesas Islands, in the Southern Pacific, where Melville went as a boy, in the second quarter of this century. His two best known books were published in 1846 and 1847, and his literary career closed many years ago, although his death was a comparatively recent event. Few can resist the fascination of his descriptions of life on those wave washed, palm shaded shores, and his books may fairly be ranked among the minor classics of American letters.

* * * *

A great cry is being raised just now concerning the perishable texture of the paper upon which books are printed. It is said to return to the wood of which it was made in five years, and then our books will be sawdust on the shelves,

How many are—well, anything else, to begin with? Look over the book advertisements of five years ago. How many of the stories ranked as "brilliant successes" in those days are alive?

IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS, GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS; GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE, FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

THE "STUDIO TEA."

A "studio tea"—the very name rings pleasantly in the feminine ear, conjuring up visions of handsome artists in velvet coats, tiger skins on the floor, Persian rugs, and sixteenth century armor on high walls, pictures stacked in the corner or standing on easels, a tall screen to hide the mysteries of the model's toilet, and, permeating all, the rustle of feminine garments, the busy hum of conversation, and the great "north light," without which no artist can accomplish anything, and which adds forty dollars a month to the rent.

No wonder, then, that when pretty Miss Marigold, whose home is in Virginia, was told by her New York aunt, with whom she is staying, to prepare to accompany her to a studio tea, her sweet face fairly beamed with delight. She hastened to deck herself in the choicest finery that her trunk contained, dreaming the while of the wonderfully interesting life that was to be unfolded before her.

The tea was given in the studio of a young gentleman who frequently figures in the social chronicles of the day as the "well known society artist"—a phrase which in one sense, at least, fitly describes him, for he is certainly addicted to society. Moreover, he has excellent artistic tastes, evidenced by the way in which he has decorated his magnificent studio with the rugs, curios, bronzes, and pictures that he has picked up during his travels in Europe. The studio has a splendid north light, too, and it is doubtful if Meissonier or Millais ever possessed such a costly and varied assortment of brushes and color tubes as can be found within its walls. Certainly neither of those great artists ever gave studio teas that were in any way comparable to the ones that have been given here, or made such a profound impression on the guests who attended them. On the other hand, both Meissonier and Millais knew how to draw.

In New York it is not necessary to be an artist in order to give a studio tea, for nowadays anybody who likes high walls can call his room a studio; and if he have sufficient means and taste to enable him to adorn it with rugs, easels, pictures, and statues, it will

not be long before he will come to be seriously regarded as an artist. Of course he should study the rudiments of drawing and color, if only that he may exhibit one of those "tone" pictures which are so easy to make—let us not use the word "draw"—and which produce such a profound effect on the untutored mind of fashion.

When Miss Marigold entered the studio she was disappointed to find that none of the men were dressed in velvet coats, or looked in any way different from those whom she had met in her aunt's house or at conventional social functions. She looked everywhere, but could see no evidences of the long hair, the rolling collar, or the poetic eyes that had always been a part of her girlish day dreams of artistic life. Moreover, there were half a dozen men in the room whom she had met before—fresh, well groomed young fellows with big flowers in their buttonholes and the ready conversational dribble on their lips. One of these came forward instantly, to the great distress of half a dozen more. Miss Marigold does not yet quite realize that her freshness and shyness can more than hold their own with the more showy beauty of the New York women.

"Are there any artists or celebrated people here?" she asks eagerly, as the young man enters upon his task of showing her the big room and its adornments.

"I guess I'm about the most celebrated, so far," he replies merrily; "but I believe there are some actors or literary fellows, or something of that sort, coming later. Do you care much for that kind of thing?"

"I just dote on it," she answers. "I did hope that when I came to New York I should meet authors and artists and actors; and when aunt told me we were asked to come here, I just jumped for joy, because I knew those people all went to studio teas."

It will be seen from these artless expressions of hope and faith that Miss Marigold, in the words of the popular song, "hadn't been in New York long." The young man who is talking to her realizes this, and likes her none the less for it, for he knows that he will seem all the greater and more imposing in her eyes by reason of her inexperience in the ways of

the town. There is always a personal equation in the masculine fondness for the freshness and simplicity of girlhood.

There are a number of photographs on the mantelpiece by which they are standing. As Miss Marigold pauses to examine them, she finds that they are the portraits of actors and other people of fame, and that each one is signed in the handwriting of the original.

"Why, does he really know all these famous people?" she inquires, round eyed.

Her host, hearing her, comes forward with a flush of pleasure on his cheek, to explain how this actor is one of his dearest friends, and how this actress invited him to design the dress she wore in her last rôle, and how this story writer is believed to have sketched him for one of his most famous characters. And so he babbles on, while the young man whose place he has usurped for the moment, and who knows perfectly well that he is lying, bites his lip impatiently and seeks solace in the resolve to expose him at the first possible opportunity.

And now the music from a Hungarian band, concealed in an alcove, fills the air brightened with the precious north light that costs forty dollars a month. The guests listen and talk and laugh, while two grave servants pass tea and light refreshments, and the host moves around and quietly informs the men—and some of the women—that they can have something stronger than tea if they wish it. And all this time the guests are coming and going, and Miss Marigold of Virginia has been having the very best time she has had since she left home; for the men have been crowding about her, and the women have been wondering what they see to admire in her. It is almost six o'clock when her aunt tells her it is time to go.

"Thank you so much for asking us! We've had a perfectly charming time."

"How delightful it must be to be an artist, and work in such a beautiful place as this!"

"Really you have given us one of the most charming afternoons of the season, and so Bohemian, too!"

And with such well bred murmurs as these on their lips the guests withdraw, carriages roll away from the great studio building, and the host is left alone to reflect with feelings of pride and self gratulation on the success of his studio tea.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

Ride a docked horse to Banbury Cross,
With prongs on his bridle to make his head toss.
Wings on her hat and soft skins on her clothes,
She shall cause anguish wherever she goes.

The fight of fashion against humanity goes doggedly on year after year, and, judging by

appearances, fashion is not getting the worst of it. Women still sport embalmed fowls on their heads, cut off their horses' tails, and cling devotedly to all the crimes committed in the name of vanity. Neither logic nor the heavy pathetic has the slightest effect on them when it is a matter of shining before men. They shut their eyes to your heart breaking pictures, close their eyes to your prophecies of bird extermination, and move as serenely under drawn and quartered orioles as they would under goose quills.

If they defended their attitude in the matter, there would be some hope for the birds, for it would show that conscience was awake. But they don't. Their minds never come anywhere near the subject. The whole Audubon Society might surround them at the milliner's, and they would go on picking out the little stark bodies and fluted wings in serene unconcern. They make no answer to reproaches. They don't even hear them. They are buying hats, and have no time for ornithology.

Tell a woman that the bird she is wearing has been skinned alive, so that the covering might slip more readily from the poor little palpitating body, and, if she can't avoid hearing you, she will comfort herself by asserting that it isn't true. Were some one to hire a window on Broadway, fill it with living birds, and there publicly prepare them for millinery purposes, a local reform would be accomplished in a week, for no woman can endure the sight of physical suffering. She may harden herself against it when it is in another county, but never with it right under her eyes.

A slower and perhaps more lasting method is being practised in many of the public schools, which hope, by means of bird talks and bird days, to influence the headgear of the next generation.

THE "ANNOUNCER-IN-CHIEF."

The compression of English social events into the brief London season, which at the best does not last more than a few weeks, has served to develop some strange callings. There is one man, for example, who makes a handsome living by simply announcing the guests at fashionable gatherings. There are other men who find employment in this way, but he leads them all in knowledge of his peculiar art.

Before the guests begin to arrive, the professional announcer takes his station at some convenient point on the grand staircase, the host and hostess remaining on the landing above to greet their friends as they come in. He is clothed in fearful and wonderful garments, which are said to be of his own inven-

tion, and which of course include knee breeches, silk stockings, and a gorgeous waistcoat.

He owes his position as the dean of the corps of announcers to his wonderful memory of faces and remarkable knowledge of all the details of rank and title. As an authority on the British peerage, he may be said to rank next to Burke and De Brett, and many a newly enriched hostess has been glad to have him settle disputed questions of precedence. He knows by sight nearly every man and woman of prominence in London society.

As the guests arrive, a glance at their faces is sufficient to enable him to call their names in the most complete and formal style, and of course with suitable deference to the rank of each. He knows how to tickle the vanity of his employers by laying proper emphasis on the names of the most important arrivals, and by lowering his voice for the obscure or detrimental. If a guest approaches whose face he has never seen, he bends a respectful ear toward him, learns the name from his own lips, and then gravely repeats it. It is interesting to watch him as he takes in, with a sweeping glance, the faces of an incoming party of three or four, or more, arranges them in his mind according to the rigid laws of English precedence, and then calls off their names with precisely the amount of emphasis that their social standing entitles them to receive—and of this he alone is the supreme judge.

But above all, he owes his success, and the large income he derives from his calling, to the skilful manner in which he will make a great name echo through the halls. Many an anxious hostess has felt the blood tingle in her cheeks as she heard his clear voice crying the advent of some belated duchess on whose coming hung so many social hopes and fears.

OLD BLOOD AND OLD FURNITURE.

A New York philosopher who has been closely observant of metropolitan life, and of the different conditions which have influenced it during the past half century, remarked not very long ago that pride of birth, and the distinction that belongs only to good blood and fine breeding, went out of fashion about the time when meretricious furniture and tawdry styles of household decoration came in. Now, according to the same critic, good blood is becoming more and more fashionable every day, and at the same time the demand for antique furniture and old styles of decoration has reached such a point that more antique furniture is produced every year in the Ohio and New Jersey factories than the whole State of New York could boast of twenty five years ago.

There can be seen now, in the drawing rooms of old families, repaired mahogany furniture, old bits of china, and queer pictures that have only recently been withdrawn from the garrets to which they were consigned some time before the civil war. Very proud these same families are of their antiques, which are veritable heirlooms; and very envious are their neighbors who have no antique heirlooms except those which they purchased soon after the craze began.

A great deal has been said and written in regard to the enormous influence exerted by mere wealth in New York society. Nevertheless, despite the fact that the most splendid dinners and balls are given by such wealthy families as those bearing the name of Astor, Vanderbilt, Bradley-Martin, or Mills, there has always been, and always will be, a strong demand for old and honored names. It would surprise a great many outsiders to learn how much in the way of entertainment and attentions of all sorts can be secured even by the most poverty stricken bearer of one of these patronymics.

As a rule, a man cares very little for birth or blood while he is accumulating his fortune; but when he begins to spend it, he is likely to find out that after all there is something that goes to make up social position besides mere money. If he does not find it out himself, his wife and daughters are pretty sure to tell him. And there is nothing like a craze for old furniture and tapestries, Watteau plates, and silver that bears a hall mark of the early Georges, to create a genuine respect and admiration for blue blood and a keen envy for those who possess it.

Indeed, it is probable that during the coming century the old American names will grow more and more in importance, until some of the best of them will rank, in the estimation of educated New Yorkers, with those belonging to the lower strata of English nobility. At the same time, the enormous fortune will always command the same respect here that it does in London, Paris, Berlin, or any civilized or uncivilized center.

THE ENCORE NUISANCE.

One feature of this season's concerts in New York is more pronounced than ever before. This is the encore nuisance.

The encore is always an unmitigated bore, but never has it grown to such proportions as this winter. The hotbed in which this disagreeable plant springs to full maturity is the "popular" concert; and here it has grown to abnormal proportions, so that people of normal sensibilities stay away from the popular concert, no matter how attractive the program may be. To have two hours of

music which might be—and usually is—enjoyable drawn out into three or four hours of weariness by reason of repetitions and recalls, is a thing to be endured uncomplainingly only by people of great physical endurance and, possibly, of correspondingly large musical digestion.

The absence of opera, and the consequent competition in concerts, are probably partly responsible for the magnitude of the encore nuisance in New York this season. But the chief cause is the growing encroachment upon all places of amusement of what has been known rather vaguely as the "east side audience." This influx into the Broadway places of amusement is a natural accompaniment of the spread of our population. There is now no longer a "foreign quarter" in any one part of the city, but such colonies are scattered east, west, south, and north. That is a condition of things which naturally must have developed as the city grows, but it is to be hoped that the managers of Broadway concerts may find some way to induce their patrons to leave their ostrich appetite for "more, more," behind them.

HOW ONE WOMAN LIVES.

Julian Sturgis, an American writer who has lived for a long time in London, alludes in a recent novel to the heartlessness of some English women of fashion, but he does not say anything about their greed, or the shamelessness with which they will embark in any sort of money making enterprise.

One of the most famous women in London society has lived for years from commissions that she has exacted from all sorts of people and for all sorts of services. She maintains a well appointed house in the fashionable quarter of the town, and during a long and interesting career she has entertained many of the greatest social lights in the three kingdoms, from royalty down. But now her star has set; she finds herself poor in purse, and barred from the intimacy of a great many people who were once glad to number her among their friends. She still has an enormous connection, however, particularly among wealthy and credulous Americans, and many of the most famous artists are glad to be asked to her house, where they sing for nothing, cheered by the thought that persons of rank and fashion are listening to them.

It often happens that a new singer or violinist secures an engagement to appear at the residence of some fashionable leader who has heard her in this lady's house. In such cases, the musician is likely to receive a request from her late hostess for a commission at a high percentage. As a general thing the money is paid without an audible murmur,

for no artist cares to offend a woman who, like madame, is influential enough to secure engagements for her, and, therefore, strong enough to prevent her from obtaining others.

Madame is very kind to her new friends in many other ways, and likes nothing better than to take some newly arrived American family in hand, drive them about London in her own carriage, show them where to buy whatever they may need, and throw out hints about the desirable people whom they should know. Now a family of recently enriched Americans, going about London for the first time, soon develops a capacity for spending money that passes the comprehension of any one except the unfortunate father or husband who is expected to foot the bills. London is indeed a shoppers' paradise, and under the skilful guidance of a woman like madame it is not difficult to understand how a flustered American mother and a couple of excited, ambitious, and thoughtless girls become so much clay in the kneading hands of the crafty British shopkeepers and dressmakers. On every shilling thus expended madame receives her commission.

As they are lunching together in some fashionable restaurant she inquires carelessly, "What hotel are you stopping at? What?" she goes on. "The Boneset Arms! My dear Mrs. Goldbug, that might do very well for old people like you or me, but do consider your dear daughters. Really, you must have noticed that there is scarcely anybody in that house that one would care to know!"

Mrs. Goldbug, who had, up to this moment, hugged the delusion that she was living under the same roof with some of the most distinguished people in Great Britain, hastily replies that the people there do seem to be "fearful common," but what is she going to do? She knows nothing of London, and went there because some one on the steamer advised her to. Can madame recommend anything better?

"Why not try Snooks'? It's a private hotel that is scarcely known to the average American traveler. It is only a stone's throw from here, and we will drive there directly we are through luncheon. Lady Fitzbeat always stops there when she comes up to town, and so does young Lord Addlepat. I dined there not long ago, and really it was more like a private house than a hotel, the people are all so friendly with one another."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that, with these dazzling possibilities reeling through their brains, the members of the Goldbug family will not be satisfied until they find themselves ensconced under Mr. Snooks' hospitable and expensive roof tree, nor will madame be satisfied until she has collected

from that estimable publican her just proportion of the spoils.

WILL LITERATURE BECOME FASHIONABLE
IN NEW YORK?

The establishment of the superb new library at Fifth Avenue and Forty Second Street may possibly serve to give to literature a greater vogue in New York than it has enjoyed before. One can frequent the Astor Library for years without ever seeing within its walls a single representative of New York's smart society. The Lenox Library, although situated in the very heart of the up town fashionable district, has been hedged about with so many restrictions that New Yorkers have never formed the habit of visiting it.

In Boston, where the system of education is so thorough that it reaches even the upper classes of society, the case is different. It would be difficult to find a latter day Athenian, of any position whatever, who would admit that he was not a frequenter of the Public Library in Copley Square.

It will be a good thing for the profession of writing when reading becomes the correct thing in circles of wealth and fashion.

AFTER THE BLACK COFFEE.

The women file out of the dining room with a lingering glance at the standing, deferential group around the table, and relax for a brief feminine interval on the couches of the drawing room. To each little knot of pompadours there is a topic. In nine cases out of ten, it is—men. In the tenth case it is—a man. However the conversation wanders, those who follow it never once lose consciousness of that black coated group behind the closed doors. To every girl present this quarter of an hour is merely an interlude, welcome or tiresome, in the progress of the entertainment. The return of the men is a signal for the evening to go on again. The aside may have been pleasant, but, involving no men, it had no importance.

The pathetic part of it all is that the men, left alone, promptly forget all about the curled and frilled contingent in the other room. Women try to think that it is chivalrous respect that keeps them from being talked over in their absence; that the law of etiquette which forbids the mention of a girl's name where only men are gathered is crowding back the subject that is uppermost in every man's mind. But the truth is that men's lives are so full of interest that women are far less important to them than they themselves realize, or than women would ever acknowledge.

Of course there are temporary intervals when one woman is all important; but it is

just as true as it was in the days of Byron—or of Adam, for that matter—that in a man's rational state women are incidental to his life, and not the great central pivot on which it revolves. This after dinner period of tilted chairs and crossed knees is quite as important to him as any other part of the evening. He smokes and drinks his wine and laughs in the tranquillity of the superior being, and it never occurs to him to wonder what is going on in the other room.

Women, dimly recognizing this humiliating truth, are making various efforts to inaugurate a different state of affairs. The clever ones are crowding outside interests into their lives, so that man's importance therein may be diminished. The less wise ones are setting the fashion of omitting the interval after the black coffee and staying patiently through the tobacco period, defiantly set on making themselves wanted. Others shield their pride behind a bravado air of independence, showing on every occasion that they are quite able to do without mankind—glad to, in fact. Such are enthusiastic over the joys of women's clubs and girls' luncheons, and have even been known to give exclusively feminine dances and to find them all that could be desired. Yet one suspects that each recruit who joins their ranks sighs down in the bottom of her heart, "World without men—ah, me!"

FASHIONS IN GEMS.

In European countries such a thing as a current fashion in precious stones is practically unknown. But in America it seems to be a comparatively easy matter for jewelers to stimulate trade by making their customers believe that pearls are "the fashion" this year, and sapphires the next, and that, if they desire to keep abreast of the styles, they must buy new gems nearly every season.

Just now there is a demand for emeralds, but it is not long since rubies were just as eagerly sought for. It has been noticed also that textile fabrics of a green shade are popular among women, just as red predominated in dress during the reign of the ruby.

There is always, however, a steady market for diamonds, because in the minds of a great majority of people these stones stand for everything that is costly and splendid and of high estate. A woman of this sort—for it is women who influence these fashions of the moment—may be told that a fine pigeon's blood ruby is far more costly than a diamond of the same size, but it will make no impression on her. It can never mean to her what the diamond means as a token of wealth, social standing, and what is more to her than either of these—"style."

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY

A MIGHTY INTERESTING SHOWING.

Last month I promised to give a statement that would show the relative strength, particularly in point of variety, of all the leading magazines in the January issues. Here it is:

	Century.	Harper's.	Scribner's.	McClure's.	Munsey's.
Serial Stories	2	1	1	1	4
Special Articles	11	4	5	6	6
Short Stories	3	8	2	4	6
Poems	5	3	3	2	19
Topics Treated in Departments	8	15	5	3	73
Total number of topics	29	31	16	16	108
Number of illustrations	54	66	67	48	71
Number of pages	160	162	128	96	160
Price of magazine	35 cents.	35 cents.	25 cents.	10 cents.	10 cents.

This comparison is not the best that could be made for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and for the reason that in the January issue we were compelled to crowd out several departments, to cut down the number of short stories and special articles, that we might make room for the excess of serial stories we had in that number. As a rule we run but two continued stories.

IT MEANS A GOOD DEAL.

WE have never made any effort to secure individual subscriptions. We are, of course, glad to have them. We wish we might have a million, and sometimes the fancy gets hold of us that we ought to have a million. A large subscription list gives stability to a publication. With it the publisher knows "where he is at," and the advertiser has the impression that he, too, knows where he is at.

But the margin of profit on a magazine so large as THE MUNSEY, and sold at so small a price, makes the maintenance of a great big subscription department, with an army of agents, utterly impracticable. It cannot be done. If we were to make a small magazine—something, say, about half the size of THE MUNSEY—then we could wisely keep an organized force in the field to solicit subscriptions. With such an organization, bringing the element of personal persuasion to bear upon the people from one end of this country to the other, and with such a magazine as THE MUNSEY, it would be but a short time before we should reach the million mark. But this same organization with an indifferent magazine—a little magazine—could not produce very astounding results.

Our policy, since we could not have both the expensive organization and the big magazine, has been to give the big magazine and leave the matter of subscriptions to the people—leave the whole problem of circulation to the people. The theory has worked

out very satisfactorily. It has resulted in giving us by far the most widely circulated magazine of the world. And the people are not tiring of our way of doing business with them—are not tiring of THE MUNSEY.

This is evidenced in a most satisfactory way by the fact that in the month of December (1897) alone, we received 5,497 more direct subscriptions than in the preceding December (1896). If we had had any canvassers in the field, or had spent a large amount of money for advertising, this showing would have meant nothing; but as we did not spend so much as a single dollar in advertising, and did not have so much as a single canvasser in the field, it means a great deal. It tells of the place THE MUNSEY has with the people, and tells it with unerring accuracy.

Facts like these mean everything to the publisher. They guide him with a certainty that all the wisdom of all the savants of all the world cannot equal.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A GOOD many of you may have wondered how it happened that "The Christian" ran several months in this magazine after it was issued in book form. In Hall Caine's original draft of the story there were a trifle over one hundred thousand words. We began its publication with this understanding, and on this basis it should have been completed at about the time when it appeared in book form. But in May I received a letter

from Mr. Caine, saying that the story was growing upon him, and that it would be necessary to make it much longer than he had originally intended, adding that if we preferred we could end its publication with Chapter LX.

This proposition was wholly impracticable. It could not be considered for a minute. But to complicate matters, Mr. Caine had already signed an agreement with his book publishers, both in England and America, to have the book issued on a certain date. On hearing from us he at once wrote his publishers the facts in the matter, and asked that the book be not brought out until a later date. Heinemann, the London publisher, replied that he had already made a large advance sale, and that if the book was not delivered on the specified date a serious legal entanglement would follow.

I told Hall Caine that I had no serious objection to the book appearing in England, if the American publication could be held back. But Messrs. Appleton & Company objected emphatically. They insisted that the publication in book form must be simultaneous in both countries. In addition, there were important copyright questions involved should the book be issued in London at an earlier date than in New York. This was the situation. On the one hand, I objected seriously to the book publication of the story before we had practically completed it in the magazine; on the other, I did not wish to take an unyielding position that might have seriously involved Mr. Caine. Much as I regretted the complication, he regretted it more, and did everything within his power to make the matter satisfactory to all parties. "The Christian" contains about 204,000 words—practically double the length of the original draft. Because of its length, we were also compelled to run shorter instalments of "Corleone" than we otherwise would have done; and Mr. Crawford's novel, which would have ended in November or December at latest, was not completed till this issue.

FIFTEEN BROAD MINDED MEN.

THE following letter, it seems to me, should have a place in this magazine. Though a personal letter, a letter intended only for my own eyes, I cannot refrain from giving it to the world, that its wisdom may guide the footsteps of the race, and be like another sun lighting up all the darkness of the earth:

WILKESBARRE, PA., DEC. 21, 1897.

FRANK A. MUNSEY,

DEAR SIR:—

In ordering our Reading Room supplies for 1898 I submitted among others MUNSEY'S

MAGAZINE to our Board of Directors composed of fifteen of the leading men of the city. They objected to your magazine and a few others because of the many illustrations, in the magazine matter and in the advertisements which are on the nude order, and calculated to be very harmful to boys and young men.

They instructed me to cross it from the list and advise you of the reason.

Respectfully,

E. B. BUCKALEW, General Secretary.

Mr. Buckalew, and fifteen of the "leading citizens" of Wilkesbarre—I salute you all. I bare my head and salaam to you individually and collectively. The thoughtfulness of your letter—busy men and "leading citizens" that you are—is almost touching. Most men, and especially "leading citizens"—men of any other town than Wilkesbarre—would have simply stricken MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE from their list in a cold blooded, brutal way. They would have had no thought for my feelings, no thought for the damage to my business, no thought for my lost prestige in their community, and more particularly in their organization.

But not so with Wilkesbarre, kindly, charming Wilkesbarre. Her "leading citizens" are broad, generous, tender, thoughtful men. With an almost prophetic eye they foresaw my agitation and alarm over the loss of a single subscription—one from among nearly three quarters of a million. Such a loss as this, unaccompanied by any explanation, would indeed have been a cruel blow. My gratitude goes out to you, the "leading citizens" of Wilkesbarre. Such thoughtfulness, such tender solicitude, I can never forget.

But this, gentlemen, is not all. It is indeed but the lesser part. The greater part is the result of your deliberations. Here is wisdom, here is breadth, here is a divine insight. It shall be my guide hereafter in editing this magazine. I can never thank you enough for your enlightenment and your kindness, gentlemen, "leading citizens," and board of directors of the Young Men's Christian Association of Wilkesbarre.

Just one word more. It is merely a suggestion, and I pray you, ye wise men of Wilkesbarre, not to think me over bold in making it to you. I realize the hardihood of such an act, but it is a thought I would get in. It is this: Why not bring up your boys and young men in a glass case so curtained that all the common sense, practical, rational side of life will be cut off from their view? Brought up thus, they would be such sweet boys, they would be so admirably equipped for the world, so sensible, so useful, so interesting, so utterly human, that they would do well for a side show to some back street menagerie.

ETCHINGS

THE WINTER WOODS.

IN the dense forest where the squirrel lives,
And somber shadows fill the tree roofed
space;
Where nature her still benediction gives,
And the dead year lays off its crown of
grace—
How restful, to one tired with city streets,
To watch the frolic of the chickadee,
To feel the leaf packed carpet, and to chase
The silver runnel, gurgling to the sea.
There are no splendors that were seen in
May,
I find no laurel tinct by opulent June;
But in the bleak, dun February day,
With caw of crows and the sharp air in
tune,
I love to wait till northern trumpets blow,
And homeward walk through flakes of riotous
snow.

Joel Benton.

THE SUM.

A LITTLE dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day,
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.
A short lived, fleeting summer's morn.
When happiness seems newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
And one bird sings—and that is love.
A little wearying of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears,
Two folded hands, the fainting breath,
And peace at last—and that is death.
Just dreaming, loving, dying, so
The actors in the drama go;
A flitting picture on a wall,
Love, death, the themes! But is it all?

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

HER LATEST FAD.

FAIR Constance has a rare new art—
You scarce would guess 'twas fitting
For hands so white and gown so smart—
The old new art of knitting.
Above a sober woolen skein
She bends her head demurely;
And knits a stocking and a seine
At once, and as securely.
For, while the skein of woolen grows—
Mark well her fond attention—
Into a pair of golfing hose
Of generous dimension,

She weaves another mesh, apart,
With smiles and glances flitting;
And practises another art
That's quite as old as knitting.

Laura Bertheaux Bell.

MILESTONES.

DEEP in a dream wherein thronged hopes
and fears
Did I behold strange monoliths uprise;
I questioned one, who said, "They are the
years
That mark the highway of the centuries."

Clinton Scollard.

CUPID'S ERRAND.

Now the north wind sets a-tingle
Every fingertip and toe,
Who is 't fares adown the dingle?
Cupid, footing through the snow!
For when Ethel said me "nay, sir!"
Sent me packing on my way, sir,
What could I do then, I pray, sir,
But enlist the maiden's foe?
He his bow and gleaming arrows
For the nonce did cast aside,
Nimble than his mother's sparrows
Straight upon my errand hied;
Took my valentine penned neatly
Saying I was hers completely,
Begging for some sign she sweetly
Would consent to be my bride.
He will find some means, the charmer,
Though he bears nor bow nor dart,
(Thus I thought) to pierce the armor
That she wears around her heart;
For no maiden in existence
Can, without divine assistance,
Offer obstinate resistance
Should he use his subtle art.

Cupid now behold returning
From the quest he went upon!
Sooth, I feel my bosom burning,
Though I know my cheek is wan!
If she sends a soft decision
I shall lead a life elysian.
What! Can I believe my vision?
Cupid's got a mitten on!

Clinton Scollard.

A-LASS!

GIRLS, girls, everywhere,
And never a one to kiss,
Wonderful eyes and wonderful hair,
And all of them labeled "Miss."

Piles of girls, miles of girls,
Dressed in the latest of style ;
With every description of crimp and curls,
And every assortment of wile.

Such is the scene on an afternoon
In New York on a day like this—
Whether it be in November or June—
And never a girl to kiss.

Tom Hall.

THE POET'S SPRING.

("Don't send me spring poems later than Feb. 21st."—Letter from an editor.)

WHEN January's icy beard
Shakes like a rattling bough,
The poet's heart is sweetly cheered—
'Tis springtime with him now ;
The streamlets flow, the warm winds ebb,
Although the pipes may burst,
For summer poems are due on Feb-
ruary 21st.

The yellow dandelions gild
The snowdrifts eight feet high,
The bluebird's song of joy is spilled
Beneath an iron sky.

Oh, sweet on zero days the web
Of fancies poet nursed,
And sad that blossoms fade on Feb-
ruary 21st.

Ah, would I were an editor !
While winter blasts endure,
A daisy time with daisy rhyme
I'd have, you may be sure.
I'd bathe in buttercups *ad lib.*,
And all my buds should burst
And bloom till long, long after Feb-
ruary 21st.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

ST. VALENTINE, HIS TRADE.

"New hearts for old ! New hearts for old !"

A lusty voice is bawling ;
And men and maids come racing down
From every quarter of the town
To see what mode of fool or clown
Pursues this bootless calling.

Upon his back a peddler's pack
Displays a goodly measure
Of ruddy hearts, so fresh and bright,
No mortal can resist the sight !
And every soul in town that night
Is gloating o'er a treasure.

The man departs with tattered hearts,
And hearts pierced through with sorrow ;
And all night long the aged saint
Is busy with his paste and paint,
For these must make a merry feint
Of newness on the morrow.

"New hearts for old ! New hearts for old !"
For all its ruddy glory,
You'll find the heart you took for new,
But tinkered up with paint and glue,
And then there'll be a tear or two—
But that's another story.

Marian West.

HEART FAILURE.

IF all my love for her could bloom in words,
Each word would be a flower so bright, so
sweet,

That ever growing beauty should unfold
Until the radiant cluster was complete.

If I could gather it, and call her name
And hear her answer from her sunny room,
If I could lay it in her hand and see
Her smile at me, and breathe its soft per-
fume,

Then I could say more bravely, "Dear, good
by !"

I think I could—and yet, how can I tell ?
The parting might be harder still to bear
Than when I had no time to say farewell.

Grace H. Boutelle.

DREAMING.

IN a meadow wide a maiden fair
Stooped low and plucked a daisy rare,
Then tore the petals one by one ;
But e'er the tender quest was done
Her blushing face in joy confessed
The answer on her lips suppressed :

"He loves me."

The moon rose bright above the hill,
A youth was wandering by the rill ;
He stopped and, lingering near the gate
Where dreamily she used to wait
Beneath the shadows of the trees,
He whispered to the gentle breeze :

"She loves me."

Kenneth Bruce.

FOREVER—AND A DAY.

"We two will love," my sweetheart said,
"forever and a day !"

Till after time has wrinkled us, and turned
our hair to gray,
Beyond the night of life, dear love, we'll tread
the primrose way,

Forever and a day !"

Long years ago the wrinkles came, and
threads of grieving gray.

"Time proved the words too true, alas !" my
sweetheart used to say ;
But I shall love *forever*—and *she* has loved a
day.

Beyond the night of life and love I tread the
lonely way,

Forever and a day.

Hester Caldwell Oakley.

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KINGDON AND JAY GOULD, SONS OF MR. GEORGE J. GOULD.

From a photograph by the Carbon Studio, New York, after the painting by Albert Lynch.